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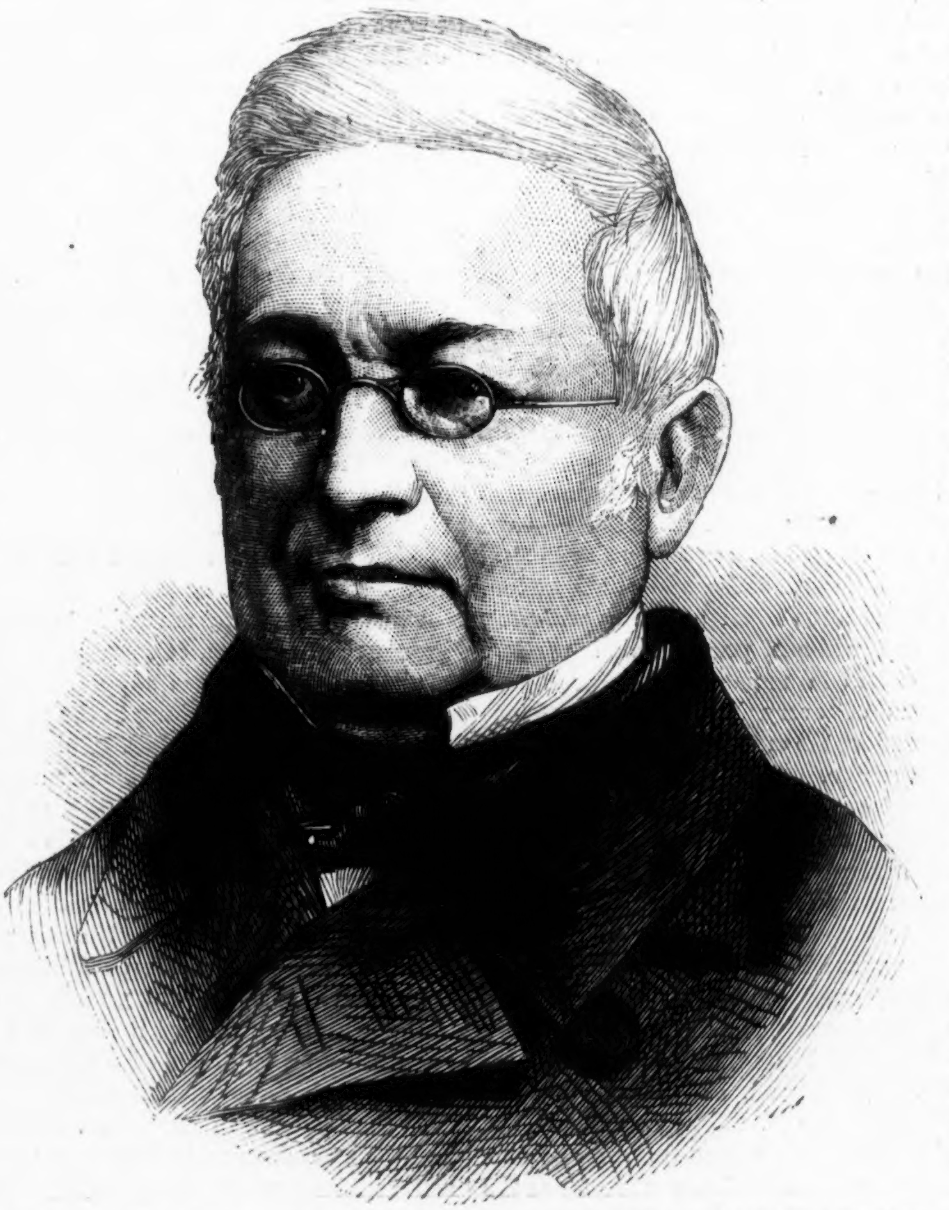
THE LATE M. THIERS, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

By William Staughton Chase.

Louis Adolphe Thiers was born at Marseilles on the 15th of April, 1797.

Most writers for encyclopedias and for biographical dictionaries copy, willfully or ignorantly, the stereotyped mistakes of their predecessors. So many such mistakes in regard to the genealogy of M. Thiers have been transferred to the newspapers, that the facts in the case are not generally known. M. Thiers himself never deemed it worth while to correct his biographers, proudly conscious, as well he might have been, that, as the architect of his own fortune and fame, he owed less than almost any other eminent man of ancient or modern times to the accidental circumstances of his birth, to the laws of hereditary influence, or even to parental affection and aid. He was deeply indebted, however, to the tenderness and ambition of his mother, who not only nursed his extremely feeble infancy, and struggled to support him in his boyhood and youth, but also, with the help of his uncle in the Ile-de-France, secured for him an opportunity of obtaining an education. He was thus led by his mother's hand to take the earliest steps in his extraordinary career. But his father was an impoverished and dissipated man, whose proclivities to an irregular life had doubtless been aggravated by the disorders of the first French Revolution. The



THE LATE LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, HISTORIAN, AND EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

elder Thiers deserted his family soon after the birth of his son. He left France and returned after an absence of thirty-five years, only to annoy his son, who was then making his *début* in political life as Under Secretary of State in the Ministry of Finance.

This disreputable father had a number of natural children, who had taken, more or less legitimately, his name. Their good-natured and influential half-brother was teased into providing them with offices. One of the daughters among them, having failed to bleed Louis Philippe's ex-minister as copiously as she wished, threatened to open, and did open, in the latter days of the Orleanist monarchy, a *table d'hôte*, (an ordinary, with regular meals at a fixed price), which was much frequented for a while. Over her door she displayed a sign of huge dimensions and emblazoned with her name—"Mme. Ripert, sister of Ex-Minister Thiers,"—in big capital letters. The sign was soon taken down by the police, and her husband and her daughter were each provided with an office. M. Thiers had already settled an annuity upon his father and sent him to a small town in the south of France, where he died obscurely, in the reign of Louis Philippe.

While speaking of the family of M. Thiers, it may be well to dispose of the vile slander which a New York journal heartlessly published before the body of the deceased statesman was buried or was even cold. This was to the effect that M. Thiers married his own illegitimate daughter, in order to bequeath to her his name and property, and made her sister his mistress, as he had already made their mother, with whose husband, "M. Dosne, a stockbroker," it is alleged that he shared the profit of speculating at the Exchange upon political secrets, which his position as Prime Minister enabled him to know.

So calumnious an attack upon the memory of M. Thiers—coupled with a reproduction of the foul abuse heaped on him by one of his bitterest enemies, Dr. Karl Marx, head-centre of the International Society, who declared, in addressing the workingmen in the war of the Commune, that "his private life was as infamous as his public life was odious"—naturally made a profound and painful sensation among the French residents in New York City. The *Courrier des Etats Unis*, when called upon to contradict the offensive assertions of the flippantly written article in question, said with equal dignity and indignation, that it might simply respond with the formula consecrated by usage, by good sense, by good taste, and also by social wisdom, that "private life is surrounded with a wall of defense"—and that it is culpable to violate its inclosures in order to steal its secrets, and serve them up as food for public indiscretion. But it is still more culpable to catch at flying whispers, without consistence and without proof, which partisan malignity always engenders in moments of popular effervescence, when weapons of every kind are pressed into service, and which no eminent man, tossed in the whirlwind of politics, can hope to escape.

The *Courrier* satisfactorily explains how the extreme unpopularity of M. Thiers, on account of political reasons, at one time exposed him particularly to those indecent assaults on both private and public life, to which conspicuous men, and all men or women connected or supposed to be connected with them, are liable, under every form of government and in every country.

But the most scandalous legends, like the one malignantly circulated a long while ago in France, and revived with exaggerations by a New York journal, and based upon the relations attributed by rumor to M. Thiers with the wife of the Receiver-General of the North, whose daughter became Mme. Thiers, never, affirms the *Courrier*, went so far as the odious conjectures, now so complacently presented as a certainty, and never did they reach or disturb the conjugal hearth of M. Thiers. "We therefore regard those assertions," concludes the *Courrier*, "as a gratuitous calumny."

The mother of M. Thiers came to Paris in 1836. She left in October, 1851, her modest apartment in the Rue des Trois Frères, where she had resided for fifteen years, and retired to the still smaller apartment at the Batignolles, where she died on the 5th of February, 1852. Three mourners were present at her burial: one of them her nephew, another, M. Martin, and a third, the historian and academician, Mignet, her son's constant friend from his early youth. A fourth would undoubtedly have been her son, had he not then been an exile at Brussels.

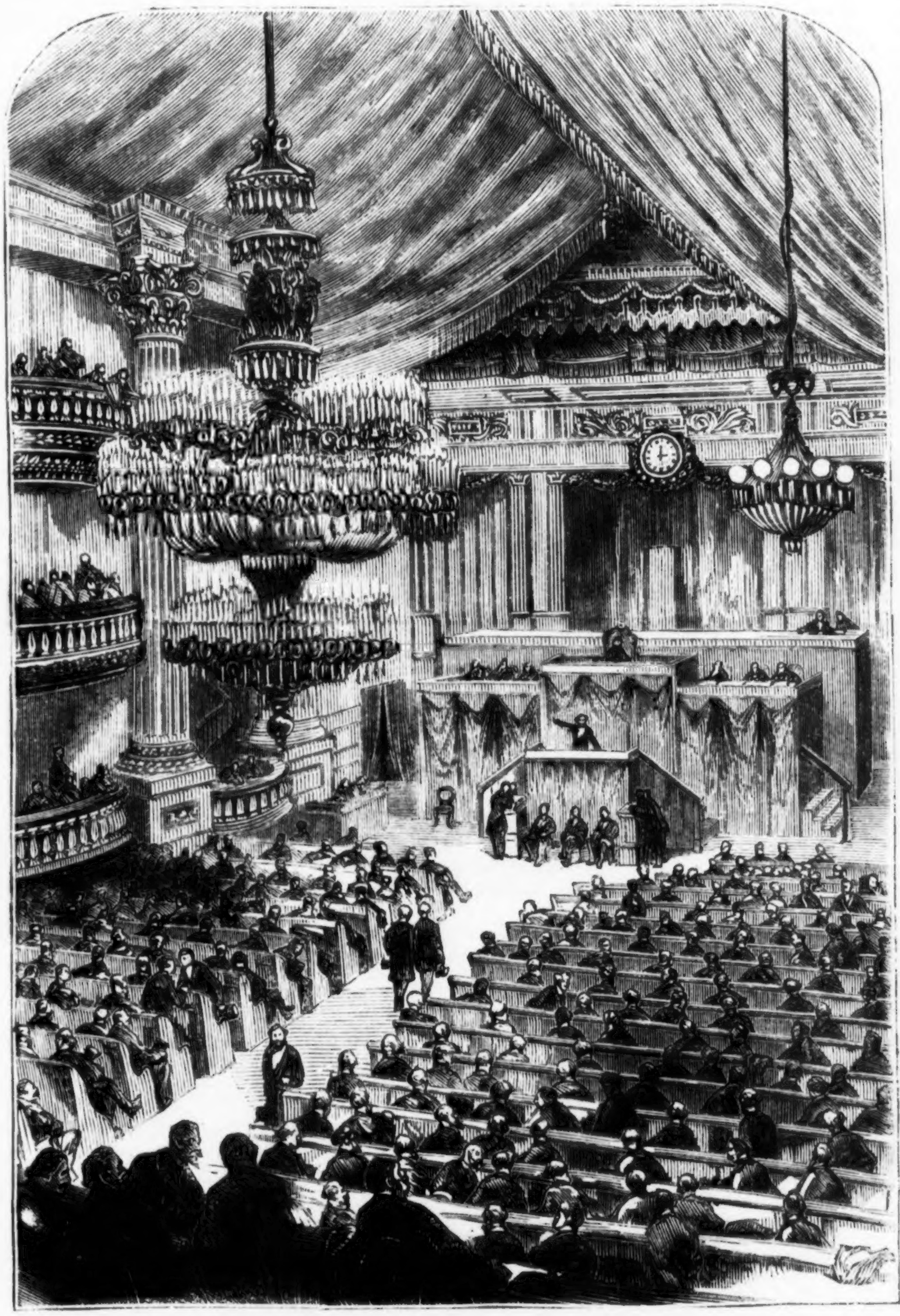
The father of M. Thiers was neither a woolen-draper, according to Vapereau's Dictionary; nor a poor blacksmith, according to the Dictionary of Conversation; nor a blacksmith at Aix, according to Balzac. He was M. Pierre-Louis Thiers, a lawyer, an advocate of the Supreme Court of Provençe. The father of the latter was M. Charles Louis Thiers, who was likewise an advocate of the Court at Marseilles, and who had held the office of Director of the Archives of that city, previous to 1790. But after this date he no longer held the office. His successor in it was Pellenc, the secretary of Mirabeau. The grandfather of M. Thiers was a very distinguished man, highly respected, strongly attached to the monarchy, and probably having but little enthusiasm for the new ideas of the Revolution. After the fall of Louis XVI., he emigrated to Menton, which then belonged to the Principality of Monaco. Before his death, near the close of the last century, his daughter was married to one of the most honorable residents of that locality. One of her daughters, a cousin-german of M. Thiers, died recently at the age of eighty-four years.

The mother of Louis Adolph Thiers was Mme. Marie-Madeleine Amic Thiers, daughter of M. Amic, Deputy-General of Commerce from Marseilles, at Constantinople, under the reign of Louis XV. M. Amic married in that city Mlle. Santi-Louraika, whose sister had been married to M. Louis de Chenier; so that M. Thiers's mother was a cousin-german of the celebrated French poets, André-Marie and Marie-Joseph Chenier, who were both born at Constantinople. The first was guillotined at Paris on the 25th of July, 1794, and the second, a member of the French Academy, died on the first of January, 1811. Thanks to her kinship with the Cheniers, the mother of Adolphe was able to obtain for him, when he was nine years old, a state scholarship at the Lyceum, in his native city. He subsequently studied law at Aix, where, in 1820, he was admitted to the bar.

Thus, Thiers is not amenable to the charge, so frequently brought against him, of forgetting, in after life, "the people," from whom it was supposed he sprang. His father and mother did not belong to the working class, but to the *bourgeoisie*, the middle class. Thiers himself was for a large portion of his life pre-eminently a *bourgeois*—an exponent of the qualities, the sympathies, and even the prejudices and defects of that great middle class which, in modern times, and in monarchical as well as in republican countries, is become a main source of national intelligence, virtue, conservatism, enterprise, wealth and power. But first his liberal education, and afterward his prodigious experience, "unclassed" him, or, rather, made him free of all classes, until, toward the end of a long and exciting life, he developed into a representative at large of his nation, and a peer of the highest potentates throughout the world.

At the Lyceum, in Marseilles, Thiers precociously exhibited the marvelous retentiveness of memory and the perfect self-confidence which characterized him throughout life. A solid and brilliant, although occasionally—thanks to the exuberance of his animal spirits—a somewhat turbulent pupil, he was imbued, like all French boys of the period, with the spirit of emulation and glory aroused by the victories of the first Napoleon; and he took special interest in thoroughly studying geometry and other sciences connected with the military profession.

Napoleon's fall scattered all hopes which Thiers may have entertained of becoming a soldier; but the germ of his fondness for everything pertaining to military life was early formed within him at school, and was never extinguished. When obliged to renounce his ambition to be a Marshal of France, and, instead of meditating on the art of war to pore over musty law-books, he was sent, at the age of eighteen, to Aix, where he provoked the wrath of his instructors and the suspicions of the Commissary of Police, but gained applause from his comrades, by giving unusual attention to political topics.

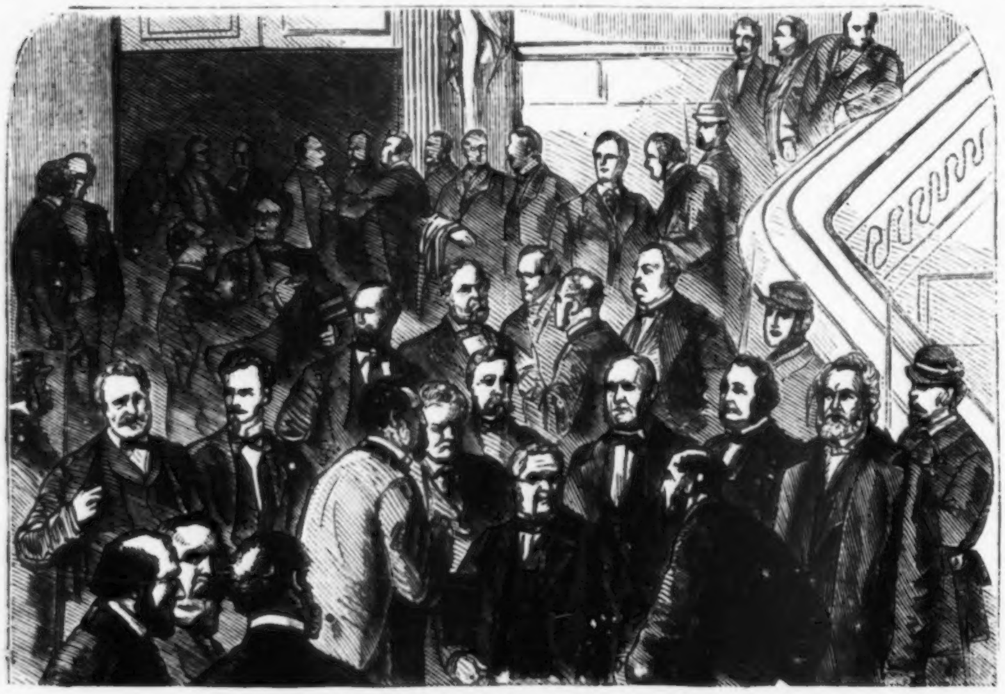


THIERS ELECTED CHIEF OF THE EXECUTIVE POWER OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC BY THE ASSEMBLY AT BORDEAUX, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1871.

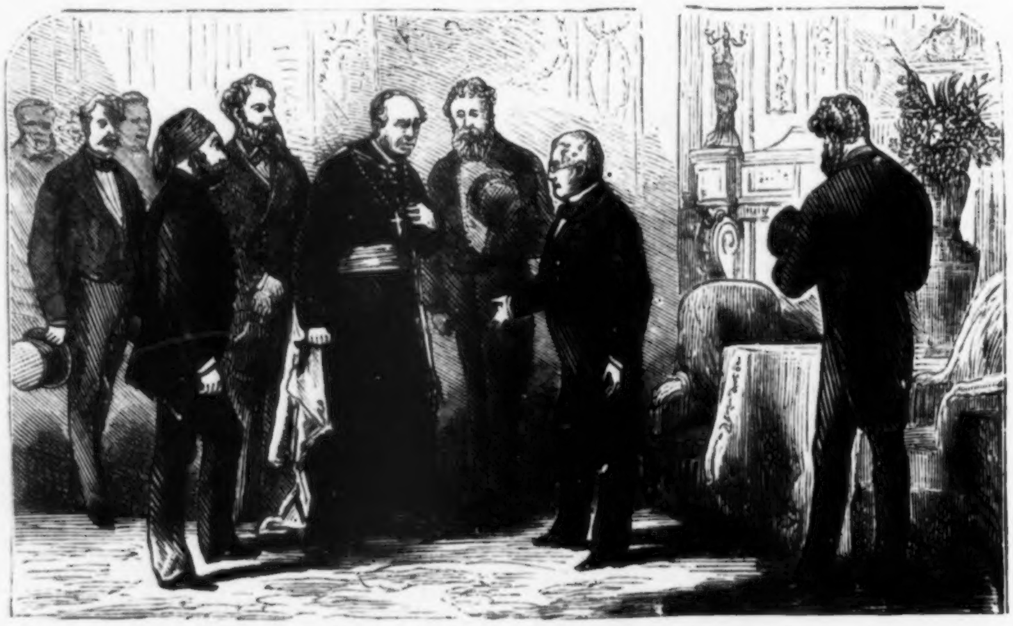
At Aix, he became intimate with a fellow-student, Mignet, destined, like himself, to future renown as a historian of the Revolution; he also formed the acquaintance of Crémieux, Alf. Rabbe and several other young men who afterward rose to distinction. After being received as an advocate, Thiers soon found that he was less fitted for a lawyer's life than for literary pursuits, and he devoted himself exclusively to the study of history and philosophy. Encouraged by M. d'Arlatan de Lauris, a liberal magistrate and a member of the Academy of Aix, he competed, in 1820, for a prize offered by that academy for the best eulogy on the famous Vauvenargues, a native of Aix, and author of the "Introduction à la Connaissance de l'Esprit Humain, Suivie de Reflexions et de Maximes." The essay by Thiers was found to be the best, but as most of the judges were royalists, who looked upon him as a Jacobin, the competition was adjourned to the following year. He wittily revenged this petty injustice. In 1821 he again sent his manuscript, without changing a syllable; but he also wrote another essay, which he forwarded to Paris, to be mailed thence to Aix. For the latter he was rewarded with the first prize, and for the former an *accessit* or second prize. This clever mystification was the laugh of the town at the expense of the academy.

After a brief struggle with indifference and aristocratic prejudices at Aix, the two friends, Thiers and Mignet, determined to try their fortunes at Paris, where they arrived about the same time, in a destitute and forlorn condition. It is somewhat vaguely rumored that Thiers, on his way thither, met with a multiplicity of odd adventures. According to one story, he joined a company of strolling actors, and went through experiences similar to those to which Goethe subjects Wilhelm Meister, and Dickens subjects Nicholas Nickleby. In that case, although such experiences are more vexatious and less amusing in real life than in fiction, yet Thiers learned, perhaps, in the little world of the players, something which may have helped him to know human nature, and act well his part on a higher and wider stage. According to another story, he literally fell among thieves, who, after holding him captive for a while, stripped him of all he had that was valuable, and let him go.

At Paris, Thiers was kindly welcomed by M. Rabbe, who aided him in procuring employment as a collector of items



RECEPTION OF THIERS AT BORDEAUX IN 1871.

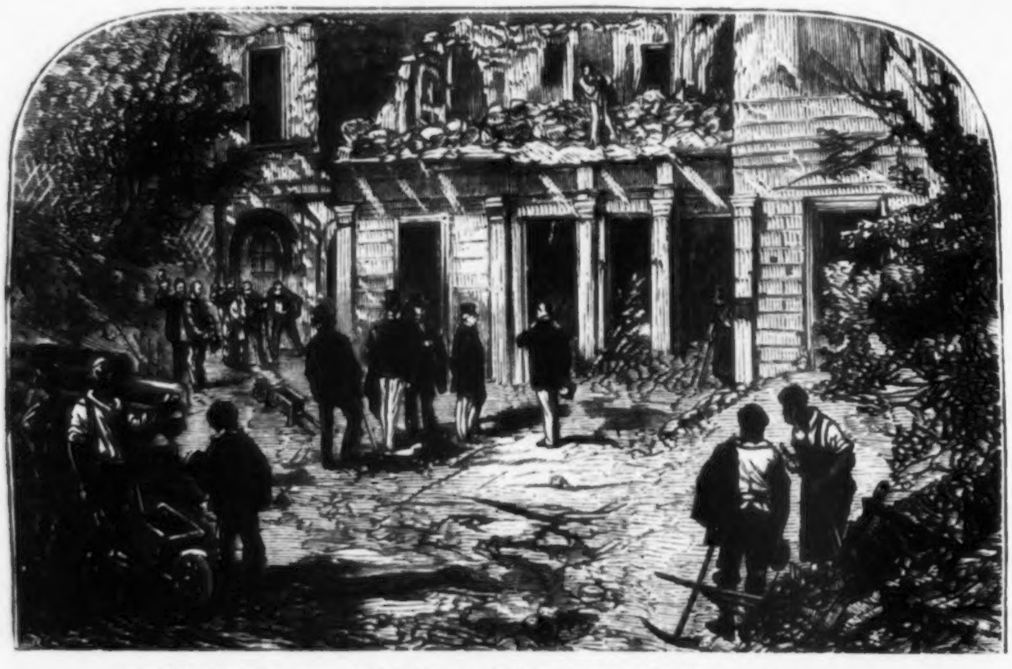


THIERS AS PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC RECEIVING THE FELICITATIONS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

of news—that is, as a reporter for one of the public journals. Thiers and Mignet then occupied together, in the noisy Passage de Montesquieu, a little fourth-story room, in which they worked hard, night and day, to earn a livelihood and open a path to future wealth and fame. A few months later, Manuel, the celebrated Marseilles deputy, was expelled from the Chamber of Deputies. Thiers wrote articles in his favor, and sought the acquaintance of his compatriot. The great Liberal orator introduced him to Laffitte, who recommended him to Etienne, of the *Constitutionnel*. That journal opened its columns to the young laureate of the Academy of Aix, and published, on the 30th of November, 1821, several extracts from his eulogy on Vauvenargues.

Regularly attached to the staff of the *Constitutionnel*, Thiers was soon remarked for his aptitude to write on any subject, his full comprehension of all its details, his quick perception of its salient points, his extraordinary controversial skill, the vigor of his logic and the purity and force of his style. His review, in March, 1822, of Montlosier's book, "De la Monarchie Française," revealed in him the potential statesman and author. His articles on the annual exhibition of works of art were collected, and, with a prefatory survey of the history of revolutions in painting, and general considerations on taste and art criticism, were published in a volume entitled "Salon de 1822." His "Notice sur la vie de Mistress Bellamy," an English actress, was reproduced as an introduction to her mémoires in the collection of "Mémoires sur l'Art Dramatique." In 1823, his lively and picturesque account of a tour in the South of France and in the Pyrenees, was also reproduced in the shape of a book, which was entitled "Les Pyrenées ou le Midi de la France pendant les mois de Novembre et Decembre, 1822."

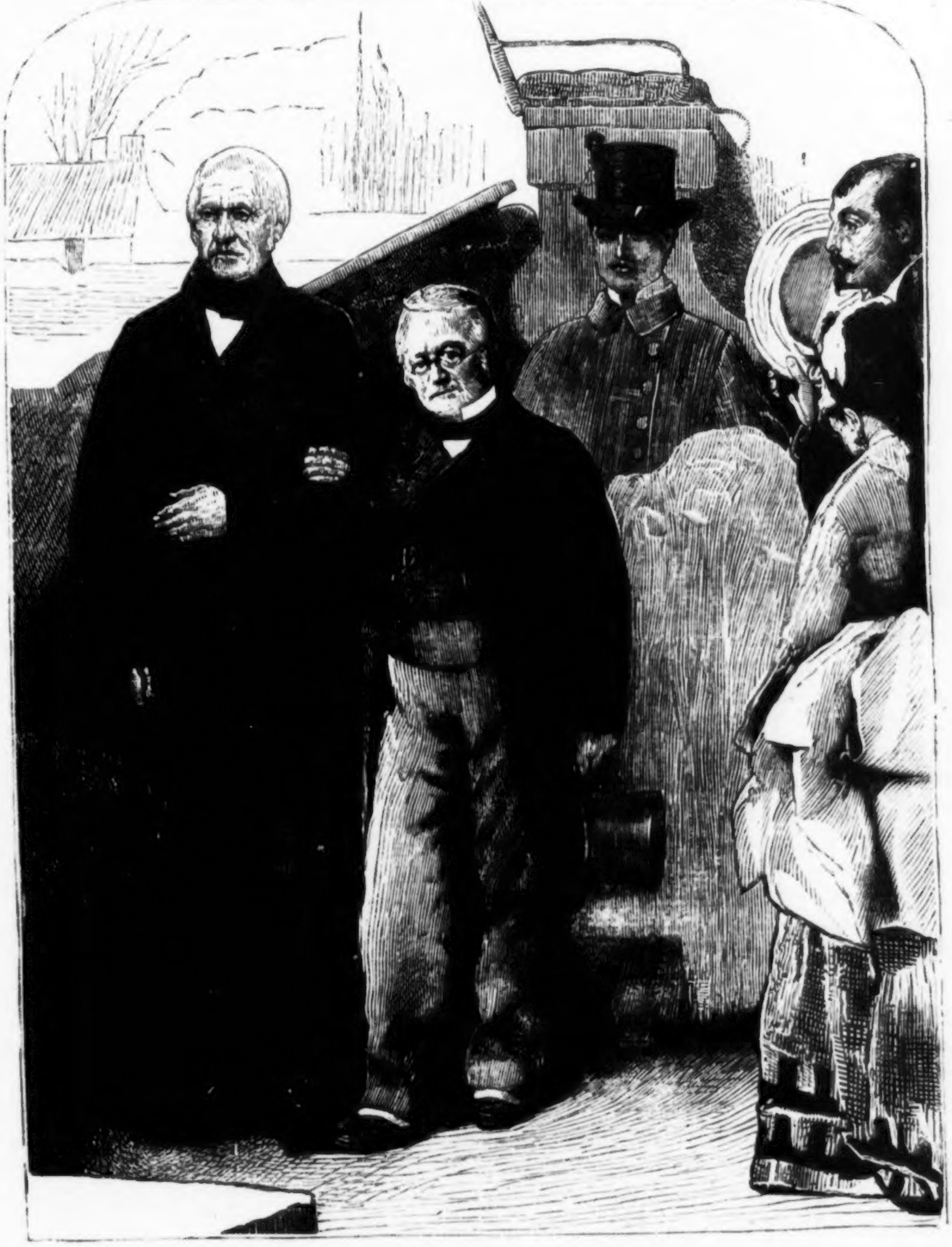
By that time Thiers had safely gone through the narrow passes of poverty and reached the broad road to fortune In addition to his salary from the *Constitutionnel*, he enjoyed part of the income of a proprietary share in that journal, thanks, not to Laffitte,



THIERS VISITING THE RUINS OF HIS HOUSE DESTROYED BY THE COMMUNISTS.

as it has been asserted, but to the generosity of two rich German book-dealers, Schubart and Cotta, who were enthusiastic admirers of his talents.

In 1823, during the Spanish war and the struggle between Villèle and Chateaubriand, he was associated with Jouffroy, Dubois, De Remusat and Mignet, in editing the *Tablettes Historiques*, a political and literary magazine. The most effective work of Thiers as a journalist was done on *Le National*, which he founded with Mignet and the lamented Armand Carrel. The initial number of this journal was published on the 1st of January, 1830. It has been said with truth that if the Polignac ministry was created in order to overthrow the Charter, the *National* was created in order to overthrow the Bourbons. By it Thiers put the Restoration in a state of siege, and made his journal a machine of war. The article which he published on that constitutional maxim which has become so celebrated—*Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas*—was an event. It prepared the public mind for resistance, and hastened the Revolution of July, 1830.



THIERS AND GUIZOT.

Thiers never wholly laid aside the journalist's pen, which he then found so mighty. He was always ready to take it up on occasion. Thus, in 1848, although he was not personally present at the memorable reform banquets, yet his contributions to the *Constitutionnel* fanned the agitation which attended them, and which resulted in the revolution of February, 1848.

Resuming the editorial charge of the *Constitutionnel* in 1848, he led the opposition to the Guizot Ministry, precipitating its downfall. In 1877, during the crisis of the 16th of May, when the reactionaries of that fateful day overthrew Jules Simon's Ministry and came into power under the Duc de Broglie and M. de Fortou, and Gambetta wisely put the venerable ex-President Thiers prominently forward as a candidate for re-election to the Presidency of the Republic in case of the defeat and resignation of Marshal MacMahon, the old man caught up again his earliest and sharpest weapon, and wrote as well as inspired many of those remarkable articles in the *Journal des Débats*, which traced an ominously suggestive parallel between the Polignac administration and the second De Broglie Cabinet. Thiers evinced his journalistic habit of mind in the numerous pamphlets and addresses published by him from time to time, notably, for instance, in the little work, "Du Droit de Propriété," by hastily writing which in 1848 he responded with eagerness to General Cavaignac's appeal to the members of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences for aid in combating the rampant "socialism" of that day. The treatise had both the qualities and the defects of a journalist's workmanship. It was all right from the point of view of actual society as at present organized—indeed, it was one of the best and most irrefutable statements possible of the prevailing argument in favor of capital *versus* labor—but it was less remarkable for originality or force of doctrine than for facility and lucidity of style. The amelioration of the poor had not hitherto particularly fixed his attention. He expressed a benevolent regret that it does not depend upon us better to feed, clothe and lodge "this people whom we love much more than its flatterers"; but, he asks, is that within the power of ancient or modern science?

Colins, the author of that strange book, "Qu'est-ce que la Science Sociale?" did not hesitate to answer Thiers's question affirmatively, and cleverly expose some of his brilliant sophisms. But Colins failed to convert the successful "little *bourgeois*," to whom the equality and liberty which had made him rich seemed sufficient for the happiness of all the world.

Daniel Stern (the late Countess d'Angoult), author of an excellent "Histoire de la Revolution de 1848," went too far, in view of the subsequent prodigious development of the character and the expansion of the views of M. Thiers, in declaring that with him the respect for right was subordinate to the importance of facts, that he adored success beyond principle, that he more willingly appreciated men and things from the point of view of the necessities of the moment than according to the immutable laws of justice, and that, because of the fundamental vice which, after having dictated his judgments upon history, inspired later his political acts, "severe minds, refusing equally to M. Thiers the glory of the statesman and that of the historian, consent to appland in him only the best informed, the most skillful, the most sagacious and the most valuable of journalists." However true this opinion about M. Thiers may have seemed to Daniel Stern in 1848, it is more just in 1877 to adopt that so well expressed by the New York *World*, as follows: "It is a duty of the journalist, which he owes to his own profession and to the society in which that profession has become so powerful a factor, not to pass lightly over the great part taken by Thiers in developing the influence of the Press. It was as a journalist in the highest sense of that word that Thiers first won, and it was as a journalist that he kept and strengthened his grasp upon the public mind of France. It was by his prompt and keen perception of the power of public sentiment and opinion that he first distinguished himself in the race for position and authority with a whole generation of active, ardent and ambitious rivals. It was by his skill and tact in molding and welding that power that as a historian and a minister of State he widened without weakening his hold upon men. Like the present Premier of Great Britain, he had been a journalist always by instinct, and has wrought through journalistic methods in all the phases of his great career. The tour of Europe which he made in the dark and desperate Winter of the fortunes of France was perhaps the greatest journalistic feat, in its way, on record. He made himself, so to speak, the courier and special correspondent of the French nation, passing from State to State and Court to Court, to plead the cause of his country and to concentrate from a hundred different points the public opinion of the Continent in her behalf. During the steady development of the reactionary principle within the government of Marshal MacMahon Thiers has pursued a similar course, and waged war for the Republic by similar methods. His journeys through France, his daily promenades in Paris, were so many leading articles, not to be suppressed by the censor, not to be answered by military parades. The last and not the least eloquent of them was the funeral of the first President of the third French Republic."

This extract is given in full because it completes the portrait of Thiers as a journalist.

As a historian, Thiers is entitled to rank with the foremost of his competitors. Félix Bodin, one of his colleagues in the *Constitutionnel*, invited him to write conjointly with himself a history of the French Revolution, but soon withdrew from the undertaking, although his name, then better known than that of Thiers, appeared on the title-pages of the first two volumes, published in 1823, of the "Histoire de la Revolution Française." The rest of the ten volumes, the last of which was published in 1827, bore only the name of Thiers. Before beginning the third volume, the young author made the most extensive preparations for completing the whole work.

His success in the parlors of the Opposition had already been no less rapid than in the press. Admitted at first to the intimacy of Laffitte, he became a favorite guest of all the eminent men of the Liberal party, and was welcomed to the famous "green parlor" of old Talleyrand. In society, where his wit and southern vivacity, his diminutive stature and his big spectacles, his odd gestures and, at that time, his peculiar manners, as well as his encyclopedic knowledge, made him an object of special remark, he met many survivors of the great epoch which he intended to describe. Everywhere else, also, he sought and "interviewed" them.

Endowed with admirable good sense, an intuitive faculty of diving into the secret thoughts of all with whom he came in contact, a marvelous faculty for seeing everything, comprehending everything, explaining everything, he seemed to carry light with him. "The special gift of this facile mind," says Demogeot," is to appropriate to himself, by swift meditation, whatever he borrows from everybody." De Lomenie says: "Old relics of the Constituent Assembly, of the Legislative Assembly, of the Convention, of the Council of Five Hundred, of the Corps Législatif, of the Tribunate; Girondists, Montagnards, old generals of the Empire, purveyors of the Revolutionary armies, diplomats, financiers, men of the pen and of the sword, men of head and men of arms—M. Thiers passed in review all that was left of them, questioning one, coaxing another to talk, lending his left ear to this one, his right ear to that one; and then assembling, arranging in his head, all these interrupted remarks, he used to go home, lie down on the *Moniteur*, and add a page the more to that fine 'Histoire de la Revolution Francaise,' which, upon its first appearance, was placed among the highest of great French historical works. To prepare himself for this work, Thiers studied finances with Baron Louis, and the art of war with General Foy, and, above all, with Jomini. His artillery friends at Vincennes initiated him into the attack and defense of fortified places, and he consulted geographical and strategical charts, journals of the period, memoirs published and in manuscript, verbal processes, official reports, everything which could enlighten him in regard to the men and things of the Revolution. His complete and highly finished narrative, on a large scale, in ten volumes, and his friend Mignet's powerful, concise, striking epitome, in two small volumes, have no doubt contributed, in spite of the fatalist spirit they breathe, to remove the impression that had so long prevailed in foreign countries touching the great event they record—"impressions comprehended in a dim, horrible vision of mobs, massacres, revolutionary tribunals, and guillotines. By the side of its monstrosities, there were unseen springs and motives of the highest interest to mankind, which are analyzed by these historians."

In France, both works attained a speedy popularity, especially that of M. Thiers. Royalists denounced it as partial and inaccurate, but a host of eye-witnesses vouched for its authenticity and fidelity, and all liberals delighted in its bold rehabilitation of revolutionary principles and deeds, in the very face of the Restoration, which it tended powerfully to overthrow.

After retiring from the Ministry, in 1840, M. Thiers undertook another great historical work—the "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire"—preparing for it even more carefully than for his first task. He made several visits to Germany, Italy, Spain, and England, either to explore battle-fields, or to search for original, authentic documents, and the testimony of surviving eye-witnesses. The first two of the ten volumes of the "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire" appeared in March, 1845.

This second great work of M. Thiers is universally acknowledged to be the fullest account of European affairs from 1800 till 1815. This work seems to have been written with a firmer hand, a riper judgment than his preceding history.

The exciting scenes of the Revolution sometimes betrayed his language into an impetuosity bordering upon passion: but the imperial grandeur of France imposed on the historian a certain calm dignity of tone which becomes almost sublime when he reaches the battlefields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Wonderful as is the genius displayed by several other modern French historians, not one of them has surpassed M. Thiers in a thorough knowledge of the arts of war, administration, finance, and diplomacy, an apprehension of past occurrences so perfect as to lend his narrative the charm of a recital by an eye-witness, and a style full of simplicity, ease, and clearness, borrowing its animation and occasional eloquence only from the rapid and majestic course of events.

As an orator, Thiers showed marked individuality and power, while, through his printed speeches, he swayed a prodigious influence over vast masses of men far beyond the reach of his penetrating voice, with its somewhat singular cadences.

When he first appeared in the Chamber of Deputies, in 1830, he unsuccessfully employed a pompous and declamatory style of speech, to which his short stature and shrill accents and strange gesticulations lent additional ridicule. He was laughed at as a *Mirabeau-mouche.* But on his re-election in 1831, he wholly changed his manner, adopting a conversational style, which suited his person and revealed his real value, without preventing his rising, on occasion, to eloquence.

"He occupied the tribune for twenty years," says Eugene Loudun, "less as an orator than as a *causeur.*" The conversation, which had disappeared from the *salons*, he brought into the Assembly; he spoke in the free-and-easy way, with the vivacity and charm so greatly admired, and so effective in the society of former days. He would talk, or rather chat, for hours, without notes, sometimes persuading, always amusing and instructing his hearers, and forcing even his enemies to listen to him with pleasure and, not unseldom, with conviction. Even De Cormenin, who did not believe in his sincerity, and regarded him as a comedian, said, as if addressing him directly: "You play your part admirably, but it is only a part that you are playing; I know all that, and, nevertheless, I am delighted to be seduced by you; I yield, so long as you are speaking. I am under a spell, and I almost prefer to hear error from your lips than truth from the lips of anybody else."

One favorite gesture of M. Thiers was very characteristic; when animated in debate, he would turn sideways with his whole body, throwing out his two arms horizontally, as if he were sowing wheat in a field, or rather as if he were pulling at his ideas in order to hurl them forth; removing them from one spot to heap them up on another.

In effect, he used to take his ideas not from within the depths of his own consciousness, but from some external source; he did not literally create, but he assimilated. After keeping ideas in his mind long enough to give them shape, he felt the need of bringing them out, that others might share in them. He was accustomed to turn, not toward his friends in the Assembly, but toward his opponents; it was not necessary to speak to those who had given him what he brought, and he therefore addressed those to whom he brought it.

Moreover, he used to extend his two hands, half opened, as if he were weighing the truth, holding it up, that all might see it. This was the "gesture of authority," which cannot be analyzed; it is bestowed by nature alone, and but few men possess it.

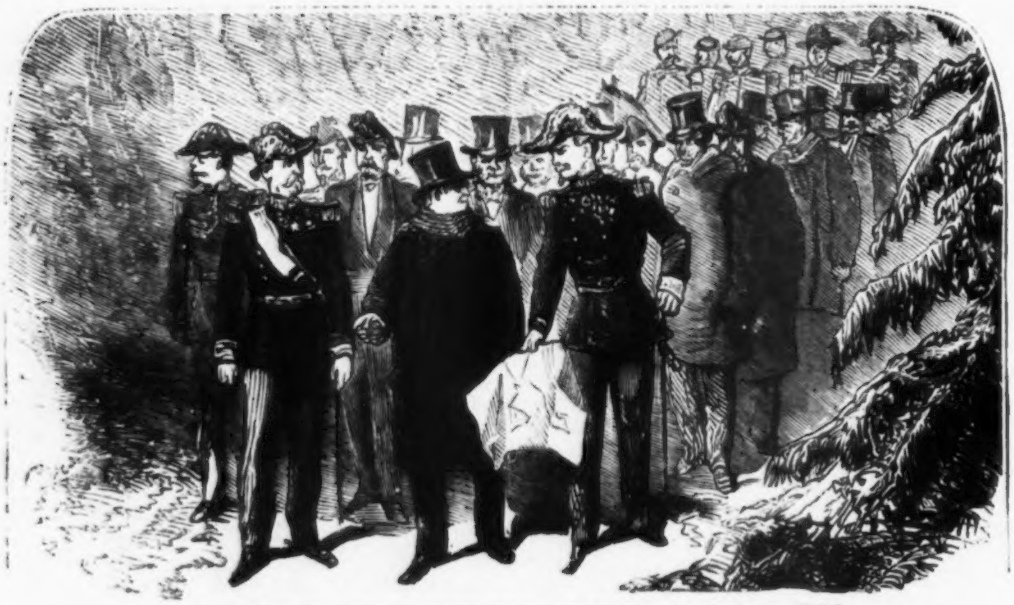
After all, the secret of this power of Thiers as an orator was in his complete mastery of his subject, whatever it might be; his full and perfectly clear exposition of it, however difficult it was; his invariable habit of striking at the root of the matter in hand and appealing directly to his audience, and his intense earnestness in avowing his convictions. The latter trait became more conspicuous as he grew older. It gives peculiar emphasis and weight to his last public speech, which was delivered upon his arrival at St. Germain, on the very eve of his death. That speech was as memorable—let us hope it may be as influential—as the farewell message of Washington. M. Thiers said, in reply to a congratulatory address from the inhabitants of the old court suburb:

> "For many years past I have looked upon the Republic as the only form of government possible in France. Those who, without being able to substitute anything for it, seek to prevent it from taking root, are the real disturbers and anarchists on whom France will soon call to account for the moral and material injury which has been inflicted upon her this year. You may reckon, therefore upon my constancy in support of the Republic; but you must allow me to be not less urgent in giving it the epithet of conservative—for, if it is to be permanent, it must give guarantees to order as well as to liberty. Look at the progress which our opinions have made this year, and you will see that it is due to the tranquillity and the firmness of the country Let us persevere in this attitude. Calm and determined, we shall succeed. For my own part, I entertain no doubt as to our own success; everything presages it, and I do not scruple to foreshadow it to you in all confidence."

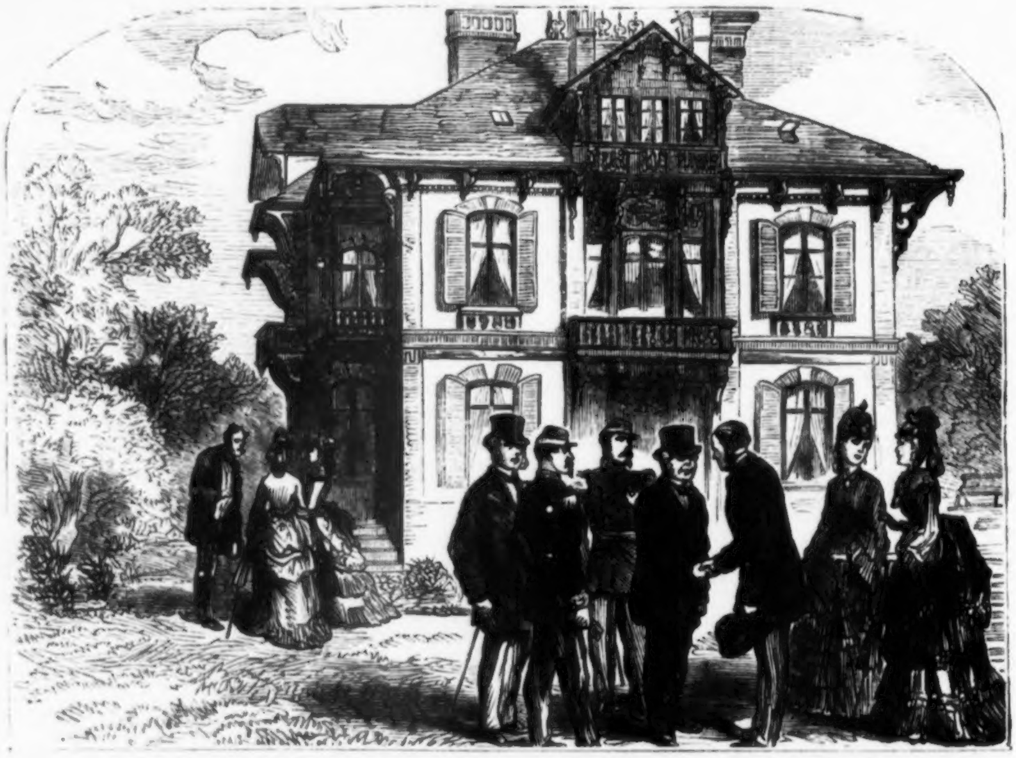
This final expression of mature judgment and heroic patriotism is a striking example of the highest style attained by Thiers as an orator.

As a statesman, Thiers began his public career at a high point of departure, and ended it at an almost giddy pinnacle of distinction and influence. It has just been so fully detailed in the daily newspapers, that a rapid outline of it will here suffice. The direct agency of his editorial articles in the *National* in shaking the foundation of the throne of the Bourbons has already been indicated. When the famous, or rather the infamous, *Ordonnances* were signed on the 23d of July, 1830, a solemn protest against them was drawn up by Thiers, and signed by him and a few other leaders of the Liberal party, declaring the *Ordonnances* unconstitutional, and avowing the intention to resist them, leaving it "for France to determine how far resistance should be carried."

The people of Paris began the resistance, erecting barricades on the 27th. On the same day a provisional government was formed, consisting of Lafayette, Laffitte, Manguin and Thiers. On the 28th the insurrection had become a revolution, which terminated in the downfall and exile of Charles X., and the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne. Thiers, who had desired this result, and done so much to accomplish it, was at first General Secretary to the Department of Finance, displaying such ability that his chief, Baron Louis, in resigning, recommended him as his successor. But he received only the position of Under Secretary of State, and this he resigned at the fall of the Laffitte administration, while he retained his seat as Deputy from Aix. His former associates were now thunderstruck at his desertion of them. He had become as conservative as Casimir Périer himself. At the death of the latter, he became Minister of the Interior. He suppressed the Vendée insurrection, arrested and imprisoned the Duchesse de Berri, who was rallying the Legitimists to arms, sent an armed expedition to Antwerp, saved Belgium and raised the dignity of France. He then became Minister of Commerce and Public Works. During his administration, an extensive system of internal improvements was perfected, the statue of Napoleon I. was placed on the top of the Column Vendome, the Triumphal Arch of l'Etoile, the Madeleine Church and other public structures were completed, and fresh life



THIERS VISITING THE MILITARY ESTABLISHMENTS AT ROUEN, IN 1872.

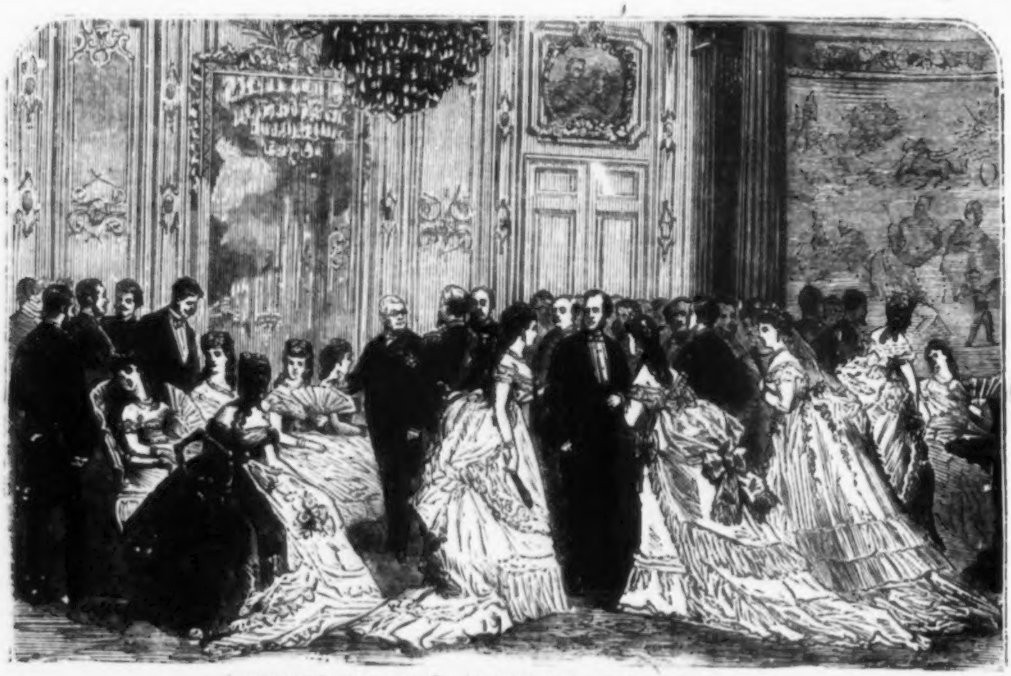


THE CHALET CORDIER, TROUVILLE, SEASIDE RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT THIERS.

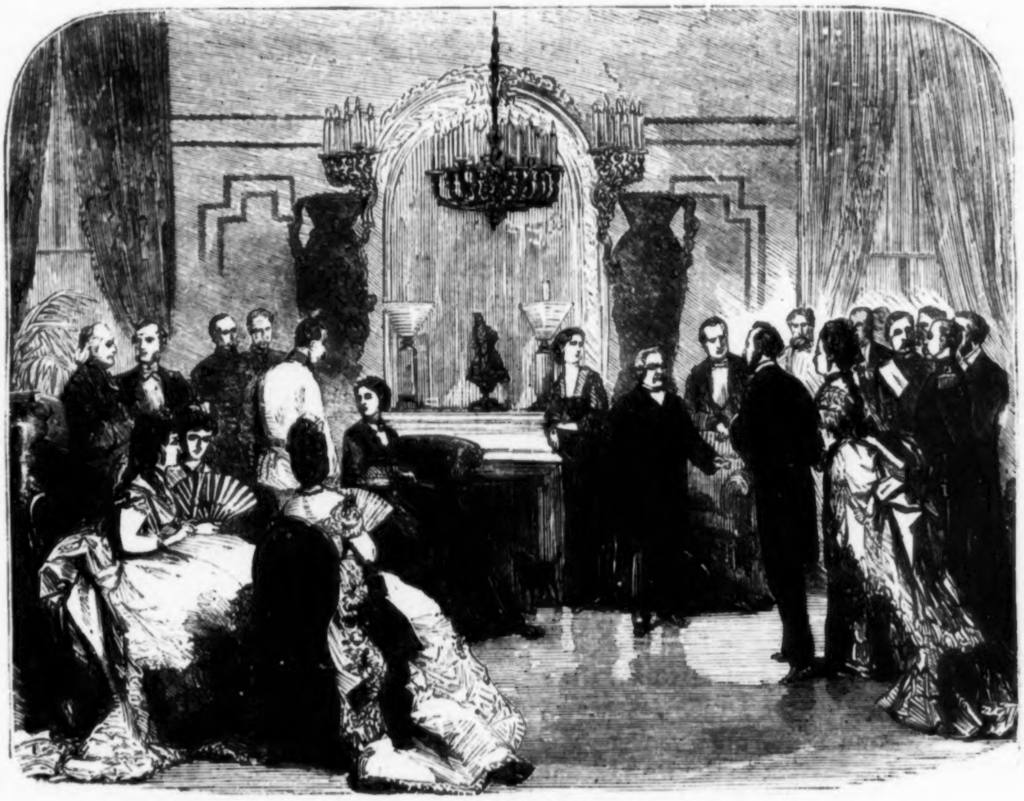
was infused into every department of industry. In the latter part of 1833, he was elected member of the French Academy, and, subsequently, member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. In 1834 he was once more appointed Minister of the Interior. At that time the country was greatly disturbed, and, finally, on the 12th of April, insurrection broke out in Lyons and other cities, and barricades were again erected in Paris.

M. Thiers, whose preference for legal measures of redress had led him, on the eve of the revolution of 1830, to retire from Paris to Montmorenci, and exposed him to charges of supineness, if not cowardice, bravely stood fire on this occasion, exhibiting great coolness, energy and sagacity. Party spirit then raged so violently that the ministers were divided among themselves. M. Thiers and Marshal Soult quarreled, and the latter resigned. The next cabinet had but a brief existence. A new ministry was formed, and M. Thiers was again assigned to the Department of the Interior. He strenuously opposed the suggested amnesty for political offenders; another quarrel ensued, and the ministry again retired. It was intended to place M. Thiers at the head of the next cabinet, but M. Guizot would not take office under him, and the Broglie Ministry came into power.

M. Thiers was in the royal *cortége* on the 28th of July, 1835, the anniversary of the Revolution of July, and narrowly escaped assassination from the discharge of Fieschi's infernal machine. Immediately afterward the "September laws" were prepared, restricting the freedom of the Press and of juries. They were heartily supported by M. Thiers, and were at last enacted. He seemed to have outgrown the famous protest of 1830. When in February, 1836, the Ministry again disagreed, the Duc de Broglie resigned, and M. Thiers succeeded him as President of the Council and Minister of Public Affairs. After a few weeks a vessel was sent to St. Helena to bring back to France the body

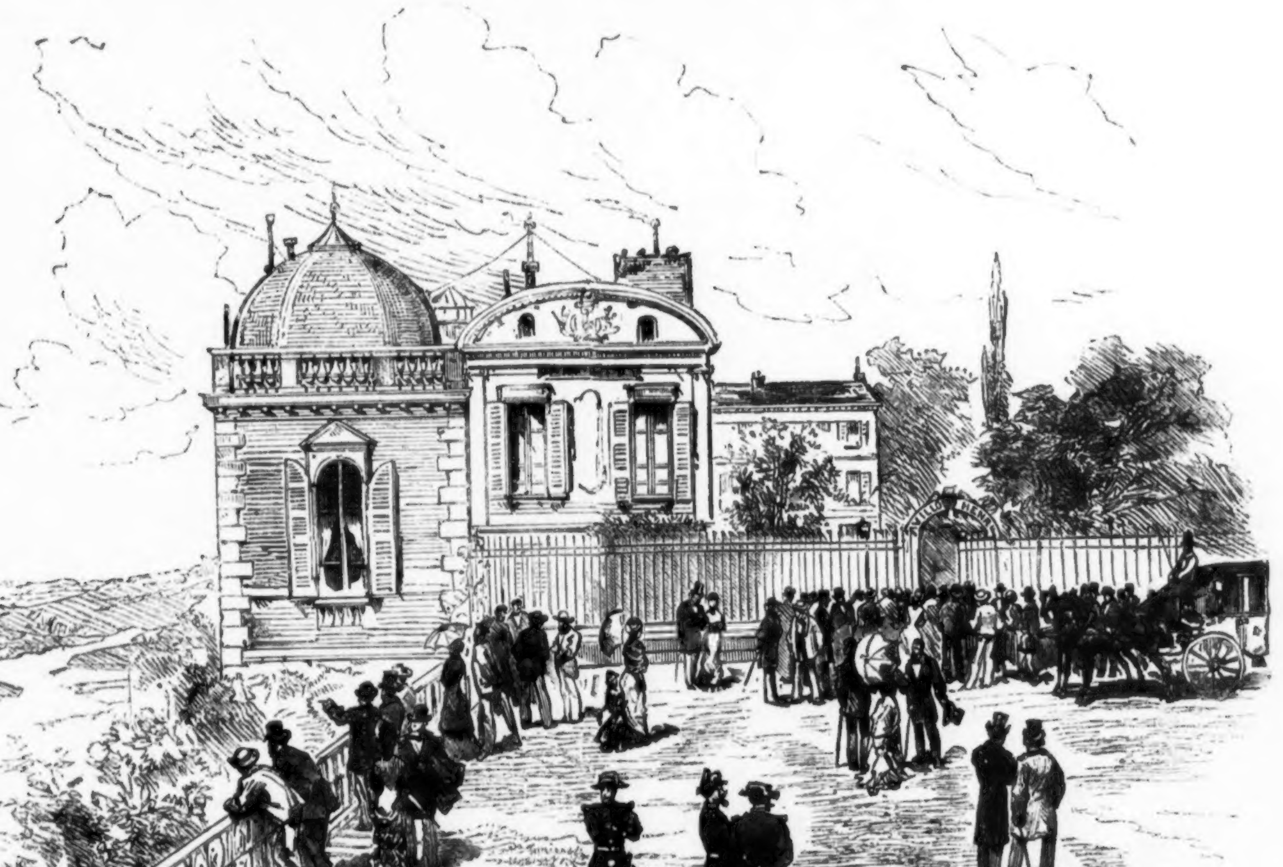


A PRESIDENTIAL LEVÉE AT THE PALACE OF THE ELYSÉE.



THE SALOON OF THE CHALET CORDIER.

of the Emperor Napoleon. M. Thiers found the Premiership a thorny honor. The King was unwilling to adopt his policy, which consisted in interference in Spain for the purpose of checking the encroaching policy of England. M. Thiers resigned on the 28th of August, and was succeeded by M. Molé. After a visit, in the Summer of 1837, to Italy, where he paid homage to the Pope, and whence he brought many curious and precious relics of antiquity and specimens of art to enrich his elegant house on the Place St. George (which the Communists long afterward destroyed, with all its treasures), the ex-minister headed the coalition of all the elements adverse to the Molé Cabinet. That Ministry fell in 1838. Marshal Soult was appointed Premier, but he refused to give M. Thiers the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. M. Thiers became a candidate for President of the Chamber of Deputies, but he was defeated by a large majority. After seven years of official life, he now passed from the Administration to the Opposition party. He immediately resumed



PAVILION HENRI QUATRE AT ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, WHERE THIERS DIED.

his literary pursuits. But his party was successful in 1840, and he was again placed at the head of the ministry. But he had no better luck than before in carrying out his policy, either at home or abroad. The King, after artfully letting him fortify Paris and otherwise commit himself to an active foreign policy, withheld his sanction of extreme measures. After six months of mortification and discouragement, he resigned. M. Guizot took his place, and kept it till the overthrow of the Orleans monarchy, in 1848.

Both in the *Constitutionnel* and in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Thiers led the opposition to the Guizot Ministry. In the memorable final session under the July monarchy, he made a strong, aggressive speech, in which he announced "that he belonged to the party of revolution in Europe, and that he would never betray its cause." He had now fully recovered his old popularity. But when the Guizot ministry fell, and Thiers, on the night before February 24th, was summoned to the Tuileries to form a new ministry with Odillon Barrot, barricades were springing up all over Paris, the air was ringing with shouts of "*Vive la République!*" Thiers found that it was too late to save the throne, and he could only resign.

After the flight of Louis Philippe and the proclamation of the Republic, he sent in his adhesion to the Provisional Government, and offered himself as a candidate for the Constituent Assembly, "being unwilling," said he, "to remain a stranger to the destinies of his country." He failed at the general elections, but on the following 4th of June he was elected by four departments. He gave his option for the Lower Seine, and was chosen by more than 60,000 votes to replace M. de Lamartine. His election was thought to be a peril for the Republic. The charge that he then secretly aspired to be made President of the French Republic is improbable. It is more likely that he expected an opportunity might arise for restoring the Orleans monarchy. At all events, he loyally put at the service of the government his lofty reasoning faculty, his practical good sense, and his consummate knowledge of affairs.

On the 10th of December he voted for Prince Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic, although he profoundly distrusted him. M. Bixio having repeated before the Assembly the statement of certain journals that M. Thiers had declared "such an election would be a shame for France," he was challenged by the ex-minister, and the duel was fought immediately. Re-elected to the Legislative Assembly, M. Thiers took a prominent part in all the important discussions. He labored earnestly to defeat the President at the next election.

At the *coup d'état* of Dec. 2d, 1851, M. Thiers was arrested, imprisoned for a while, and then banished. In the following year he returned to his cherished studies, and completed the "History of the Consulate and of the Empire." The Academy of Moral and Political Science awarded an extraordinary prize of 20,000 francs to this great work.

Meanwhile, Louis Napoleon, after having kept up for a year the farce of a Republic, had restored the Empire in 1852. In 1863 M. Thiers was elected to the Corps Legislatif. He soon was recognized as the leader of a powerful opposition. He tried to wrest from the Imperial grasp the liberties which had been repeatedly promised. He denounced the foreign policy of the government as destructive to the best interests of France. He opposed intervention in the affairs of Mexico and the establishment of an Empire under the ill-fated Maximilian. He also opposed the union of the Italian States into a single nation.

In 1859 he was again elected to the Corps Legislatif. He opposed with all his might the war with Germany as involving the most disastrous consequences to France. His predictions were terribly fulfilled. The armies of France were defeated, and, finally, on the 2d of September, 1870, the Emperor capitulated. The news reached Paris the next day, and on the 4th a decree was promulgated declaring the end of the Empire.

M. Thiers would not participate in this Revolution, regarding it as an illegal mode of procedure. His services, however, could not be dispensed with. He was chosen President of the Corps Legislatif, but perceiving the drift of events, he withdrew in a few months and vacated his seat. Deciding to remain in Paris during the siege, he was about to enter anew upon literary pursuits, when public exigencies, together with the urgent solicitations of the Government of National Defense, constrained him to return to political life. The members of the government unanimously appointed him an envoy to the English Court, and to other neutral Courts of Europe, with a view to establish friendly relations between the new administration of France and the several cabinets. It was no fault of his that he succeeded but imperfectly in his delicate, difficult and dangerous undertaking.

He returned to France toward the end of October, 1870. Several times he attempted to negotiate with Bismarck, in the name of the Government of National Defense, an armistice, which Germany was on the point of accepting when the insurrection of October 31st exploded. At last, on the 29th of January, 1871, an armistice which M. Thiers had succeeded in concluding put an end to active hostilities. The officers of the Government of Defense had retired to Bordeaux, and an election was ordered for a National Assembly, to pronounce upon the question of peace or a continuation of the war. The election was held on the 8th of February, when M. Thiers was chosen a Deputy from twenty-six departments. The Assembly met on the 16th of February, and on the 17th Thiers was elected, by an almost unanimous vote, Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic, and was duly commissioned to arrange terms of peace with Germany.

Scarcely had a treaty of peace been concluded when the insurrection of the Commune startled France. The energy and skill of M. Thiers enabled him to come off victorious in this fresh trial. The Commune was crushed. While many of the instigators of the atrocities which stained its record—such as the execution of the Archbishop of Paris and other hostages, with the attempts to destroy churches, palaces and other monuments, and even to burn the beautiful city—suffered exemplary punishment, yet M. Thiers was too intelligent and too just not to try to check the cruel reprisals of some of the "Versaillists," who did their full share in the work of destruction. M. Thiers declared at the councils of war that "he was a champion of moderation."

The title of President of the French Republic was conferred upon M. Thiers by a law of September 1st, 1871, which extended his term of office three years, with full executive power.

Among the principal acts of President Thiers must be counted a loan effected on the very day after the insurrection of March 18th; the rapid reorganization of the army; an enormous tax levy; the gigantic loan of three milliards of francs, subscriptions being eagerly made for fourteen times that fabulous sum; the payment of the great indemnity to Germany before it fell due; the liberation of the French territory before the day assigned for the departure of the hostile armies; the restoration of order, industry and commercial prosperity; and the establishment of amicable relations between France and foreign powers, with a fair prospect of permanent peace. And all this was accomplished within three short years!

It was a sad pity that the coalition of the three monarchical parties (the old Bourbons, the Legitimists and the

Bonapartists) compelled Thiers to resign the Presidency of the Republic on the 24th of May, 1873. A previous tender of his resignation, because the National Assembly negatived, but not without reason, his proposal to abrogate important commercial treaties of France, and to adopt a stringent protective policy, laying a tax, for instance, upon raw material, had not been acted upon. The appointment of a committee of thirty, to be associated with him in the administration of affairs, greatly irritated President Thiers, who had become too much accustomed to success easily to brook contradiction. The caricaturists could not fail to take advantage of this and of other foibles which he had. "Glancing over the French illustrated papers for the last twenty years, one finds in them every phase of his character strongly pictured out," says Mr. Round. In one paper we find him represented as a mule, whom all the members of the French cabinet are trying to lead in one way, while he is exerting his greater strength to back into a window, upon which the words "*Café de la Constitution*" are written. In another he is represented as a monthly nurse, who dandles the Republic as a new-born child on her lap, at the same time that she is scolding everybody in the household and ordering all the servants out of the way.

When this attempt of Thiers to consolidate and make permanent "the Conservative Republic" by legislative enactment failed, he again offered his resignation, which, this time, was accepted. But he lost power by only a slight majority of fourteen votes. Marshal MacMahon was elected his successor as President of the French Republic. Thiers became, after his retirement from office, a stronger and still stronger friend and advocate of the Republic.

In January, 1876, he was elected to the Senate from Belfort, and in the month following, to the Assembly from Paris, accepting the latter seat.

From his "loop-hole of retreat," in Place St. George, he looked forth as keenly as ever upon the course of events. Whenever he walked or drove out, his appearance was greeted by the most touching and spontaneous demonstrations of his unbounded popularity. "Papa Thiers" had become an idol of the people's affections. Within doors, he devoted himself mainly to his books, pictures, sculptures, and medals, and to the entertainment of his friends and admirers, who, with a host of distinguished foreign visitors, daily gathered around his hospitable board, and thronged his parlors. Contemporary politics were by no means a forbidden topic—on the contrary, indeed, his home became the centre of influences no less strong because they wore no outwardly visible and official shape.

A general impression got abroad that something like the old dual system of government in Japan had been revived in France, and that if MacMahon was the French Tycoon, Thiers was a sort of French Mikado. If the nominal ruler held court at the Elysée, so did the real ruler at his rebuilt house on Place St. George.

MacMahon's egregious blunder of the 16th of May, 1877, deeply intensified the situation. The downfall of the Jules Simon Ministry caused the greatest agitation and even alarm in France and throughout Europe. The figure of "the old man eloquent" was again brought into bold relief before the world. Certain mocking Royalists made merry at seeing the venerable ex-President Thiers work hand-in-hand with the young ex-Dictator Gambetta—whom the former used to stigmatize as *un fou furieux*. But Gambetta himself was wise and patriotic enough to give way to Thiers as the leader of the Republican Party, and to avoid every extravagance.

All eyes were beginning to turn toward the Liberator of French Territory as a possible, nay, a probable, candidate for re-election as President of the French Republic, and in his own turn, the successor of MacMahon, in the event of certain emergencies that might speedily arise.

It is unnecessary to seek in the vindictiveness many are fond of attributing to Thiers the stimulating motive which seemed of late to make him "renew his youth" and to be extraordinarily careful of his health. Enough that he, like everybody else, was impressed with the conviction that he had yet much work to do for his country and for mankind, and that he must keep himself in fit condition to do it. Up to a very recent date, so far as any but his most intimate friends were aware, he enjoyed a good prospect of living until he should be more than ninety years of age, and in the full possession of his bodily and mental faculties. No warning of danger, save the very significant one of "an occasional nervousness," to which all overworked men of the period, whether young or old, are liable—a nervousness that sometimes made intolerable for him the murmuring waves by the seaside, and the rustling leaves in the forest of St. Germain. A knife falling suddenly upon the floor of his quiet room drove him one day almost to distraction. But these fits of nervousness were only intermittent.

On Sunday, September 2d, the aged statesman appeared to be in his usual good health, while walking on the terrace of St. Germain. Meeting a little girl who attracted his notice, he kissed her and patted her head; he was fond of children. On the next day, he seemed even better than usual.

After his habitual routine of work and exercise, he sat down a little earlier than usual to his "second breakfast," as he wished to catch a particular train, in time to keep an engagement with Gambetta. "Thiers ate pretty heartily," writes a Paris correspondent, "until his dessert was put on the table, and then he refused a peach, a fruit for which he always had a particular liking. At the same time a terrible change came over his face, and Mme. Thiers and Mlle. Dosne, her sister (a lady who has for years been a member of his family), ran to his side." Briefly, he had been fatally stricken down by an attack of *apoplexie foudroyante*.

He was due in Paris for a consultation with Gambetta on the issue of a manifesto on the very day, and almost at what proved to be the hour of his mortal agony. While the younger man sat waiting for him in the Place St. George, death was claiming his own at St. Germain.

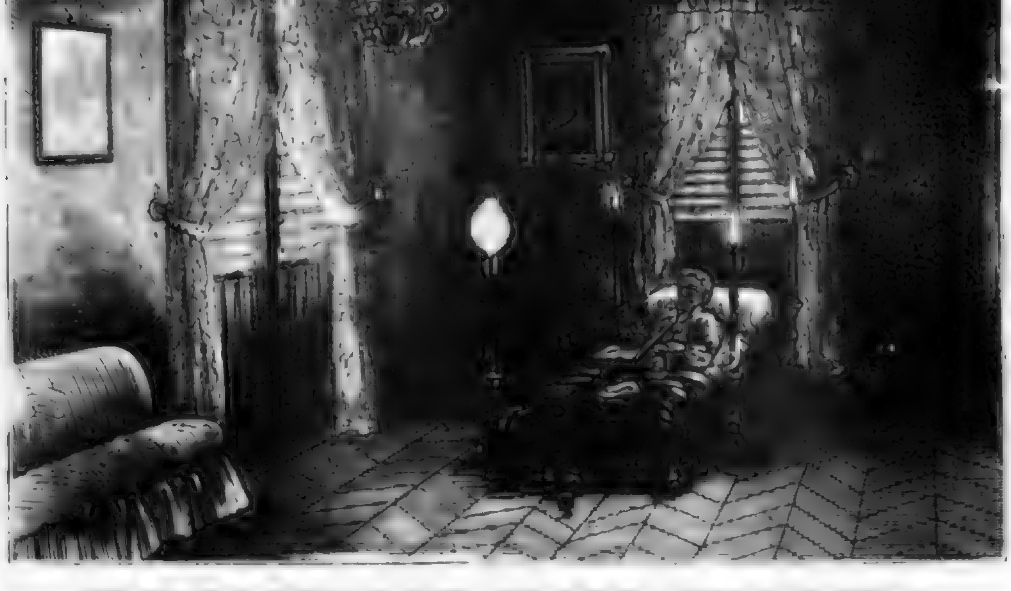
Thiers died at 6 o'clock P.M., on the 3d of September, 1877, in the eighty-first year of his age. He was buried at Père-la-chaise, on the 8th of September. President MacMahon's proffer of a State funeral having been declined by Mme. Thiers, the religious ceremonies were observed in the Church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, not in the Church of the Madeleine.

The whole route to the cemetery was lined with an immense number of people, notwithstanding the rain, and there was not the slightest disorder, notwithstanding the troops posted in the rear of Père-la-chaise, and held in reserve in the barracks as well as ostentatiously paraded throughout Paris.

The speeches of M. Grévy, ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies; Admiral Pothuans, Messrs. de Lacy and Vitry, and ex-Premier Jules Simon, at the grave, were remarkable for moderation. The very silence of Gambetta was far more eloquent than any speech from him could have been. The ex-Dictator left the cemetery before the speeches were pronounced.

It may not be amiss to end this article with the concluding words of Jules Simon's oration: "Adieu in the name of the country to the historian of the Revolution, to the champion of liberty, to the liberator of the territory, and to the first President of the French Republic!"

XUM



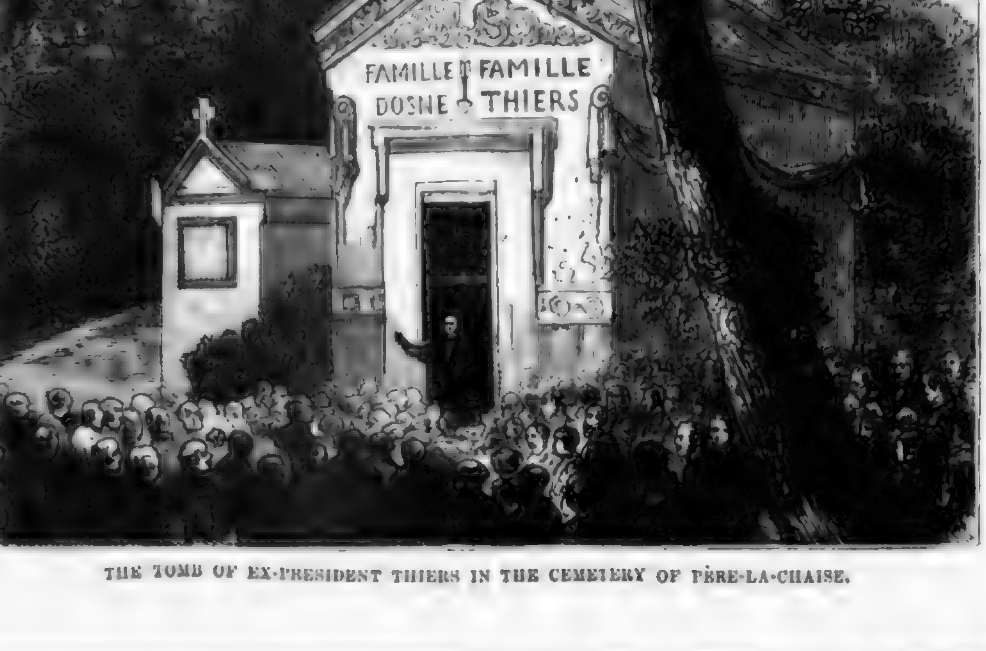
THE REMAINS OF EX-PRESIDENT THIERS LYING IN STATE AT THE PAVILION HENRI IV.

ON WITH THE OLD LOVE.

A Thanksgiving Story.

Miss Jane Finch was lonely; the sensation was an odd one, and she was at a loss what to do with it. She had lived for fifteen years a solitary life, had prided herself for a decade and a half on being independent of and indifferent to the rest of the great human family, and now she grew suddenly weary of her self-imposed solitude. It might be because it was Thanksgiving week, and everybody about her was so busy and bustling and happy, or it might be from many other reasons; but whatever the cause, the fact remains that, on a certain sunny morning in November, Miss Finch awoke to the knowledge that her condition was not to be envied.

In vain she tried to argue herself back into her old self-satisfaction. It was just as true now as it was yesterday that her brother James had married Sarah Jones—a girl she thought she had good reason to hate; but, someway, there was no pleasure to be gained from comparing their poverty with her riches.



THE TOMB OF EX-PRESIDENT THIERS IN THE CEMETERY OF PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.

She tried to woo back her old content, by thinking of the seven little Finches who could be so well-dressed, so well-educated, and so altogether comfortable with her money, and *who should never get a cent of it.* But this, contrary to all past experience, only had the effect of making her more uncomfortable than before. She tried to picture the "Old Woman's Home" she was going to endow; but the great massive piece of architecture brought with it no consolation whatever.

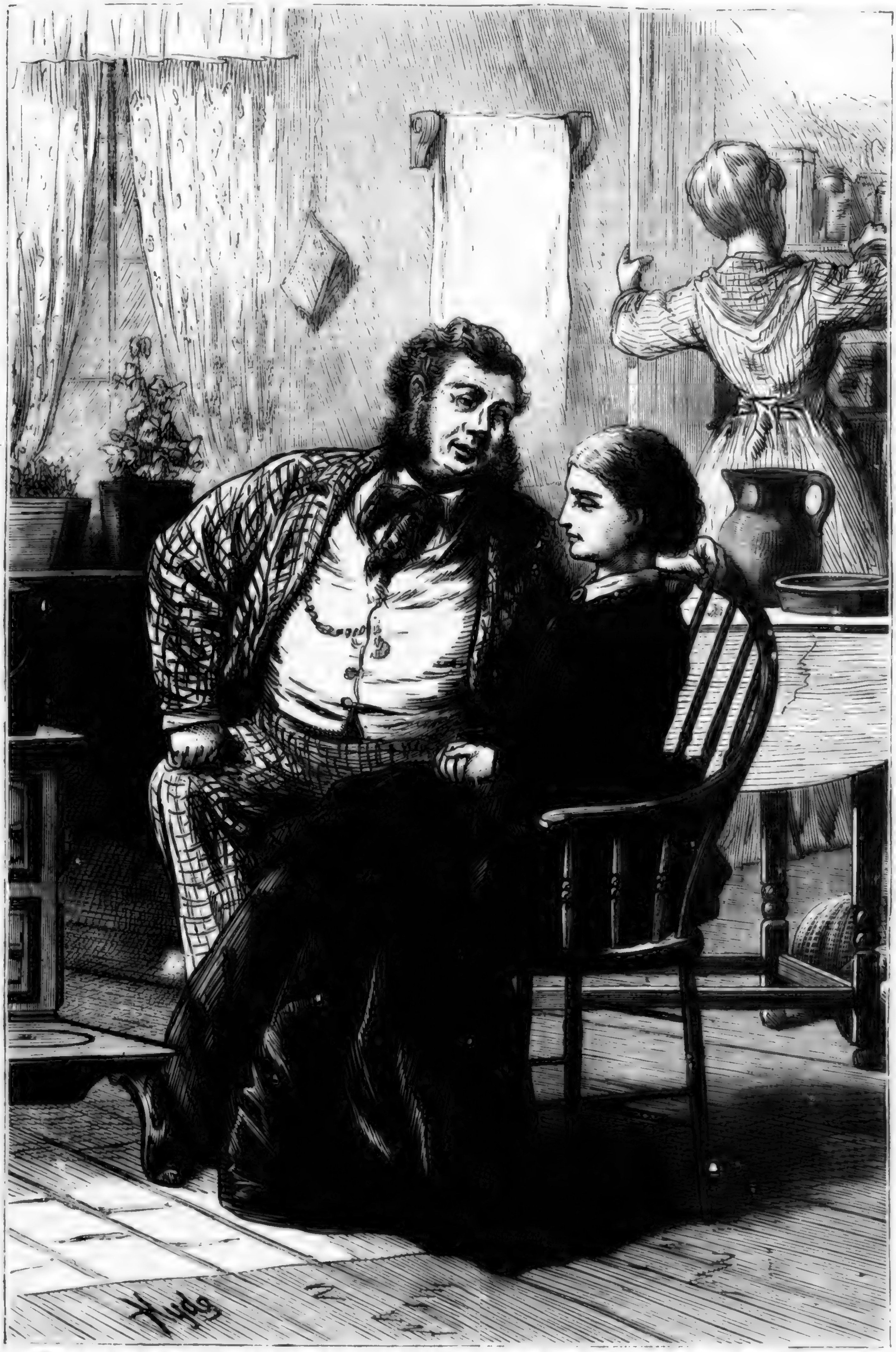
A monster turkey was just being brought into her next-door neighbor's: it reminded her that the following day was Thanksgiving, and also reminded her that she had yet to provide herself with the culinary wherewithal without which no Thanksgiving Day might be properly celebrated; for Miss Finch was a Massachusetts woman, and not once, in all her fifteen years of social exile, had she failed in the outward observance of this holiday.

It always made Miss Finch's face burn to think of Captain Abel Jones—first cousin to her obnoxious sister-in-law. Long ago, when she was in her teens, they had been lovers, and everybody knew that, as soon as he got his ship, Abel Jones and Jenny Finch were to be man and wife; but one evening she ran over to Sarah's (they had once been bosom friends), and hearing voices in the parlor, had stopped a moment to discover who was there. In that moment she had seen Miss Sarah crying, as if her heart would break, with her head on Mr. Abel's shoulder.

Quite ignoring the fact that these two had been brought up together, and that Abel had time and again told her that Sarah was just the same to him as a dear sister, Miss Finch grew righteously indignant; yet she was just—very just indeed! she would not judge them on this evidence, although to most any one it would have been proof enough of a very disagreeable fact; but she would wait, and see how their conversation accorded with their position. So she waited.

"Don't cry," said Mr. Abel Jones, pleadingly. "I am sure I can fix it all right. She isn't nearly so fond of me as you think; and you know, Sarah, how dear you are to her. I'll break it to her gently, and I'm sure she'll give me up of her own accord."

Now, Miss Finch hadn't a jealous nature, not at all! but the most unsuspicious idiot in the universe couldn't have misunderstood that speech. It was very evident he wanted to be free from *her*. So she stole gently out, without letting them know of her presence, walked home at railroad speed, and, with a very proper self-respect, immediately tied up his



ON WITH THE OLD LOVE.—"'I KNOW IT!'' SHE SAID. 'BUT I THOUGHT——' AND THEN SHE STOPPED SUDDENLY SHORT. 'THOUGHT WHAT?' AND THE CAPTAIN DREW HIS CHAIR EAGERLY TOWARD HER."

picture, his few presents, and his fewer letters, and sent them back to him, with the pretty falsehood that she found she didn't like him well enough to marry him, and should be obliged if he would release her from the engagement.

She didn't propose to be jilted by him—and she wasn't.

Then she went off on a visit, staid two months, and came home to find her brother James engaged to her false friend—and her false lover nowhere.

In vain she endeavored to prevent this marriage. Her brother would not be convinced, without absolute proof, that Sarah Jones was not a perfect woman. She begged, pleaded and urged. But pride prevented her giving him the one fact of which she had become possessed, and so the two were married, and she took her fortune (left her by her father's only sister) and herself to another town, gradually withdrew herself more and more from the world, until, at twenty-six, she was a confirmed misanthrope, seeing no one.

This sort of existence she had kept up until the time our story opens.

Why Sarah Jones married James Finch, and why Abel Jones was still a bachelor sea-captain, were mysteries she did not trouble herself to explain. Sure of their treachery, what mattered it to her how they spent their lives?

To-day Miss Finch, in thinking over her past, acknowledged to herself for the first time that she might have been hasty; not so far as the stalwart sailor was concerned, but about her brother.

"I don't suppose I ought to have expected him to give up his sweetheart without any reason," she thought. "I wouldn't have done it myself. I believe I'll send them a good Thanksgiving dinner. From all I can hear, they ain't able to do much in that line for themselves;" and with a sudden twinge of conscience, the more acute from being unusual, Miss Finch hurried on her bonnet and shawl, and started off to market.

Oh, the marvelous purchases she made! Pumpkins, and cranberries, and turkeys, and chickens, and barrels of potatoes, onions, apples, flour, and everything else in the eating line that could be desired.

"I'll give 'em a Thanksgiving that will last the Winter," she said, grimly; and then, all of a sudden, she felt a great desire to partake of the good things she had generously provided.

"I've a good mind to go down and eat dinner with 'em. I don't know as I'll be welcome, but they can't do more than shut the door in my face. I believe I'll try it, any way. James and I are the only ones left, and I don't think it is right we should live any longer in this way. According to all accounts, Sarah's been a good wife to him."

And so that night Miss Finch started off for a visit to her brother's.

James Finch looked forward to Thanksgiving Day with no great pleasure.

Captain Abel Jones had just returned from a voyage to the Indies, and, as was his custom, repaired immediately to the home of his cousin Sarah, there to remain until such time as his ship should be ready to start again.

"And you hear nothing at all from Jenny?"

To him Jane Finch, spinster, aged forty-one, was not the grim, formidable woman she seemed to everybody else.

He had not seen her since her girlhood, and his memories of her were all of that happy time.

"No," said James Finch, sadly. "We hear *of* her, but nothing *from* her. She still lives alone, and still refuses to hold communication with any of us."

Captain Jones looked around the poorly furnished little room, and sighed.

"She has changed greatly," he said; "if she can enjoy her wealth, while you are struggling on in this style, I cannot understand it. But there's no use in talking it over. Years ago we decided that it was incomprehensible. Come, to-morrow is Thanksgiving, and we must bestir ourselves to give it a hearty reception."

The husband and wife well knew what that meant.

Captain Jones proposed to provide the Thanksgiving dinner. James Finch, with all his poverty, was a proud man.

"I can't take it," said he, resolutely. "If I was in need, Jones, I'd come to you; but I can get along very well without that; and so, until I'm unable to provide myself with one, I won't have any."

What the captain would have said, must for ever remain a mystery, as, just at that moment, the disputed dinner, in the shape of Miss Jane's donation, drove up to the door.

It was in vain that Mr. Finch protested that the load was not for him. His name and address on the card were correct, and the expressman refused to be convinced.

Then the captain was impaled as the sender; but his astonishment was so evidently genuine, that the veriest skeptic in the universe could not but have believed him innocent.

But that mystery! Mrs. Sarah was a utilitarian. She did not waste her energies in trying to imagine where the things came from—not she! She rolled up her sleeves, put on a big apron, and went to work.

Oh, the marvelous time she made that day! But, after all, it was little wonder, for she impressed everybody—from the big, good-natured captain to little six-year-old-Jimmy into service. The captain cut up pumpkins, her husband chopped mincemeat, and the children beat eggs and butter and sugar, and picked over the raisins. Verily the Finch family proved, that though "too many cooks" may "spoil the broth," they don't spoil a Thanksgiving dinner, for a better-looking, better-smelling, better-tasting meal than that of which the Finches partook the next day, we defy the greatest epicure in the country to produce.

Miss Jane made her appearance, bright and early, on Thanksgiving morning. Mrs. Sarah was alone in the kitchen when she entered.

"How do you do, Sarah?" said she, not very cordially, it must be confessed, for, although prepared to extend the right hand of fellowship to James and the little ones, she could not, even now, look upon her sister-in-law except as a traitor, whom she would be obliged to make the best of.

"Oh, Jane!" and Mrs. Sarah, with one rush, left her cranberries to take care of themselves, and gave her husband's sister a heartier welcome than she deserved by a good sight.

Miss Jane didn't return her kiss, but she suffered it; and though she did mutter "Judas!" under her breath, I think she was a good deal more comfortable than she would have been if her hostess had been as cold and stiff as herself.

"Draw right up to the stove, and take off your things," and the little woman bustled about, in a whirl of delight. "Oh, won't James be glad! Dear, dear! He ought to be here this minute. And to think it's Thanksgiving Day, and we've got so much to be thankful for!" And then her thoughts went back to their unknown friend of the day before, and like a flash the truth came to her. "Oh, Jane!" she went on, with a grasp, "I see now, it was you sent us the things. Oh, dear! how can we ever thank you?" Then she rushed back to the cranberries, which showed signs of stewing over, and, for the first time since her entrance, Miss Jane had a chance to put in a word.

She had just opened her mouth to say something in explanation of her sudden appearance, when the door opened, and in walked Captain Abel.

"Got anything for me to do, Sally?" he asked, with a laugh; and then the great-whiskered man stopped short, perceiving the stranger, who sat just in front of the fire.

Miss Jane had been a beauty in her youth, and even now was not at all ugly. Her eyes were bright, her teeth were as white as ever, and her dimples were not things of the past, by any manner of means. But for a few wrinkles, and a hard look, which was the natural result of her hard life, she would have been a very handsome woman. She had not changed so much as had the captain; but both were recognizable, and each, after one glance, knew the other. Mrs. Sarah looked up from her cranberries eagerly.

"Oh, Abel, here's Jane—Jane Finch!"

Captain Abel came forward, and extended his hand; but it was an awkward meeting. They had not seen each other since the breaking off of their engagement—over a score of years before—and both of them were uncomfortably conscious of the fact. But Captain Abel drew a chair up to the stove, and tried to talk as if he had forgotten all about it; they discussed the weather, the crops, and everything else they cared nothing about, until Mrs. Sarah, who was all in a whirl with the surprise of Miss Jane's visit, and who could not keep still—try as she would—broke into the conversation with:

"Oh, Abel, do you remember the last day we saw Jane, dear? What a mess I was in! I was engaged to Jim, and nobody knew it; and mother was bound you and I should make a match of it. I never shall forget the afternoon we decided to tell her all about it. Goodness, how I cried—on your shoulder, too, Abe—and how you tried to convince me that poor ma didn't care much about you, and had just as lieve I'd take somebody else, if you only explained it to her properly—and you were right, too!"

And the little woman, quite overcome by these reminiscences, opened the oven-door, and commenced an energetic basting of the turkey contained therein.

Poor Miss Jane was too much astonished by this revelation to be prudent.

"And wasn't you in love with Sarah?" she asked, breathlessly, of the captain.

"In love with Sarah!" he repeated. "Why, I was engaged to you."

"I know it!" she said. "But I thought you——"

"Thought what?" and the captain drew his chair eagerly toward her. "Was that the reason you acted so toward me?"

If silence gives consent, Miss Jane confessed that it was, and he went on:

"Well, now that you know it wasn't so, what are you going to do about it?" And Captain Abel hitched his chair closer still.

Miss Jane didn't pretend not to understand.

"We're too old!" she murmured.

But, a week after, she was Mrs. Abel Jones; so it is to be supposed that Captain Abel vetoed that notion.

WONDERFUL WATCHES.

A watch about the size of an egg, said to be made by a Russian peasant, is now exhibited in St. Petersburg. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance and the sentinels on duty. While a spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek Church at eve.

A watch somewhat larger, still small enough for a capacious pocket, was shown at the meeting of the Society of Antiquarians a few years since; it had an alarm, and showed whether the hour was morning or afternoon in allegorical figures, representing morning, noon, evening, and night, which presented themselves to view at proper times. Other figures told the day of the week and month, the name of the months, the phases of the moon, etc.; but the figures of this machine were not dolls, but were engraved on revolving discs.

A watch at present in the Swiss Museum is small enough to be inserted in the top of a pencil case. Yet its tiny dial not only indicates hours, minutes, and seconds, but also days of the month. It is a relic of the times when watches were inserted in snuff-boxes, shirt-studs, ear-rings, breast-pins, and even finger-rings.

George III. carried one of these little time-keepers, which was set in a ring like a jewel; it contained one hundred and twenty different parts, and just about as many grains, so that the parts averaged one grain each, the balance wheel and pinion weighing the seventeenth part of a grain.

Mary Queen of Scots had a watch made in the shape of a death's head. The forehead of the skull bears the symbols of death, the scythe and the hour-glass placed between a palace and a cottage, to show the impartiality of the grim destroyer; at the back of the skull is Time destroying all things, and at the top of the head are scenes of the garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch is opened by reversing the skull, placing the upper part of it in the hollow of the hand and lifting the jaw by a hinge; this part being enriched by engraved representations of the Holy Family, angels, and shepherds with their flocks. The works of the watch form the brains of the skull, and are within a silver envelope, which acts as a musical-toned bell, while the dial-plate serves as the palate.

LEAFLESS TREES.

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground."

Clothed in their Summer mantle of grateful green, how very slight a hint is given by the trees of the anatomy that lies beneath—of the skeleton upon which the muscle and tissue, as it were, of buds and leaves are hung!

On a bright, quiet day in the middle of June, when every branch teems with luxuriance of foliage, when the Spring leafage has become matured, and the secondary shoots are well established, and all nature seems reveling in the glorious richness of fruition, how impossible it is to picture the country in one's mind's eye denuded of its gay trappings, and lying forlorn, bleak and deserted under the dreary weather and chilling blasts of Christmas!

These changes sprang up in our mind as we thought of the rapid transition from the extreme wealth of foliage to the abject poverty of the "leafless trees," a transition which every year seems to increase in rapidity. Time flies at such a pace as we advance in life, that we appear no sooner in the midst of Summer, than it has flown, and we are back again to the dreary Winter weather. Back again, it seems, almost with as little interval as lay between the shifting scenes which so delighted us as boys in the famous rotatory chamber. A gap of time, bridged over now as easily almost in half a year as then in half an hour; the cabalistic "hey, presto!" of the magician flowing as glibly for us, and with nearly as quick results, as ever. The magic and the mystery remain still; we look out upon the landscape, full and teeming, and, as we gaze, rich tints of Autumn creep imperceptibly through the shimmering green. We but withdraw our eyes to make sure, by reference to some little detail, that this is so, and as we look back again, the

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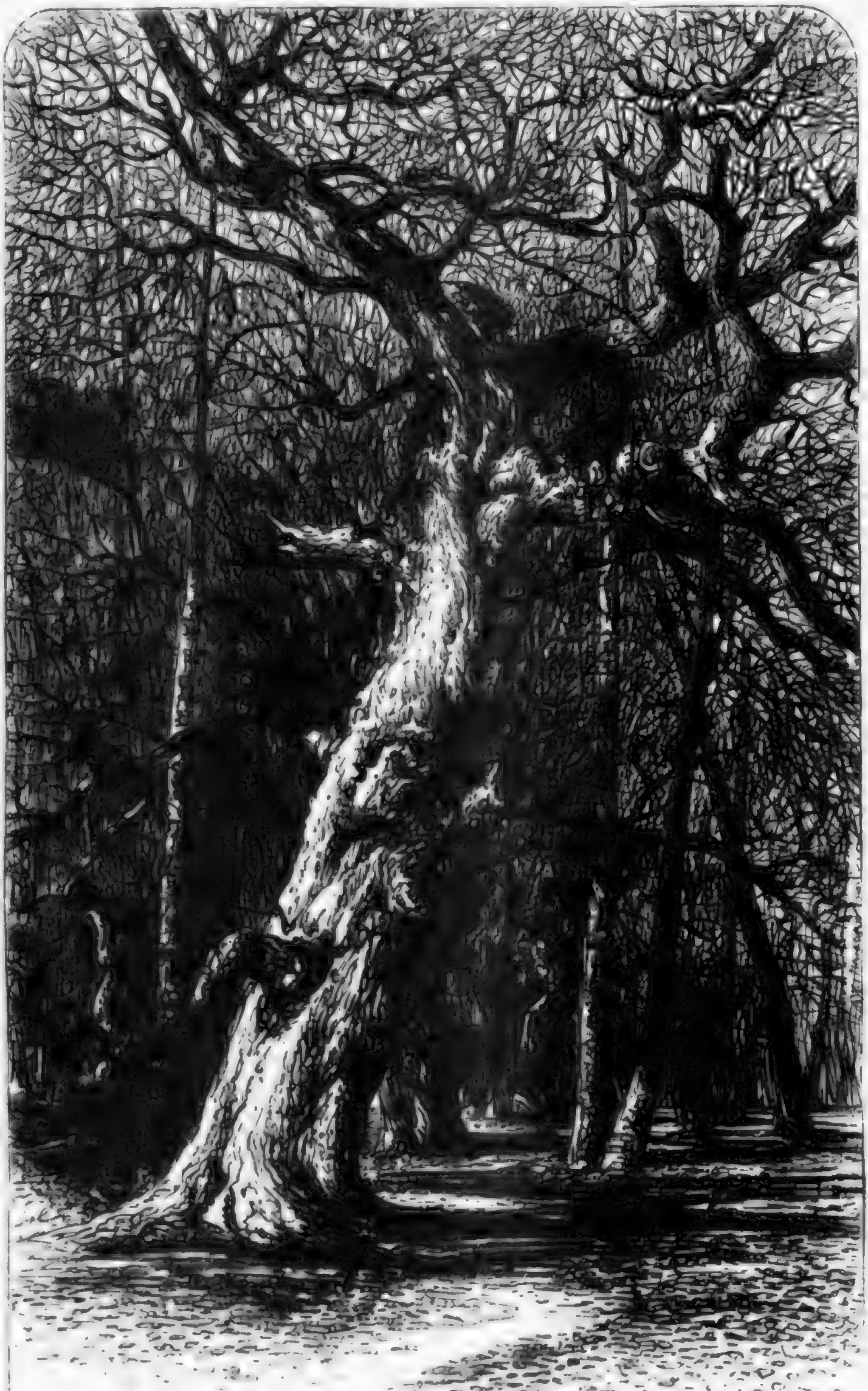
smiling country lies bleak and desolate, the trees stand bare and leafless.

> "The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
> With wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

We who in populous cities are pent, take little heed, perhaps, of "leafless trees." Save the occasional glimpses we have of them in passing through our squares and parks, or when business obliges us to take the return-ticket for a few miles' "run" by rail, we seldom see them, and, if we give them a thought, it frequently conjures up the country for us rather unpleasantly than otherwise.

The country means for us, generally, a place to loll and lounge about in, where we spend our holidays, and do little but lie upon the grass, and smoke and read under the shade of some spreading oak or elm. The notion of it denuded of its leaves is too apt to give us a chill, and we fail to invest it with that beauty which in reality it possesses.

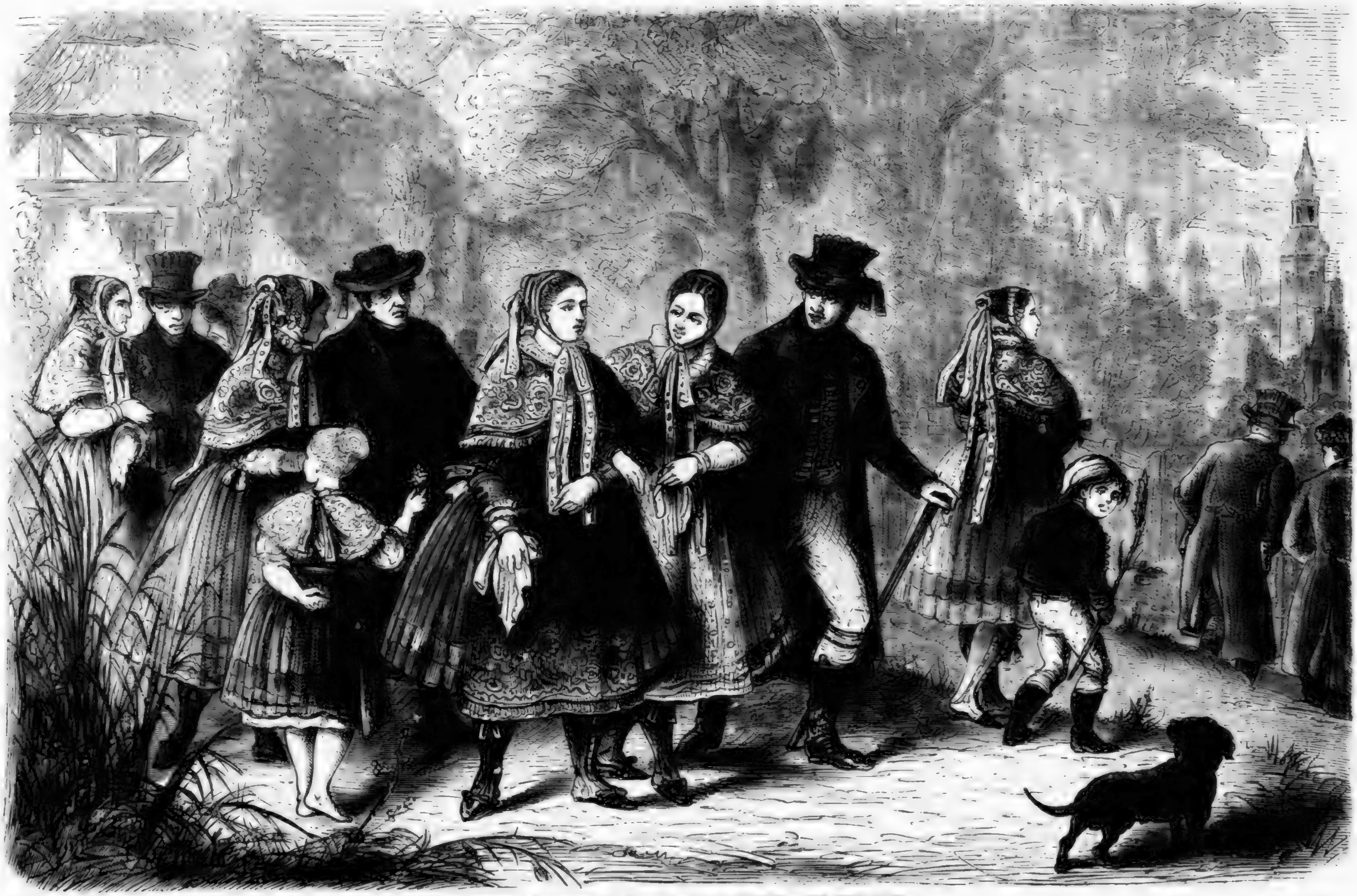


LEAFLESS TREES.

See yonder stately oak, with gnarled and knotted trunk, and far-extending arms, angular and sturdy! Lord of the forest, but yet in his very prime subject to the ruthless influence of the unerring seasons, and reduced, through no fault of his, to nakedness and poverty, in spite of his strength, equally with the slender birch or graceful ash. No more exempt than these from the storms of wind and frost which come to tear down the ample covering of its vernal days, those bright-green folds of Nature's drapery, which are, as it were, the testimonies of his wealth and vigor, giving him that robust, bold aspect which in Summer looks imperishable.

Have we not known many a human parallel to this, many a prosperous gentleman, thus stripped of all that made him bear his head so proudly, and with defiance of the blasts of time or the nipping, unexpected frosts of fate? Have we not seen his vitality, his sap, depressed and checked at the very moment when his freshness and his power seemed the strongest, and until he stood a leafless tree, shorn by misfortune of all that made life dear? Hardy, indomitable, true at heart, persevering and oak-like in all his qualities, he has yet succumbed to the uncontrollable and inevitable. By nature but little inclined to bend to the blast, his combat and his opposition have given him, in his nakedness, a wrinkled, seamed, uncouth and angular bearing, but leaving withal a remnant of the old, defiant look. He makes comparatively but little moan about his trials; cruel winds howl through his branches, as with the rest of his brothers in their leafless hours; but his skeleton rattles less than theirs—it is firmer knit, and has better hope of a future Spring.

There is nothing so fearful as a bad conscience.



POMERANIAN PEASANTS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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POMERANIAN PEASANTS ON THEIR WAY TO CHURCH.

POMERANIA, so called from the Slavic *Po' More*—"By the Sea," is a part of Prussia on the Baltic, the town best known to us being Stettin, on the Oder. It is a low, sandy tract, with some fertile districts. It was part of the old Wendish monarchy, but has been subject to Poland, Prussia and Denmark, though, since 1815, Prussia has held the whole of Hither and Further Pomerania.

Our illustration shows Pomeranians of Waizaker on their way to church. They are chiefly Protestants, and in their churches the men and women sit apart, the women on the right, the men on the left. The boys are in the gallery, and the girls under the choir. At the end of the service, the women all go out first, and no man leaves the building till the women have vanished from it.

Men and boys wear red knee-breeches, with well-woven black waistcoats and blue coats. The last are peculiar in shape. Girls and young women wear red dresses, but as they grow older they change them for black. When red, the dresses have blue or light-green borders; when black, they are bound with blue silk ribbon, of a hand's width.

The bust is covered with a fine black broadcloth waist, with red bands; but the main part of the waist is hidden from view, being covered by a silk jacket of a color generally matching the dress. A ribbon which is attached to a jewel worn in the back hair, gayly streams in the rear; and a neatly puffed lace collar adorns the neck. The sleeves are of the same material as the collar. The headgear consists of a plain round hat, trimmed either in blue or black, which reaches to the cheeks.

PALACE OF THE DUKES OF INFANTADO, AT GUADALAJARA.

GUADALAJARA, an old Spanish city, of some 5,000 inhabitants, the chief place of a province, situated on the left bank of the Henares, possesses some edifices worthy of a traveler's notice. Among these is the edifice shown in our illustration—the palace of the Dukes of Infantado—a somewhat curious compound of Gothic and Moorish architecture—very curious in the details of the work, and producing, on the whole, an imposing effect. This vast palace of the once powerful Dukes of Infantado, shows the declining state of the old Spanish nobility, and their falling fortunes. The edifice is in a deplorable state of decay.

The Saragossa Railroad train, on its way to Madrid, rattles through this old town on its course through the valley of the Henares.

HER REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE morning of the 20th of December, 18—, was a bright and lovely one, and the aristocratic guests gathered around the breakfast-table of Swinburne Hall seemed to appreciate it—the noble hostess herself most of all; and as her husband's eyes lingered adoringly upon her face, every one in the room silently acknowledged her beauty.

That she was not an Englishwoman was plainly to be seen; but beyond the circumstance that the baronet had married her in Paris, and the fact of her having been born in India, where her father, a Mr. Vail, held a civil appointment, nothing was known respecting either herself or family.

The warm sun of her native land had left the shadow of his kiss upon her features, tinging them with that delicate, half-bronzed, golden hue which marks the Hindoo race. Her mother must have had Indian blood in her veins. It asserted its presence, not only in her complexion, but in her eyes—dark, dreamy, almond-shaped eyes, one instant sleepy, the next eloquent of passion. There was dangerous fascination in her smile, too, and no man had ever been known to resist it.

Breakfast was over, and the contents of the mail-bag having been distributed, a partial silence ensued, most of the guests being engaged with their letters.

Suddenly Sir Charles Swinburne ejaculated, "Strange!" His wife looked up with quickly suppressed, but a sudden, wild anxiety in her face, and the lawyer opposite thought, "She has a history, and imagines, perhaps, that her husband has lighted upon one of the stray chapters. I've noticed that look before."

"My cousin Lester has arrived in England, and will soon be here."

Lady Swinburne's face was deadly pale for a moment; then the rich color came back to lip and cheek, and she said, in an unruffled voice:

"How nice of him to visit us first of all! How is Lord Evelyne's headache, Lady Evelyne?" and she turned to a stout dame at her side.

There was nothing more, and Mr. Graham, the rising young lawyer, puzzled over the matter until the next day, when Mr. Lester made his appearance.

The arrival or departure of a guest generally takes place very quietly at every well-regulated mansion in the country. His presence or absence from the dining-table first announces the fact to the remaining visitors, by which sensible arrangement welcomings and leave-takings are avoided.

Such, at least, was the custom at Swinburne Hall. Sir Charles was the only member of the family present to receive his cousin, who had passed the last fifteen years of his life in India.

A slight flush suffused his handsome countenance, as he extended his hand to his long-absent relative. If not produced by pleasure at the meeting, it certainly was not caused by shame. Nothing could be more cordial than their manner, and the few brief words exchanged between them.

"I have directed your old rooms to be prepared for you," said the host, as he led the way; "the same you used to occupy in my father's time. I thought you would like them best."

"Thoughtful and kind as ever," observed his guest.

"If you find them improved, you must thank my wife, for it was her taste that presided over the arrangement of them."

"I shall not forget to whom I am indebted," observed his cousin.

There was something not exactly harsh in the sound of the speaker's voice, but studied, metallic-like, as if he labored under some strongly suppressed emotion. Sir Charles took no notice of the change—perhaps he did not observe it—but left, after once more shaking hands with him at the dressing-room door. Although a cheerful fire blazed in the grate, Mr. Lester, without removing the large cloak lined with sables in which his person was enveloped, threw himself into an easy-chair, where he remained motionless while his valets and the servants were arranging his baggage.

"Come to me in an hour," he said, when the imperials were opened, and the contents of his dressing-case placed upon the table ready for use.

The valet and servants withdrew.

Mr. Lester rose from his seat, walked deliberately toward the door, and locked it. Judging from his manner, it must have been a relief to him to find himself alone, for he threw off the cloak impatiently, and commenced pacing the floor of the room.

As he is destined to act an important part in our narrative, it would be disrespectful not to introduce him somewhat more particularly to our readers.

Although nearly forty, he appeared many years younger. Neither dissipation, the effects of climate, nor age, nor that which tells more powerfully than age, the war of passion, had left their traces upon his handsome countenance, which most persons were struck with at first sight, although the expression, in reality, was anything but amiable or pleasing. It was too sensual. There was a mocking glance in the eye, and a smile about the lips at once cold and cruel.

Despite his long residence under an Indian sun, his whole person denoted great strength and unbroken manly vigor.

"At Swinburne," he muttered several times to himself. "Standing near the window from which I saw my cousin Charles's arm encircle the waist of the only woman I ever loved. She is dead, and another woman has taken her place—another! He little imagines who that other really is."

Here the speaker indulged in a low, quiet laugh, paused, walked toward the window, then laughed again.

"I could have sworn that she was here," he continued, looking round him. "Humph! she has not forgotten my taste," he added, as he examined one after the other of the different *flacons* of perfume upon the dressing-table. "She has children—daughters, my lawyer tells me. I wonder if they are like her? Flowers, too!" he added, "fresh as her own beauty when I first beheld her; the conservatory must have been ransacked to supply them. Does she think to propitiate me by such flatteries? I wonder how she will meet me—with cheeks blanched with terror, or with smiles? I would sooner see her terror," he continued, after a pause. "Smiles pall upon me—life begins to lose its zest with me. This visit may revive it. It is something to hold the honor of a man who rivaled me at my mercy. My cousin knows to whom his lands are mortgaged. I read it in his looks when we first met. Therefore, he hates me, and his wife fears me."

Two hours later Lady Swinburne welcomed Mr. Lester to Swinburne Hall, with a brilliant smile and extended hand; but as the jeweled fingers touched his, an involuntary shudder shook her delicate frame. But one saw it—Mr. Lester. A menacing glance answered it.

"The Marchioness of Belgrave, her daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Margaret Pimlico, Miss Currey, Lady Priory, and Mrs. General Orby," said the baronet, presenting him to the rest of the ladies.

"I cannot endure this," whispered Lester, as he took the hand of his hostess on retiring for the night. "We must come to an understanding."

"Yes; I perceive it will be best," murmured her ladyship.

"When shall I see you?"

"In the morning."

"And where?"

"In the park. I generally walk there from twelve to two. You will find me by the waterfall," was the hurried reply.

"I wish, my love," said her husband, as soon as they found themselves alone, "you would be a little more cordial in your manner to my cousin."

His wife regarded him earnestly.

"I am under considerable obligations to him," he added, hesitatingly.

"Obligations!" repeated her ladyship, bitterly. "To him?"

"Yes—pecuniary ones. To be sure, I pay a fair interest for the money, and the debt is amply secured by a mortgage on Swinburne; but were he to call it suddenly in, we might find ourselves embarrassed."

"Pay it," said his wife. "I will consent to any sacrifice! Give up our house in town, and let me remain in the country. There are my jewels, too! I know that they are very valuable—my marriage settlement, and the insurance upon your life for the children. *Pay it*, if you love me—anything rather than remain in the power of that man."

These passionate exclamations, which were broken by a flood of tears, surprised the baronet, who began to reproach himself for having unnecessarily alarmed her.

"Why, pet," he said, drawing her fondly to him, "I never saw you so nervous before! There is nothing to be seriously uneasy at. The timber on the estate would all but clear the incumbrances. Not that I should like to fell the old oaks my father was so proud of. You shall keep your diamonds," he added, "and your house in town. What should I do in London without you? I merely hinted that you might be a little more friendly with Lester."

"I cannot bear him to touch my children," she sobbed.

"This is childish!"

"Call it what you will, it revolts me."

"Nonsense! You must not mind what people say. My cousin has been a little wild, perhaps."

"Wild!" repeated his wife, with a shudder.

"But not worse," continued her husband, without appearing to notice it, "than the rest of the world. India, by all accounts, is not the most moral country in the world."

"Thank you, Charles," said her ladyship, blushing deeply.

"There!" ejaculated the baronet, kissing her; "you have almost betrayed me into making a rude speech. Ah, Margaret! if all women were pure and single-hearted like yourself, the world would be better, and men more worthy of the name."

The tone of tender confidence, of unbounded love in which these words were uttered, rang like a death-knell in the ears of the unhappy woman.

Chapter II.

The waterfall in Swinburne Park was a spot of great natural beauty. No Capability Brown had been permitted to mar its loveliness, under pretense of improving nature. The limpid waters gushed from the chasm freely and unconfined, till they fell into the lake at the foot of a pile of rock. The only attempts at ornamentation were a few shells, and the remains of a statue overgrown with lichen.

As Mr. Lester advanced to the place of rendezvous, Lady Swinburne met him. She appeared pale, but calm—provokingly calm, he thought. He would much rather have seen her flushed and agitated, unable to meet his gaze, as in days gone by.

"Punctuality is not always a lady's virtue," he observed, raising his hat with the most ceremonious politeness. "Permit me to thank you!"

"I am not here to listen to compliments," observed her ladyship, quietly. "We each of us know their value. You wish to speak with me."

"Margaret, my heart is on fire. I cannot paint the misery I endure at beholding you another's. Europe has realized the promises of your youth, developed your understanding, added grace and refinement to your beauty. I am mad when I reflect you once were mine. Have you not one word of pity for me?" he added; "no reply to the avowal of my sufferings?"

"I came to hear what you had to say to me, Mr. Lester, not to listen to a senseless rhapsody which, if I did not

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know you, would excite my mirth. You forget," she continued, "that whatever phase of character you may assume to others, to me you are known—falsehood has no vail, cunning no device, brutality no outrage," she added, with marked emphasis upon the words, "that can surprise me more."

"I love you, Margaret—passionately, madly love you!"

"Men never strive to appear contemptible and infamous in the eyes of the women they love."

The countenance of Mr. Lester changed. The voice and manner of the speaker stung him even more than her words.

"By heavens, you bear it bravely!" he replied, sneeringly.

"How should I bear it?" demanded the lady.

"You forget how completely you are in my power—that one word from my lips will reduce you to such abject misery, that mercy itself could never find you. I have but to return to the house, and proclaim to your guests the relationship that existed between me and their hostess, years since, in India, to see them shrink from you as from a living leprosy—to hear your husband cast you off—drive you from the house to which your presence is a disgrace, separate you from your children, who would henceforth blush to hear you named."

At this allusion to her daughters, the firmness of Lady Swinburne gave way, and she wrung her hands in speechless agony and shame.

"How the world will laugh," he continued, "when it learns the tale. How that the virtuous, immaculate wife of my cousin Charles ——"

"Hold!" shrieked the unhappy woman. "Have you no touch of humanity in your nature? no sense of manhood or of pity? *You* to reproach me! You! infamous as cowardly. I was scarcely fifteen when the wretched man who calls himself my father threw me in your power—sold me to you! You had beggared him at the gaming-table; obtained possession of bills he had forged, and left him no means of saving a dishonored life but the sacrifice of his only child. Young as I was," continued the speaker, with increasing vehemence, "I never was your willing dupe. I hated and despised you. I was the victim of loathsome violence!"

"Perhaps you will prevail upon society to believe it," observed the well-bred ruffian.

"My husband will believe it," replied the lady.

"Pshaw!"

"And avenge me," she added, significantly.

"I never fight with the man who is my debtor."

"Coward!"

"Margaret, this is folly—madness," said her persecutor. "If I have shown you my power, it is that you may not drive me to use it. Why should we not be friends?"

"Friends!" repeated his victim, bitterly.

"Neither Charles nor the world need suspect ——"

"Do not pollute my ears by your infamous proposals. I would prefer death to safety at such a price. Leave me, for I look into my heart and shudder. Leave me, for your own sake if not for mine."

"A menace!" exclaimed the gentleman, laughingly.

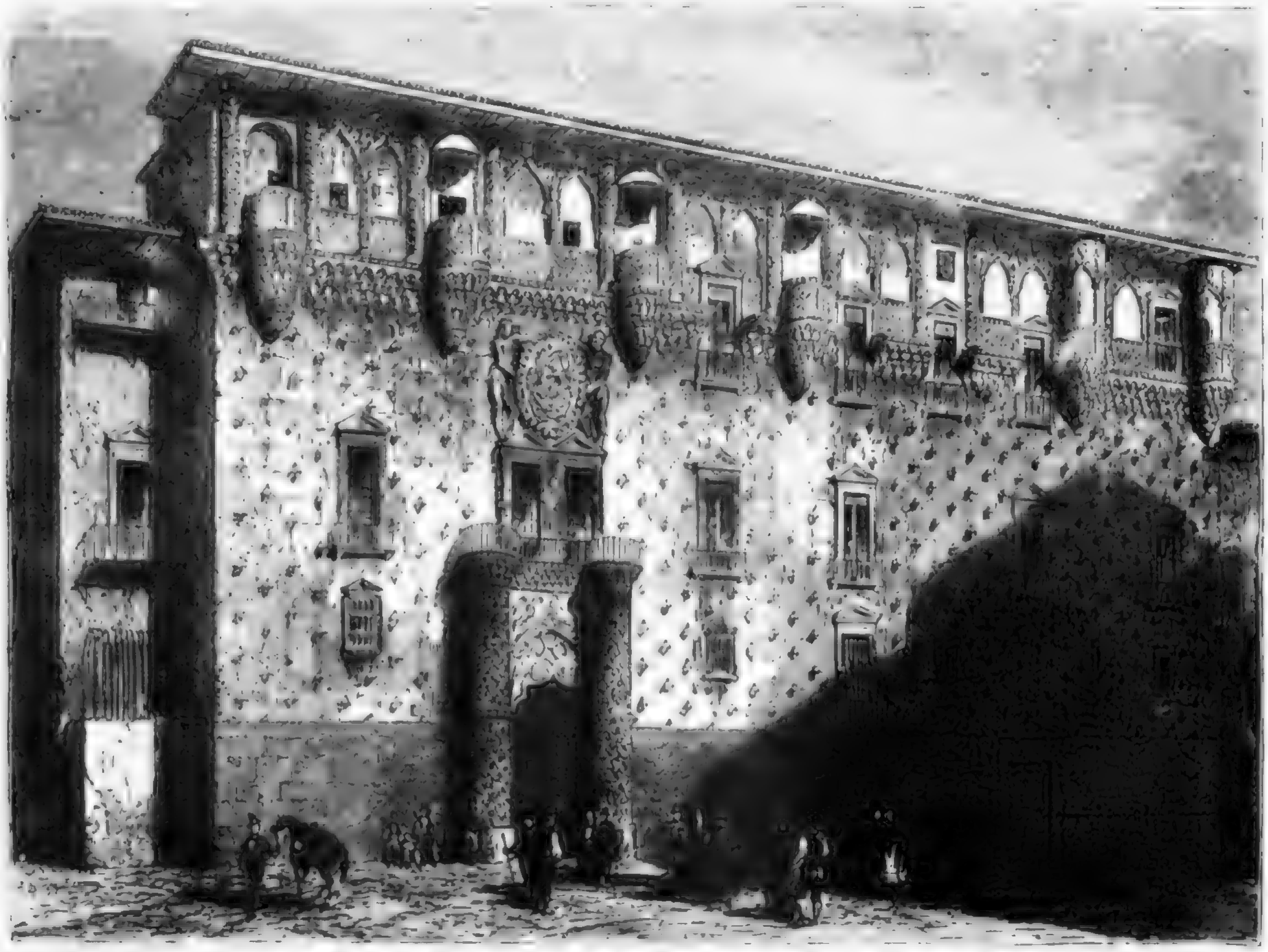
"No; a prayer—a prayer! Spare me if you are a man."

Lady Swinburne threw herself at his feet. It was the wife and mother he had humbled, not the woman.

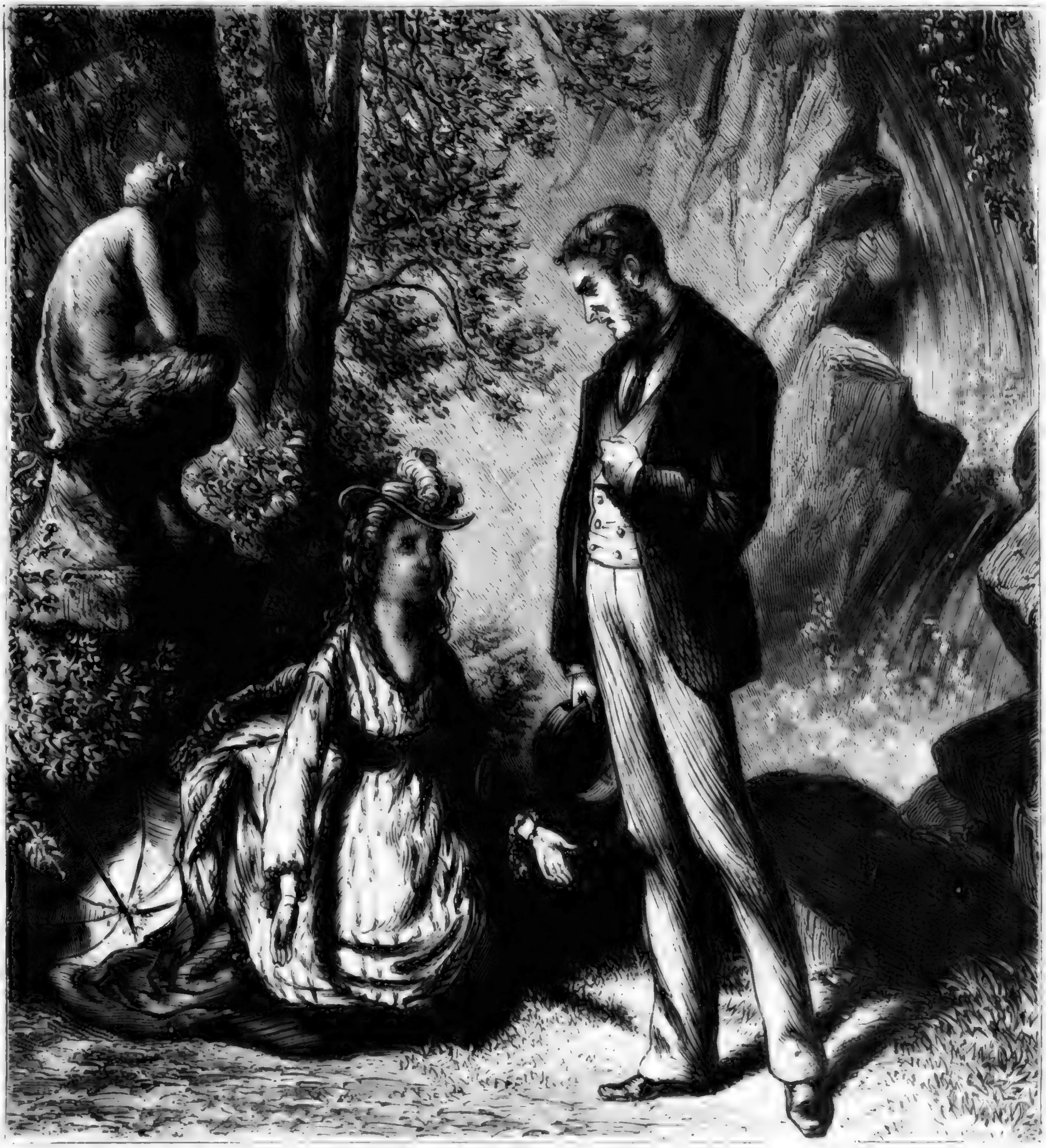
A cynical smile passed over his features as he regarded her.

"Margaret," he said, "you ask too much of me—a self-denial I am not in the habit of practicing. Call me selfish, if you will—perhaps I am so; but your beauty is my justification. Never did my heart beat so passionately as now. The utmost I can accord is three days to reflect before you answer."

"Three days!"



PALACE OF THE DUKES OF INFANTADO, GUADALAJARA, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 530.



HER REVENGE.—"LADY SWINBURNE THREW HERSELF AT HIS FEET."—SEE PAGE 530.

"If you decide on quitting Sir Charles, and flying with me to the Continent, all that wealth can lavish, you can command. If you determine on remaining with your husband, you may trust to my prudence and discretion to guard your reputation."

"Only three days!" repeated the unhappy woman.

"Am I not generous?"

The look that answered the unmanly question might have warned him that there were limits to the forbearance of the being he had so cruelly outraged and insulted, which it might be dangerous to pass. But his evil passion blinded him.

He saw in her the weak, defenseless woman only, prostrated by terror, and entirely at his mercy.

"If this misery is to fall upon me," she sobbed, "I cannot remain beneath the same roof with my children. It would kill me to know myself a living lie."

"You will elope with me, then?"

"I did not say that. Three days! yes, three days to reflect!" and Lady Swinburne turned abruptly away from her companion, and walked rapidly down a side path.

He did not attempt to follow her.

Before long, she reached what was evidently her destination—a small, low cottage; for she knocked at its door, and when bidden to enter, obeyed with the air of one who knows the place.

"Miriam, he has found me!" she moaned, sinking into a chair, and wringing her hands piteously.

Without a word, the single inmate of the room, a low-browed, dark-skinned, handsome woman, walked to a small chest, which she unlocked, took from it a strongly perfumed essence, and commenced bathing the brow of her visitor.

"I know," she said, at last; "my son told me of his arrival."

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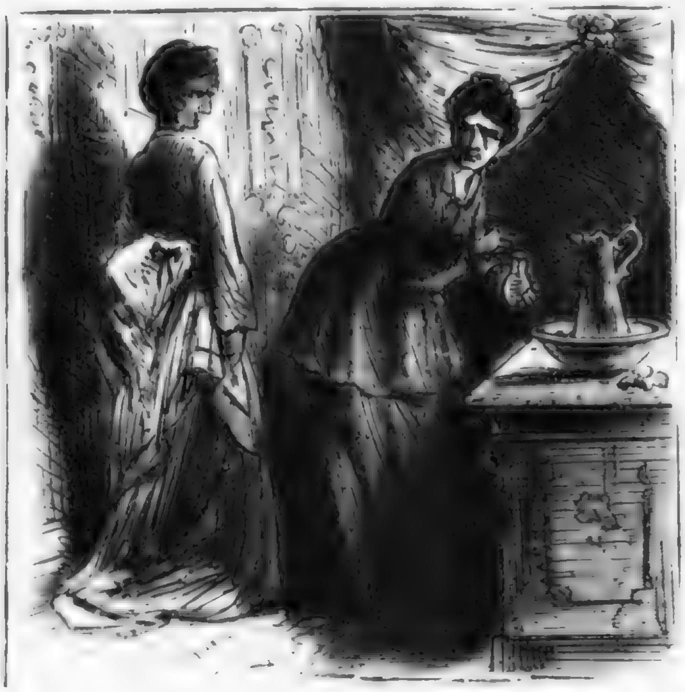


HER REVENGE.—"TAKING UP THE WATER-BOTTLES ONE BY ONE, SHE POURED INTO EACH A PORTION OF THE CONTENTS OF THE PHIAL SHE CARRIED IN HER BOSOM, AND CAST THE REST INTO THE BASIN AND EWER, IN ALMOST EQUAL PARTS."

"He threatens me."

"Let him threaten."

"Declares that he will reveal everything—heap misery upon my husband—shame on my innocent children!—unless I—spare me the rest. You know him."

"How did you reply?"

"By scorn and defiance."

"That was unwise."

"I could not help it. My heart would have broken had I attempted to conceal the loathing and contempt he has filled it with. It was folly. I felt so afterward, and humbled myself in the dust before him."

"That was weak."

"Entreated his forbearance."

"And he replied by insult?"

"Yes."

The woman's brow darkened ominously.

"If I had been there, Margaret, you should not have humbled yourself in vain."

Lady Swinburne raised her eyes wearily.

"He has given me three days to decide between death and shame."

"Three days!" exclaimed her *confidante*, for the first time betraying something like animation in her gesture and looks. "Had he known that I was so near you, he would not have granted you as many hours. Three days," she repeated to herself. "In India, I have known a province lost and won in half the time."

A low cry burst from Lady Swinburne's pallid lips.

"Can you save me?" she asked, softly.

"*I can.*"

"And will you?"

"I will."

"Bless you, Miriam! bless you! Husband! children! home! are mine again—all mine!"

"*Upon one condition,*" added the woman.

"Condition! yes, anything! Is it money? You shall have all that I can command."

"No."

"My diamonds, then? They are yours. Peace of mind is far more precious than the most costly gems."

"You ought to have known me better," replied the Jewess. "My services, like my friendship, are not to be purchased by gold or jewels."

Stooping, she whispered a few words in the ear of her visitor, whose countenance suddenly became overshadowed by an expression of uneasiness and distaste.

"It may not be in my power," she faltered.

"I ask it no further than your power to grant or refuse may extend hereafter," was the reply.

Still Lady Swinburne hesitated.

"Take your chance," said the woman, coolly.

"I consent."

"You must do more."

"More!"

"Yes; for now I doubt you. There is a secret pride, Margaret, lurking in your heart, which, like the seed of the Auruxis, only requires unclouded sunshine to put forth bitter fruit. You must swear to me."

"I will; yes, anything," faltered Lady Swinburne, alarmed lest the Jewess, offended by her hesitation, should recall her promise.

"Remember that it is a solemn compact between us," said Miriam, after her visitor had repeated the words she dictated; "as you value your safety, your husband's love, the esteem of your children, do not attempt to trifle or palter with it."

"Never."

"Living or dead, I should know how to avenge it. It is well that we have three days before us, otherwise I should be pressed for time. To-morrow night you must contrive some excuse to send for me to the Hall."

"Nothing more easy; I can be ill."

"Illness will be as good a reason as any other. Let it be about the hour when your guests are engaged in the drawing-room."

"I understand."

"Lester must not see me. He would take the alarm, and exposure become inevitable."

"What is it you propose?" demanded her ladyship, lowering her voice to a whisper, and looking into the dark face bending over her with terrified eyes.

"I will inform you when next you see me."

"Not life? Oh, not life!"

"That will depend upon accidents I have no power to control. You are strangely pitiful. Have you forgotten your wrongs?"

"No."

"Yet you would spare him?"

"I would not unnecessarily burden my soul with crime. The consequences might prove disastrous to us both."

The Jewess smiled disdainfully.

"You would kill him, then, if you could do it safely?"

"As I would the venomous reptile that had coiled its loathsome folds about my foot!" exclaimed her visitor, "and sleep peacefully after having done so. My wrongs have armed me with a right more sacred than legal justice."

"We understand each other, Margaret," observed the strange woman, in her passionless voice. "It is time that you returned to the house; your prolonged absence may be noticed by your guests; but before you depart, I must remove all traces of these tears."

Returning to the box, or species of casket, from which she had taken the essence applied so successfully to restore her visitor from her fainting fit, the speaker mingled several drugs in a basin of water, and set it before her.

"This reminds me of old times," said Lady Swinburne, as she bathed her features in it.

When the mistress of Swinburne Hall made her appearance among her visitors, they one and all congratulated her upon the effect of her walk.

Chapter III.

Two days had already elapsed since the interview at the fountain.

"*To-morrow!*" murmured Felix Lester to himself, as he looked insolently into the pale face of Margaret Swinburne.

At that moment she raised her eyes, and meeting that gaze, returned it defiantly.

An hour after, as she sat in the nursery, bending tenderly over the little bed where her two children lay asleep, the head nurse entered the chamber.

"Mrs. Arvane is below, and wishes to speak with your ladyship."

A deadly pallor swept over the exquisite face of Margaret Swinburne; but the tone in which she replied was thoroughly commonplace.

"What brings her here so late, Edson?"

"She came with her son Hugo, who staid to play with Master Harry, if you please, my lady. Poor Hugo is quite ill."

"Send Miriam to my dressing-room. I will be there in a moment."

It seemed as if the suffering woman could not tear herself from the presence of her children, for she hung over them with agonized kisses and choking sobs.

Five minutes later she entered her dressing-room. In the centre of the apartment stood Miriam Arvane, the Jewess, whose life was a mystery to all but the mistress of the Hall.

"Has any one seen you except the servants and your son?" asked Lady Swinburne.

"Not a living thing," was the reply; "but I recognized his voice as I passed the door of the drawing-room, and felt that my task had become a duty."

"Are you prepared?"

Miriam nodded in the affirmative.

"The time has been long enough for justice to prepare the blow."

To illustrate her meaning, the speaker drew from her bosom a long, slender phial, filled with a liquid so pure and colorless, that the most careful observer would have pronounced it water.

"Will no taste detect it?"

"None."

"Miriam, you possess fearful knowledge."

The Jewess smiled.

"How did you obtain it?"

"My father, as you have heard me say, was a surgeon to one of the company's native regiments. In our campaign on the hills, he had ample opportunity, as well as time, to devote himself to his favorite pursuit—botany. He could not educate me as girls are usually educated—to figure in the waltz, to play and sing, work useless embroidery, make unmeaning sketches, and call them drawings from nature; but he taught me all he knew, and it has served me more than once."

"Heaven help and pardon us!" murmured Lady Margaret.

"Pardon!" repeated the unscrupulous woman. "Pardon is for criminals; our deed is a sacrifice, and not a crime. I have interrogated my heart—for I have such a thing—taken counsel with my conscience, and both assure me that the death of Felix Lester will be an act of justice. If, however, you think otherwise, it is not too late to retract; the deed is not performed; the choice is in your hands."

"It is, it is."

"*And the alternative in his.* Your husband's misery and your children's shame."

At these words her hearer rose from the seat on which she had thrown herself, as suddenly as if she had received an electric shock; her glorious eyes flashing; her delicately chiseled nostrils slightly distended with indignation and shame.

"Never!" she exclaimed; "never! I am calm now, fixed in my hatred of him, pitiless as his own vile nature. My husband and children! Thank you for reminding me of them; though I scarcely needed it, for my resolution has long since been taken. They shall never blush at the tale of my disgrace."

"In which room does he sleep?"

"The Amber Chamber."

"Let us go," said the woman; "the servants, by this time, are at supper, and we shall be unobserved."

Lady Margaret took the small silver lamp from the dressing-room table, and, without uttering a word, walked toward the door, followed by the speaker. Everything appeared to favor their design. They did not encounter a single domestic in the corridors; and, if they had, the excuse would have been ready; they were about to visit Hugo, who, in obedience to his mother's instructions, had pretended sickness, as an excuse for remaining at the Hall all night.

The Amber Chamber, so called from the prevailing hue of the tapestry and hangings, although exceedingly old fashioned, was one of the most luxuriously furnished in the house. Large, roomy, down-cushioned chairs stood on each side of the fireplace, in which a wood fire was cheerfully burning. At the foot of the bed there were two couches, *en suite*, and a magnificently inlaid wardrobe and cabinet.

The toilet-service also was of peculiar beauty, formed of rare old Venetian glass, placed upon a table inlaid by the cunning hands of the mosaic-workers of Florence.

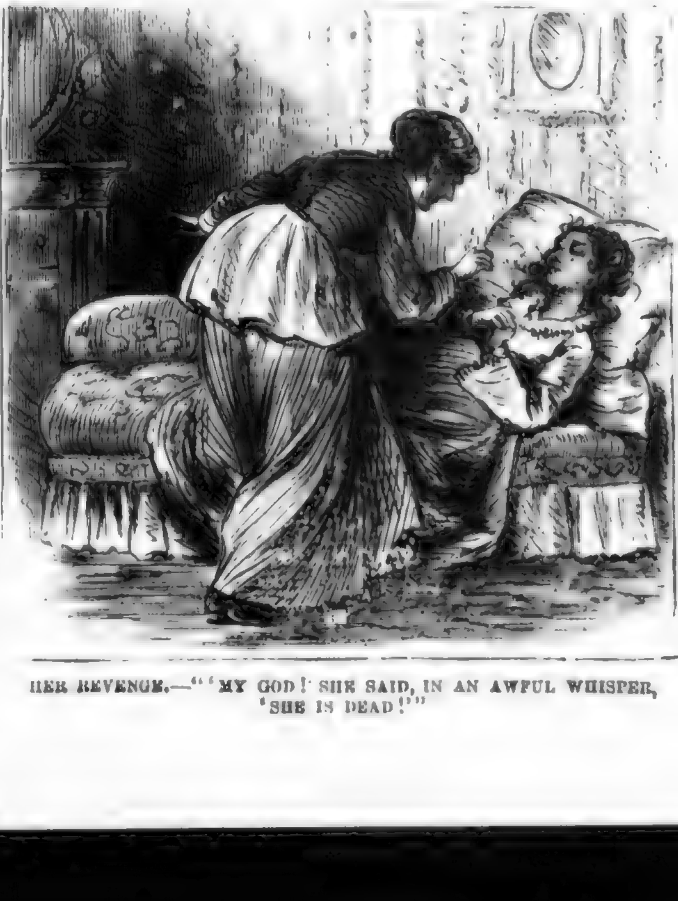
It was toward this table that Miriam Arvane directed her steps. Taking up the water-bottles, one by one, she poured into each a portion of the contents of the phial she carried in her bosom, and cast the rest into the basin and ewer, in almost equal parts.

"It is done," she whispered.

"Should he not drink?" gasped her companion.

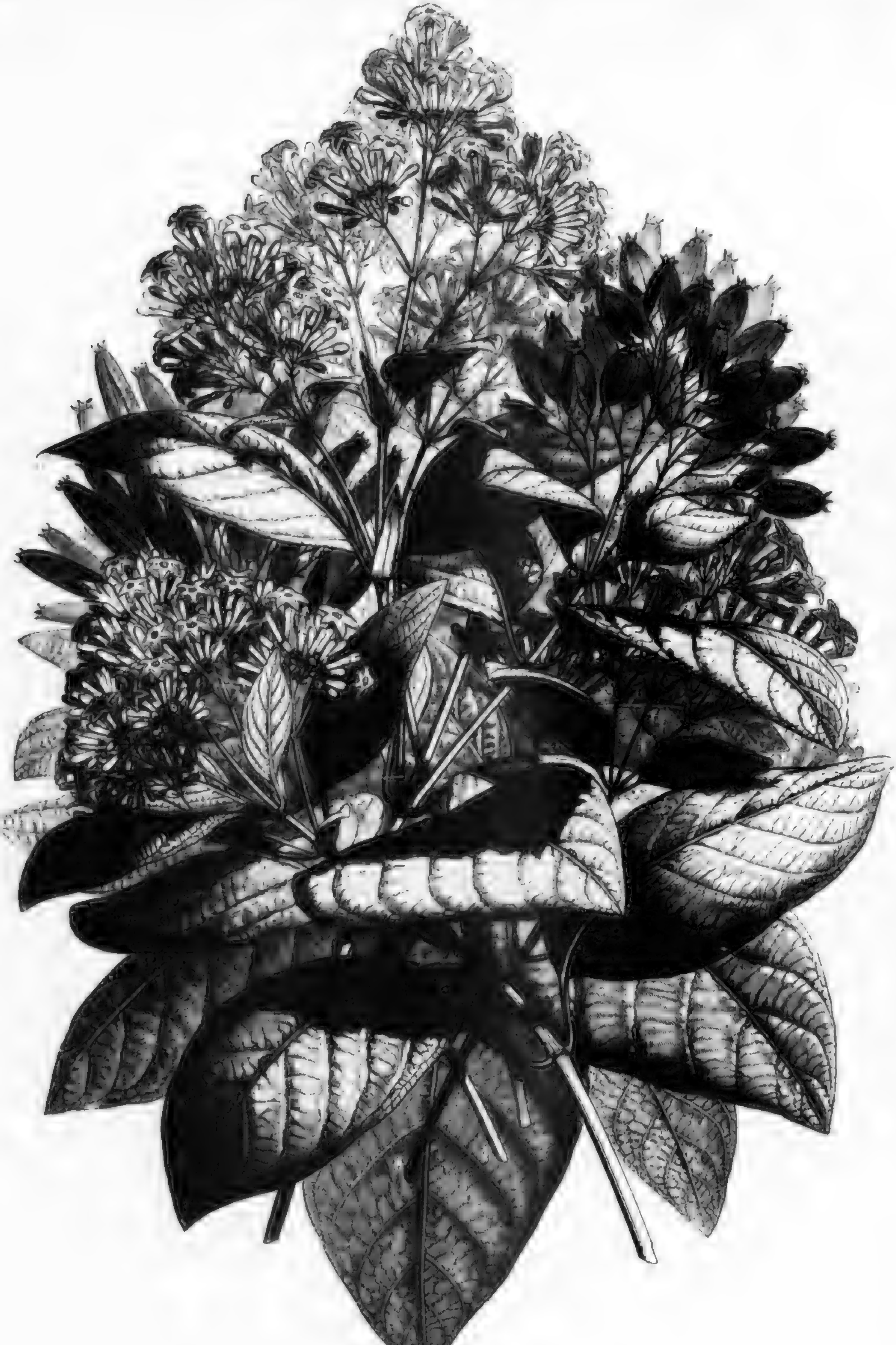
"Let him but dip his hand into the water, it will prove sufficient," was the reply.

Lady Swinburne shuddered.



HER REVENGE.—"'MY GOD!' SHE SAID, IN AN AWFUL WHISPER, 'SHE IS DEAD!'"

XUM



FLOWER AND LEAF OF THE TREES THAT PRODUCE QUININE—CINCHONA, SUCCIRUBRA, CONDAMINEA, AND CALISAYA.—SEE PAGE 538.

"It is time you return to the drawing-room," said the Jewess. "Do not look so pale."

"Do not leave me," faltered Lady Margaret. "How shall I live until to-morrow?"

"You are childish and weak," was the scornful reply. "But I can stay if you wish me to—and, perhaps, it may be best; the discovery of the morning may shake your nerves. I will go down to the housekeeper's room, and say that I have your permission to sleep here at the hall, for fear Hugo should be worse."

"Children are incautious," said Lady Margaret, anxiously. "Is there no danger of Hugo's betraying that his illness was an assumed one?"

"Not the slightest," was the reply. "I have trained him for an end."

"For an end."

"Have you forgotten our compact?" and Miriam Arvane's black eyes flashed. "*He is to be your daughter's husband.*"

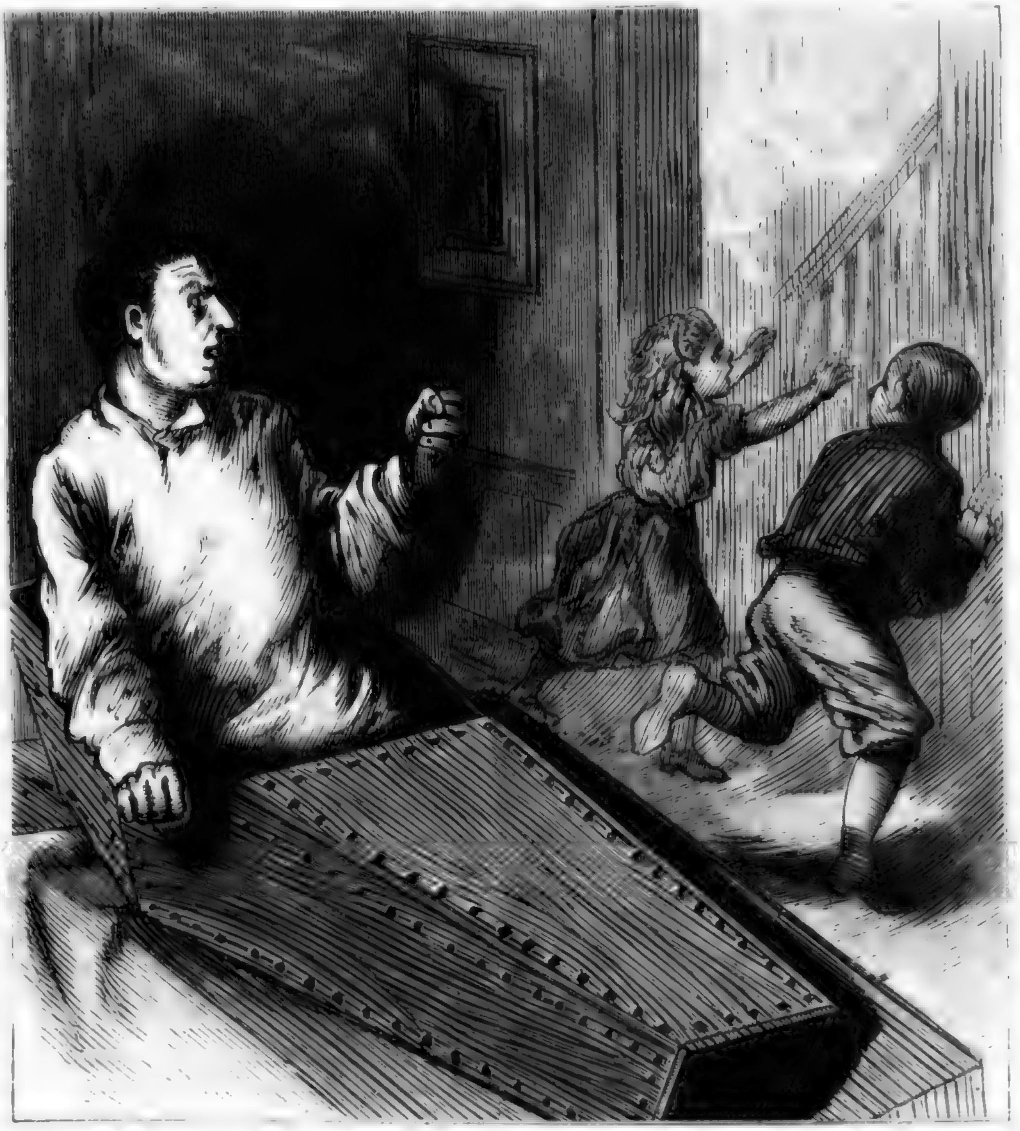
Lady Swinburne turned away abruptly, and left the room.

"Where have you been, my dear?" asked Sir Charles, as his wife re-entered the drawing-room.

"Hugo is ill," was the quiet reply.

"Who is Hugo?" whispered Felix Lester, to a stout dowager at his side.

"A child, the son of the widow of Sir Charles's steward," was the reply. "He is a great deal at the hall as playfellow and companion of the young heir."



MAD FREAKS.—"THE DEAD MAN RETURNED IMMEDIATELY TO LIFE, AND ADMINISTERED A GOOD TRIMMING ALL AROUND."—SEE PAGE 539.

Felix Lester inquired no further. Had the speaker by any accident pronounced the name of Miriam, a terrible design would, in all probability, have been defeated.

"Anything to avoid me," he thought, and immediately commenced a conversation on a very different subject.

Chapter IV.

If any feeling of remorse lingered in the breast of Margaret Swinburne, it would have been effectually extinguished by the assured, triumphant look her persecutor gave her as he extended his hand to bid her good-night.

"Death cancels every debt," thought his victim, as, with less reluctance than she generally displayed, she gave it to him.

"She accepts her fate," murmured Felix Lester, as he entered his chamber; "yields, like a sensible woman, to a destiny she cannot avoid."

The presence of his valet was irksome to him, and he dismissed him.

"At the usual hour in the morning, sir?" inquired the man, pausing at the door.

"Yes; mind that I answer when you knock. I have particular reason for not wishing to be late."

"I shall be punctual, sir."

These words were the last words uttered by any human voice, except his own, that ever fell upon the ear of the guilty man, who nodded carelessly, so impatient did he feel to be alone.

His first care, directly the valet left him, was to draw the bolt of the chamber door.

That done, he exchanged his coat for a dressing-gown, then sunk into one of the luxuriously cushioned chairs by the fireside.

"How glad I am that Charles is my debtor. I hate him. His oily tongue won from me the only woman I ever loved. But for him I might have been a husband and a father. What is the use of the enormous wealth I have gained? Use? None. Strangers may inherit—the lawyers fight for it—the fiends take it, for aught I care, provided no one of the race of Swinburne ever benefits a farthing by my labors."

The recollection that he had not yet made a will suddenly struck him, and he mentally resolved that not another week should elapse without repairing the omission, as, in the event of his dying intestate, his cousin would inherit all.

"If I did not feel so strong and well," he thought, "the idea might make me nervous. Whew! how close the room is!"

Either the wine the speaker had taken at dinner—he was in the habit of indulging freely—or the heat of the apartment, had created a sensation of thirst. Walking to the toilet-table, he took up one of the Venetian bottles, and filled a glass with water.

Just as he raised it to his lips, an owl, or some vagrant bird of night, attracted probably by the lights within the room, fluttered its soft, downy wings against the window. Some men would have been startled. Mr. Lester only laughed.

"Here is to you, old fellow!" he exclaimed, and instantly drained it off.

Whatever the nature of the drug the widow had prepared, it was tasteless as well as colorless, for not the slightest suspicion of there being anything unusual in the draught once struck him.

A few minutes afterward the head of the wretched libertine, still filled with thickly crowding fancies, which would continue to press upon him, reposed upon his pillow.

A feeling of drowsiness gradually crept over him, invading every limb, but not the brain—that continued active as ever, teeming with a thousand fantastic images, each succeeding the other like a troop of conscience-startled phantoms. Being unaccompanied by pain, this peculiar state inspired no alarm, and the doomed man would not have been startled from his waking dreams had not the sensation of thirst once more oppressed him. He struggled against it for some time, till it became intolerable, and then attempted to rise from the bed. The muscles, rebellious to his will, refused to perform their office; he could neither move hand or foot. Had the fabled head of Medusa been presented to his gaze, and turned him into a living statue, he would not have been more helpless.

Cold dews of terror started upon his forehead; he tried to call for assistance; inarticulate murmurs, too faint to be heard beyond the chamber, broke from his lips. Voice as well as strength was gone.

In this state Mr. Lester remained for several hours, a prey to all the agonies of rage, remorse and despair; every minute appearing like an age, in which the events of his evil life passed in review before him, terribly distinct, hideous in the startling reality with which they confronted his mental vision. He knew that he was poisoned, and guessed the hand that had done it.

The thought that henceforth Lady Swinburne would live happily with her husband and children, her honor unstained, her crime unsuspected—for the chances of detection were but few—inflicted a keener pang than the certainty of approaching death, or the recollection that her husband would succeed to his enormous fortune. Could the unhappy wretch have clothed his thoughts in speech, how fierce would have been his words! To a mind like his it appeared doubly hard to die every means of enjoyment and the luxury of a long-cherished vengeance within his grasp—and to know that his death must enrich the man he would have wronged!

Dead at last. Cold and stark. But the tragedy of the night was not completed.

In another chamber, that of Margaret Swinburne, it was going on bravely.

The wretched woman had not undressed, and now lay motionless upon a couch, her fair face as colorless as marble, her eyes closed, her hands crossed over her breast. They had a peculiar look, like dead hands. There was a strange fixedness in her attitude, too.

Not three feet from the couch stood Miriam Arvane, a horrible beauty in her face, a yellow gleam in her eyes, like that of the tigress who beholds her prey.

"At last!" she muttered. "At last, Margaret Vail, I am avenged. I have waited years for this. Felix Lester forsook me for you ten years ago, and I—waiting—patient—crafty—made the acquaintance of his new fancy, won your confidence, became your trusted companion. I followed to England after your marriage with Charles Swinburne; I have led you into the commission of murder; and now now I am avenged. You, who thought to escape the consequences, shall suffer them all. The poison was a well-known one to medical men, and the half-empty vial, which I have hidden in your bosom, shall convict you. The world's verdict shall be this: Lady Swinburne had some powerful—probably a guilty—motive in wishing the death of Felix Lester. He died by her hands; she attempts to commit suicide; but the poison which proved fatal to Felix Lester, for some reason, simply stupefies Margaret Swinburne. Let me see;" and the woman bent over the motionless form upon the couch. "She will awake to disgrace, to her husband's scorn—her children's execration—in ten hours. It will then be—nine o'clock, and the murder will be discovered at eight."

For a moment the beautiful fiend smiled; then, with a heart-breaking sob, pressed her hand to her heart.

"Oh! Charles Swinburne—now that *she* is dethroned, will you love me?"

Long she stood there, her hand over her heart, her lips parted and pale; then the smile came back, and, stooping still lower, she laid her hand upon Margaret Swinburne's cheek.

A low cry escaped her. Hastily she touched her lip, brow and hands, then laid her ear upon the motionless breast.

"My God!" she said, in an awful whisper. "*She is dead!*"

* * * * * * *

Sir Charles Swinburne and his two children left England immediately, and for twenty years never set foot upon its shores.

Miriam, the mysterious occupant of the cottage, was never seen after the fatal night of the murder and the suicide, as it was supposed.

QUININE, AND THE TREES THAT PRODUCE IT.

Peruvian bark, Jesuit's bark, and in our day, under its prepared form, quinine, are the great weapon of the human race to combat malarious fever, whether in the Roman Campagna, the fens of Lincolnshire, the meadows of New Jersey, the Western prairies, or the Isthmus.

The first use of the bark as a febrifuge, really authenticated, was in the case of the Countess of Cinchon, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, who was cured of a fever by it in 1638. Of course those who recommended it to a lady of her rank must have produced evidence of its beneficial power—whether we believe or reject the story of the sick Indian who recovered by drinking from the pool in which a log of this tree from the arid slopes had been thrown.

The cure of so great a lady was noised abroad; and, as she took back to Spain a supply of the precious bark, its merits were soon tested and made known, and Cinchona took its high degree in *Materia Medica*. The Jesuit missionaries next became such ardent admirers of its merits, that it took the name of Jesuit's bark. The original Indian name, Kina-kina, gave place in Peru to that of Ccaspi-chuchu, or Fever-tree.

Condamine and Jussieu first gave full descriptions of varieties of this tree, while others began to explore and determine the district in which it was found. This tract of country is crescent-shaped, on the western slope of the Andes, between the ninth degree north and nineteenth degree south. It loves the wooded hillsides, cool, dry spots, generally shady. The species in which the quinine is active are found between the altitudes of four and ten thousand feet, in the highest becoming a shrub. Where the woods are intermingled with grassy stretches the varieties found are of little value.

We give in our illustration specimens of fine varieties of the *Cinchona succirubra*, *Condaminea* and *Calisaya*.

These trees are sought out by *cascarilleros*, who then encamp sometimes for six months, till they complete their work, raising crops of vegetables in the woods, signs of which puzzle future travelers. The trees are cut down, the outer or dead bark removed, and the live bark within stripped off in long pieces like shingles. The bark on the branches is taken off entire. Each tree will give eight or nine *arrobas* of bark. These strips are then carried to the camp and stacked up to dry. When thoroughly freed from moisture, the bark is made up in bales of coarse woolen cloth, which are enveloped in wet hides, which are allowed to dry on, forming a tight, hard box. In this shape it is carried to the ports and shipped.

The yellow varieties, embracing the *Cinchona Calisaya*, *ancifolia*, *Condaminea*, *Micrantha*, *pubescens*, are the most esteemed. Then follow the red and orange, while the gray is the least esteemed of all.

Attempts made to introduce the tree elsewhere have almost always failed, and year by year the destruction of this useful agent goes on. Hence an anxiety exists that it may become so rare as to be almost unobtainable as an ordinary remedy.

MAD FREAKS.

A GREAT philosopher, writing his life, says in one passage: "There are times in which I am so unlike myself that I might be taken for a man of directly opposite disposition. I am seized with a delirium—the heart is heated, and the imagination grasps its object with a hold so sure that for the time nothing can break it. At these periods plans the most ridiculous, childish and void of sense flatter my ideas, and persuade me that it is reasonable to sacrifice everything for the accomplishment of it."

He intimates further on that he thinks he must be quite alone in this singularity, because he cannot find any method to explain it. That, however, would seem to be very poor reasoning, for who is not sometimes seized with a whim, violent and inexplicable, and altogether resembling a freak of madness? This kind of perversity is frequently illustrated in stories as well as undeniable fact, and some one has called such impulses the promptings of a demon who occasionally takes possession of us without our knowledge. Else how can we understand that mad desire many feel to throw themselves in front of an advancing railway train, or to fling themselves from the top of a monument?

Poe describes a person haunted in this way by the fiend of the perverse, and driven at length, absolutely against his will, to reveal a horrible secret that must insure his destruction. The same idea is practically illustrated nearly every day in the accounts of the discovery of murder. The criminal is seen to have taken every possible precaution against detection, except one, and that the most obvious; and in nothing is this so strongly displayed as in the common characteristic of a person who has taken human life to linger about the scene of his crime. The spot woos him with a dreadful fascination which he finds impossible to resist; and no matter how far the first impulse of flight after his sin has carried him, he is nearly always certain to obey that perverse and stronger impulse which lures him back. Dickens has given a graphic example in the conduct of Sykes after the murder of Nancy.

But a similar inexplicable influence is frequently the source of acts less serious; and some such sudden twist of the fancy often turns a little world awry. Everybody will recall the strange story of Wakefield, as told by Hawthorne. With what skill, beyond all imitation, he shows Wakefield possessed of a sudden whim to leave his wife, purposing to remain away but a little while, to see how she will take his absence! The freak becomes a mania, and in the end he finds it impossible to go back at all. A like distorted impulse has carried other men into exile, as we see in the lives of hermits; and the freak of a moment governs the course of a whole future existence.

These things have also a humorous expression, and perhaps not as rarely as might be supposed. Grimaldi's freak was a little like Wakefield's—both practical jokes, but the clown's broader and less imaginative, and, better still, not deepening into a grim and sad reality before the end. Grimaldi—who was, like clowns in general, very serious in private life—one day began to wonder if his family really loved him as much as he had reason to hope for. There was no practicable way of testing his wife's affection; but he might that of his children. He provided himself with a coffin, and pretended to be dead. The children were sent into the room to see him, as he lay there still and apparently extinct. He probably expected them to break out into violent demonstrations of grief; but, if so, never was a man more mistaken, for they gave vent to the greatest glee, singing and dancing, and very heartily rejoiced that they should be thus bereaved; and the little comedy ended very naturally by the dead man returning immediately to life, and administering a good trimming all around.

Impulses are difficult to understand at all times, and those people who seek a motive at the bottom of every action very often look to the wrong source. Many an important step has been taken for no reason whatever. In a dilemma, for instance, how seldom do we argue which horn we shall choose, especially if there be very little time for the *pro* and *con!* We follow the notion of the moment, and the result we call fate.

Walking through a city, we come to a point where we must choose one of two streets, and which shall we take? There is no real reason why we should turn up the right rather than down the left. But we seldom stop to consider; we only go on whichever way the mood of the instant takes us; and then if anything happens, we are prepared to admit that some unseen hand guided the way, after all.

But these very mad impulses are, doubtless, often entirely due to some derangement of the physical health. Mrs. Mathews relates a curious instance in the life of her husband, the celebrated comedian. He was once confined to the house for a long time by some cause. He was naturally accustomed to a great deal of outdoor exercise. When he was allowed to go again into the open air, while standing in his garden, a friend came up—some one he highly esteemed. After shaking hands, a conversation ensued, in the midst of which Mathews suddenly clinched his fist and knocked his friend down. No one was so astounded at this act as Mathews himself. He could not explain what mad impulse prompted it; but the impulse was as uncontrollable as it was spontaneous. The only possible theory was that unaccustomed confinement had deranged his nervous system, which was doubtless the fact. The very same cause would, perhaps, explain such whimsical performances as we have hinted at in the earlier portion of this little paper.

THE world is a cocoa-nut; there is the vulgar outside shell, good for beer-cups; and the white, delicate kernel, the real worth, food for the gods.

XUM

OCEAN BRIDES.

By Henry Gates.

"I am lonely," saith the Sea;
"Keeps the earth a bride for me.
Born my passion to control,
By the queenhood of her soul?

"Many brides my lips have kissed—
Ruby set on amethyst—
Loved, deserted, left my breast,
Heaving for a deeper rest.

"First Phœnicia's eastern art
Purpled through my azure heart;
Oh, beloved! be my wave
Silent by thy nameless grave!

"Carthage, child of southern skies
Wooed me with her burning eyes;
Won, and passed for evermore,
Like the ripples of her oar.

"Genoa, fair, proud and free,
With a bride's love gifted me;
Centuries have passed away
Since she on my bosom lay.

"Then Venetia's form divine
Stirred the pulses of my brine;
But on memory is the sweet
Pressure of her flying feet.

"Scandinavia's stormy soul,
Brought my wild heart love's control;
Round her icy crags I moan
In my desertness alone.

"Lovely, passionate, cruel Spain
Filled me with sweet human pain;
From my soul her golden dream
Faded like a sunset gleam.

"Then Britannia's earnest look
All my crystal being shook;
Isles of empire! not to ye
Kneels again the queenless Sea.

"Who shall share my mighty throne,
Rule by inborn right alone,
Bid my mystic moon-force be
Handmaid of her royalty?

"Ah! I feel my life-stream surge
By Columbia's eastern verge,
And a light is on her hair;
Can my crown be settling there?

"Yes! her spirit calms my breast,
Comes at last the deeper rest,
Comes the changeless bride to be
Queen forever of the Sea!"

THE SHADOW CROSS.

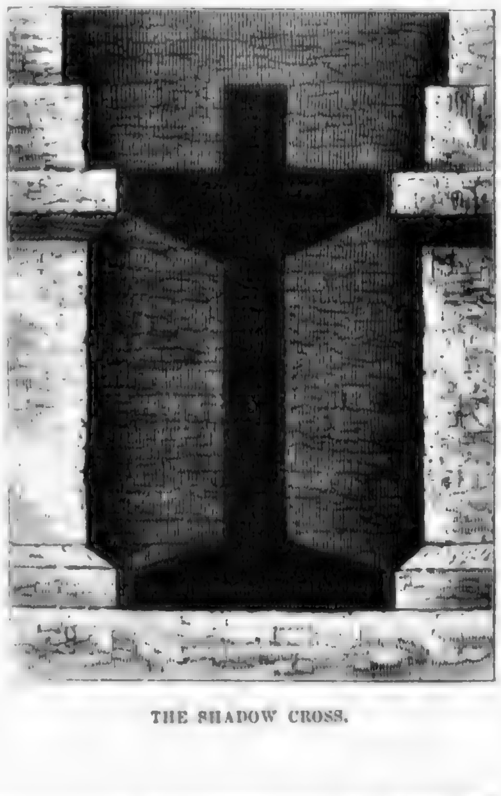
There are many instances on record of curious phenomena in the projection of shadows, but none more so, in its perfectness and the striking appropriateness of its situation, than the one which we here present. Neither is it an example of those wonderful instances which are (often for too obvious reasons) usually located in some distant country. It is a phenomenon which has occurred even in our own City of Brooklyn, and, strange as it may seem, was produced *entirely* by accident. Its locality was that of the Dutch Reformed Church, of Pierrepont Street. It was projected directly in the centre of a niche on the front of the church, where it could be seen, every evening and through the night, for a number of years.

Much genuine superstition was created (among the unenlightened) by its nightly appearance and mysterious origin, as it towered in the niche, spreading its dark, sepulchral proportions in this lonely recess.

As may be seen by reference to the engraving, its shape was perfect, and one peculiarity which rendered it of still *deeper* interest consisted in the strange outline of the underside of the horizontal extensions, reminding one *very forcibly* of the arms of the figure whom we *always* associate with the form of the cross. Its delusion in this respect was astonishing, and was spoken of by everybody.

Notwithstanding the complexity of its appearance, a little study of the disposition of the lights which cast the shadow explained all. There were two of them, both situated on the opposite side of the street, at equal angles from the plane of the niche. The shadow of the projecting base on the *right* was thrown to the *left* of the *recess*, forming the *left* outline of the cross, while the *left base* projected a shadow at the same angle, constituting the *right* outline; that space where the shadows were thrown upon each *other*, being in *double* shadow, presented a darker appearance than the surrounding shade, and constituted this strange and interesting phenomenon. A moment's study of the illustration will enable any one to understand the "*modus operandi*" of the shadows.

It is to be regretted that this curious spectacle some years since disappeared, and no longer exists. Its disappearance was due to the change in position of the street lights which produced it, and it is needless to remark that unless those same original conditions are realized, it will never be seen again.



THE SHADOW CROSS.

THE LOVE THAT WAS NEVER TOLD.

"A GUARDIANSHIP! Well, it's no new thing for me," added John Steele.

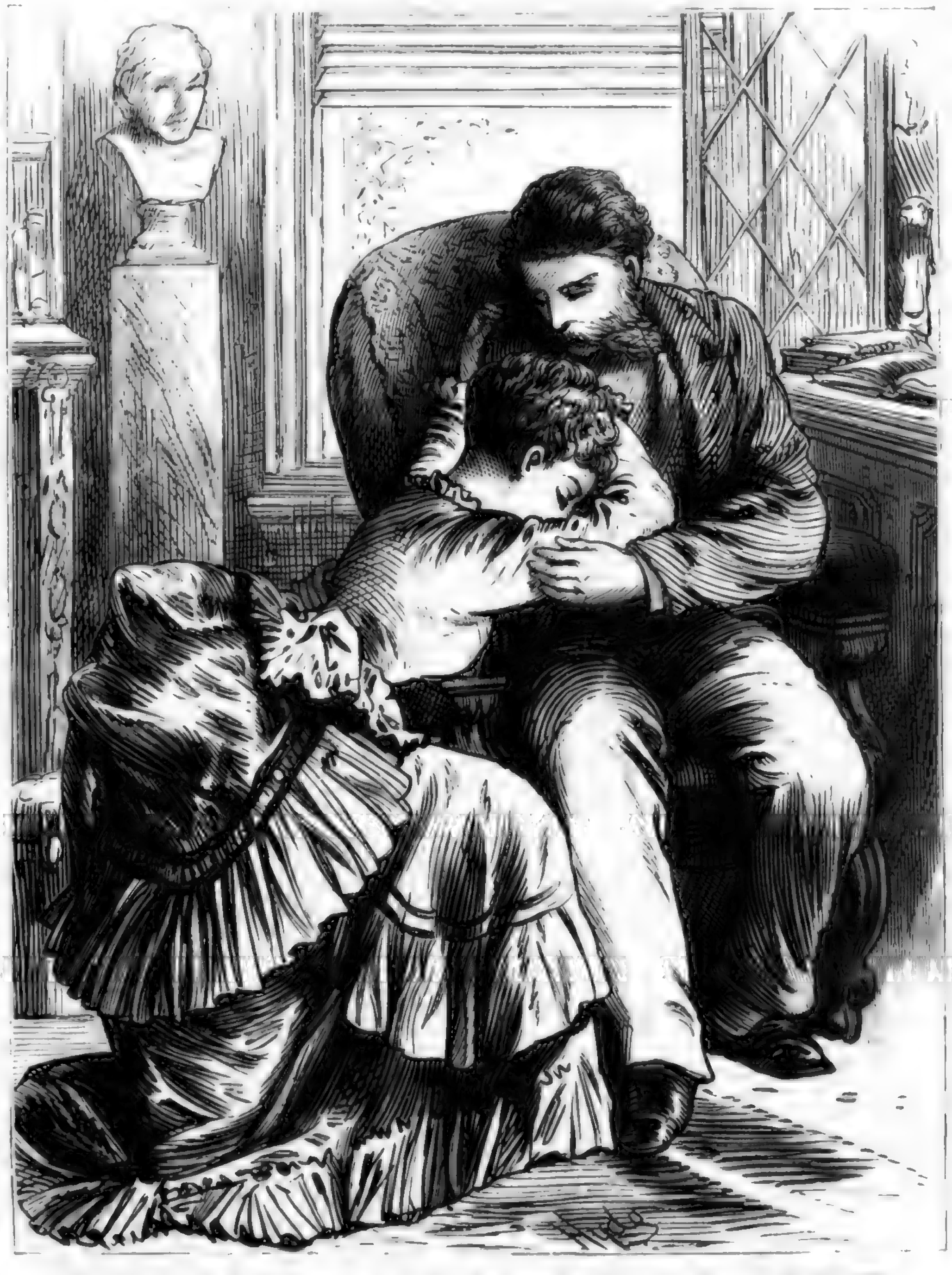
He placed the letter on the table. A packet lay there also. After a moment he took this up, and broke the sealing-wax. A package of yellow letters fell into his hand; closely united was also a velvet miniature case, and an old-fashioned English locket. He turned the open face of the locket to the light.

It revealed a curious face —an aquiline nose, an artist's eye, the mouth of a ravening animal, half concealed by a beard of silk. John Steele looked at it long and earnestly. "Poor Bert! He'll do better, now that he is out of the body," he said.

He had always been the friend of his old schoolmate, discerning the delicate soul inthralled by the law of a depraved physical nature inherited from a line of debauched men.

"Fortunately, the child is a girl," murmured Steele, taking up the case of purple velvet.

It opened softly. The face of an angel smiled upon him.



THE LOVE THAT WAS NEVER TOLD.—"SHE WAS ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIS CHAIR, HER BLUSHING, BRIGHT FEATURES HIDDEN ON HIS SHOULDER."

It was the portrait of Bert Vane's daughter, taken in her seventh year. Her father's brow and eyes in fairy tracery, the dead mother's sweet mouth, the curls of beauty, and the smile of innocence.

"We called our child Violet, John," said the letter. "You see, she is a delicate thing to be left unsheltered. God forgive me my life!—for if I did not tell you, you would *know* that folly has shortened my days. But I was never fit to be a father.

"Will you take my little girl into your keeping? She is a good child, for the blood that flows in her veins seems to be that of her mother's family, with a little of the best of mine—enough to endear her to you, for you always loved me, believed in me, John, when I did not believe in myself. When we meet again ——

"My daughter has a fortune. I trust you with her and it, as I would trust no other man on earth. John—noble John Steele! my weak hand trembles—my dying, dying sight fails me ——"

That letter was Bert Vane's final act, written in the last hour of his life.

The child was at school in New England, and, after mature thought, John Steele decided that she had better stay there for the present. He was about to embark for a trip to Europe, and had no person with whom to leave her if he had her brought to Lakehome. But he wrote to the matron of the school, inclosing a kind note for the child, settled the business transactions of the matter, and then took passage on board the *Europa*, in charge of his young brother Herbert, destined for a musical education.

* * *

He was absent two years.

Leaving his stepbrother in Germany, he returned to Lakehome. For months he was much engrossed by business, then he found a spare opportunity to visit the Westerly Academy. The matron received him with dignity. But he had not much time to spend on ceremony.

"I should like to see the little girl," he said, "and I should like to talk with her alone"—looking at his watch.

Madame stared, and withdrew. A few moments, and the door swung open again. A girl of seventeen, with clustering curls, and the trailing robes of womanhood, swept softly toward him. He looked into the oval face, chaste as a flower, and saw the lineaments of the child's portrait.

"But——" he stammered.

"You thought I was a little girl, Mr. Steele? No; papa thought me only a child when he died, but I was fifteen."

She had a strange, sweet dignity. She was utterly lovely. And John Steele was strangely confused.

The train he had meant to take went by without him, the conversation with Violet so deepened and broadened—she showed such frank happiness in his company.

"I have wanted to see you so much, Mr. Steele," she said. "That note, so kindly worded to the comprehension of a little child, made me love you."

John's swelling heart came to his throat, but the artless eyes, sweet as heaven's truth, met his calmly.

"I am so old and ugly, she does not think that I have a heart," he thought, the blood receding again, and leaving an aching void. "I am her guardian—that is all. I must not forget."

It was decided that she was to go to Lakehome. The inmates of the academy parted from her as if they loved her. But it did not need the beaming looks of teachers, or the clinging embraces of the pupils, to show John what a treasure she was. He was lost in a kind of maze for days.

She stole quietly as a sunbeam into her place at Lakehome. She brought flowers into the house, she opened the grand piano, she sang to its music the sweetest words. Finding that she had been taught to ride, John gave her the little brown pony, Barley, who had hitherto consumed his useless days in idleness; and every night, as he drove out from the city, Barley and his mistress came to meet the buggy.

So fair the sweet face under the plumed cap, its frank eyes nearly drove wild her guardian. If he but told the truth, he knew that he should acknowledge himself her slave.

The Summer went by. Winter came.

"Will you stay here, Violet, or shall we go into the city for the season?"

"Which would you like?"

"I have no choice but to satisfy you."

"Then, we will stay here—it is *home*. And we will have company, and keep the holidays—make time fly, in short. How I love this old mansion!—do you know it, guardy?"

He did not say that of late it had been a paradise. He responded indifferently—turned away with white lips, and a choking in the throat.

The weeks flew by—Christmas came. The house was full of company—smiling matrons, gay girls, indulgent papas, favorite sons and brothers. It was a happy time. Alas! alas! that earthly happiness is so short.

It was Christmas Eve, and in the midst of the merriest game John Steele had just kissed Violet under the mistletoe, when the door swung open, admitting a new arrival—a young man of one-and-twenty, handsome, healthy, debonair.

"Brother John!"

"Herbert!"

It was the young musician, from Germany. Fresh and ardent, he was one of them immediately. In the confusion, John did not see that, from the first, he admired Violet.

He had come and seen, and he conquered. John observed, with a sharp surprise, the change in Violet. She was another being to his young brother from what she had been to him. He was incredulous. It could not—must not be. Then he forced himself to reason calmly.

What right had he to rebel? They were both young and happy—it was fitting.

"Only she is all the world to *me*, and *another* fair face will please Herbert as well!" his tortured spirit cried. "But tis a dangerous thing to play with souls."

He dreaded to interfere—he dared not confess.

"Fool! I should only frighten and wound her, my little dove! What am I in her eyes! A dull, plodding graybeard! Why should I scare her in her happy dream?"

Then a gleam of hope would force its way into the darkness.

"But she has been happy with me until that boy came. *Might* she not be willing, if she knew—ah! if she knew but *half* my love? Oh! I cannot, cannot lose her!"

And yet, to all observant eyes, he was the grave, reserved, quiet John Steele—courteous with his equals, kind to his inferiors. He was, as ever, the thoughtful host, the indulgent, the steady friend.

The hidden war with himself went on for weeks. At last he made his decision.

"When Herbert asks her hand of me, I shall know whether or not she truly loves him. If all her heart is not his, I will hope—I will offer my love to her. If she confesses to loving him, I will be silent for ever."

The holidays went by, the house grew quiet—Herbert sought an interview with his elder brother.

John listened quietly.

"I have expected this, Herbert. I will talk with Violet."

"But you can give me your consent."

"I can say nothing now."

With a look of surprise, Herbert withdrew—went down the wide oak stair, crossed the terrace, whistling.

John rang the study-bell.

"Pompey, ask Miss Vane to come to me."

He turned faint at the sound of her light step on the velvet of the hall, yet fought off the weakness successfully before she came in. The pain remained, but she saw no sign of it.

She wore a dress of blue, her bronze curls clung about her shy face, her pet grayhound Caliph followed close at her side. He motioned her gently to a seat.

For a moment he did not speak—he felt tired with suffering.

Her dog, which he had given her, crossed the room, and laying his slender head upon his knee, looked up wistfully into his face.

"What is all this Herbert tells me, Violet?" with a forced smile, a steady voice.

"He has told you?" with a swift blush.

"Told me what, Violet? Come closer, little one, and let me look into your face. What could he tell me?"

"That we love each other."

She was on her knees beside his chair, her blushing, bright features hidden on his shoulder. She could not see his face. His face?—no, ah! no!"

"My child, have you quite given your heart to this young brother of mine so soon? It is but a little while that you have known him."

"*Utterly!* A little while?—but it seems a long while that we have been together. I have been—I am so happy with him, guardy!"

"But you have been happy with me—have you not?"

"Ah! that is different."

A little silence. He quietly and forever put away all hope.

"Yes, very different, my Violet. Kiss me, little one—only once. There; thank you, dear. Go now and say to Herbert that I give you to him, and to the life you have chosen, as his wife."

She slipped away, like a beam of light. But Caliph, for the first time in his life, when permitted, did not follow her. He pressed closer to John's knee, and uttered a pitiful whine. Gaining no attention, he joined the silence of the stately room, easing his troubled heart by the employment of lapping up, with his slender tongue, the tears that fell on the folded hands of the master of Lakehome.

THE
COAST FISHERIES OF AMERICA.

By Alfred Trumble.

The Western Continent, rich in every natural source of wealth, finds her vast resources landward fully equaled, in their way, by the mine of profit hidden in the mysterious fastnesses of the two oceans which lave her proud feet.

The coast fisheries of the United States, and the Canadas in particular, are the richest and most varied of their kind in the world. So much so, indeed, that the deep-sea fisheries, which are so profitably followed by the Europeans, are almost entirely neglected on this side of the Atlantic for the opulent harvest of the inshore fishing grounds. It is only in pursuit of that elephant of the ocean, the whale, that our Nimrods of the deep wander far off shore, and the number engaged in that pursuit is but a small percentage of the many thousands who subsist from year to year off their hard-earned gleanings from the green fields of the sea.

The coast fisheries of America are, practically, without a boundary line. From the Chilian fisherman, who battues his giant terrapin on the lava-built, scoria-sowed islets of the Galapagos, to the Greenlander, halibut hunting in his iceberg-haunted seas, the weather-tanned knights of the net, line, and fishspear are common brethren.

The fish sought are the same. Their mode of capture is the same. In brief, the coast fisheries of the western continent are a chain whose links connect many parallels, and bind many otherwise very different peoples in one common bond of fellowship.

THE EARLY AMERICAN FISHERIES.

The written history of the American coast fisheries is coeval with the first actual development of the continent. The French, in 1504, were the first of the eastern nations to reap a harvest from our teeming waters, and long before the mysterious fastnesses of the shore had been developed, our surf-lashed coasts were a fallow field for finny fortune-hunters. As early as 1517, at least fifty French and English vessels are recorded as fishing on the same grounds that are now hunted over by our annual cod and mackerel fleets.

The first English fishermen established themselves in Newfoundland, in 1517, and from that time forth, the development of the fisheries was constant and active. Cod, halibut, herring, mackerel, in short, all the fish known and sought for to-day, formed the object of the water-hunts of over two centuries ago. The only difference is, that in those times, men came from Europe and fought the stormy waters for their prize in vessels which could be carried on the decks of those which follow the same trade in this era of advanced art in all things.

In the Centennial Exposition was a series of models from Gloucester, Mass., representing, in picturesque shape, the codfisheries, from the earliest date of the New England Colonies to the present time. Prominent among the models, figured that of a fishing vessel of the past—the *Grand Banker*, famous in the cod fisheries of a century ago. She was almost as heavy and clumsy a craft as the *Half Moon*, immortalized in Irving's "Knickerbocker"; a strange contrast to the yachtlike vessels which supply her place in this year of grace, 1877.

Allusion to the *Grand Banker*, calls up reminiscences of the early New England fisheries, from the year 1624, when the first ship-load of fish was sent to England from Plymouth by the Puritans. Nine years later, the first lading of the same sort was exported from Boston. In 1639, the development of the fisheries was considered so important that an Act was passed exempting the fishing fleets from taxation for seven years, and relieving the men engaged in the fisheries from military duty, at that time compulsory on all adult males. It is of that time that an old historian writes that all the American waters are "rich with fishes," of which he describes seventeen peculiar to fresh water, and nineteen special denizens of the sea. The same vivacious author notes that as early as 1647 two whales were captured in the waters of New York—one off Staten Island, the other in the North River. At that time, if our authority is to be believed, the burghers of New Amsterdam disdained common fish, devoting their gastronomic forces principally to salmon, bass, bluefish, and lobsters, the latter of which were sometimes found "from five to six feet in length."

In the sixteenth century, over $400,000 worth of fish, principally cod and mackerel, were exported to Portugal, Spain and the West Indies from America. In 1741, 400 vessels and 5,000 men were employed in the fisheries, most of the vessels sailing from Marblehead and Boston. In 1756, 5,756 shad were caught in one draught of the net off Staten Island. The streets of New Amsterdam were all lighted with whale oil in those days, and most of the material was procured from these stupid marine mammalia who blundered into the bay.

Mufford, who wrote in 1716, notes that for over sixty years the business of whale fishing had been followed along the New England and New York coasts.

In connection with these early fisheries occurs the following curious proclamation of Lord Cornbury, dated July, 1708, and addressed to the New York Board of Trade:

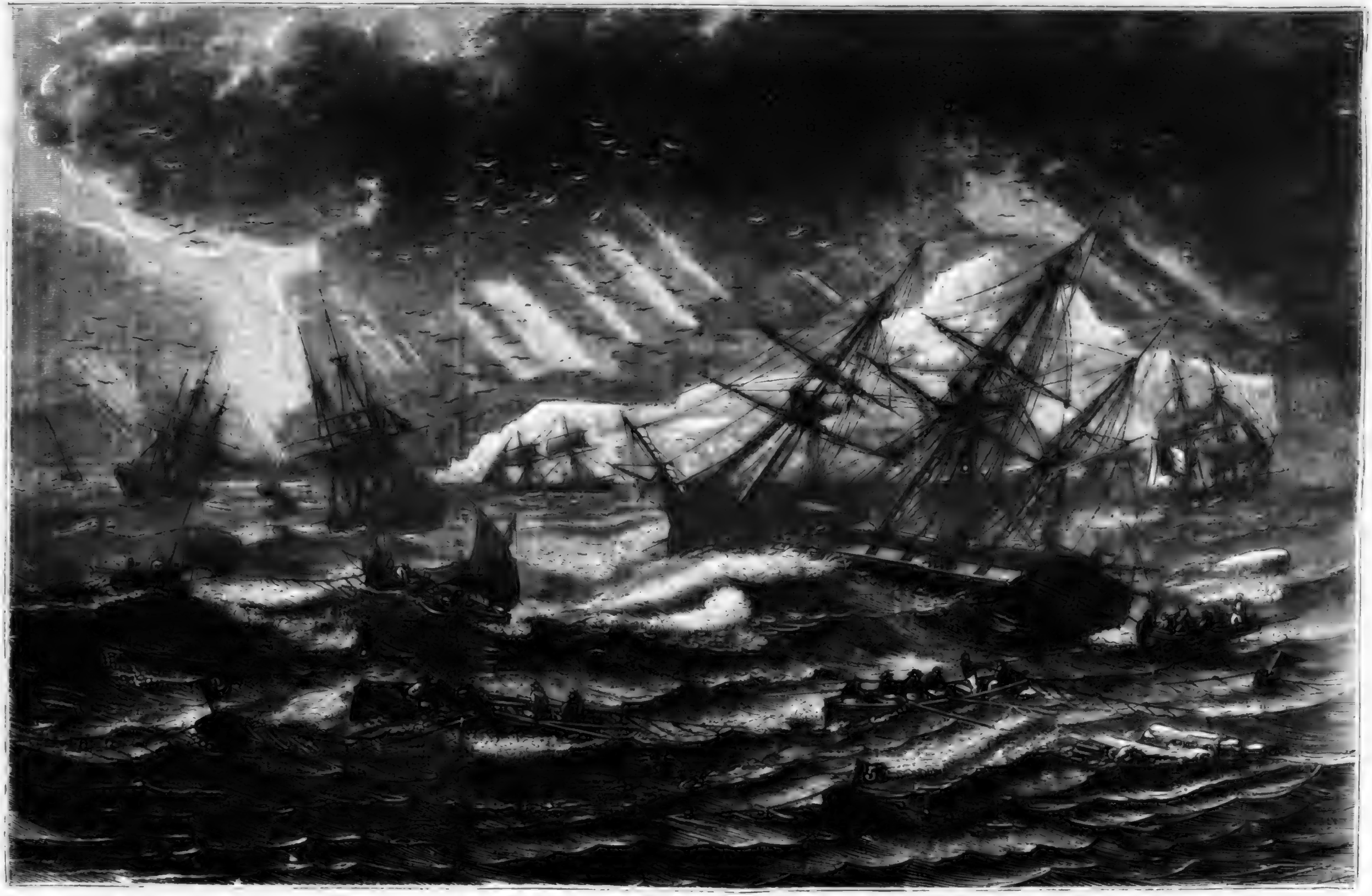
> "The quantity of trayn oyl made on Long Island is uncertain; some years they have much more fish than others—for example, last year they made 4,000 barrels of oyl, and this season they have not made above 600. About the middle of October they begin to look out for fish; the season lasts all November, December, January, February and part of March. A yearling whale will make about 40 barrels of oyl; a stunt, or whale two years old, will make 60 barrels of oyl; and the largest whale I ever knew of in these parts, yielded 110 barrels of oyl and 1,200 weight of bones. There might be good improvement made in the fishery of codfish and mackerel; but fish of several sorts is so plenty in the river and bay, before the city, that our people will not take the pains to go to sea."

Apropos of local fisheries in ante-revolutionary days, occur the following somewhat curious facts. The coast fisheries were at that time, probably for the reason given by Lord Cornbury, so neglected that the bay was fished dry, and a natural dearth of phosphoric food was the result. In order to stimulate the prosecution of the fisheries, the General Assembly of New York, on March 8th, 1773, granted the sum of £200 a year for five years, "for the encouragement of a fishery on this coast for the better supplying of the markets of this city with fish." Seven hundred and twenty-five dollars was also offered by the Chamber of Commerce as a premium to the most successful fisherman, and in July, 1774, Peter Parks received £30 for bringing 800 living codfish to market. Robert Heartshorne received a premium of £20 for 456 sheepsheads.

Monopolies in the fisheries were known even then, for in 1726 the corporation of New York granted the sole privilege of porpoise fishing in New York Bay and the Sound and North River to a local speculator.

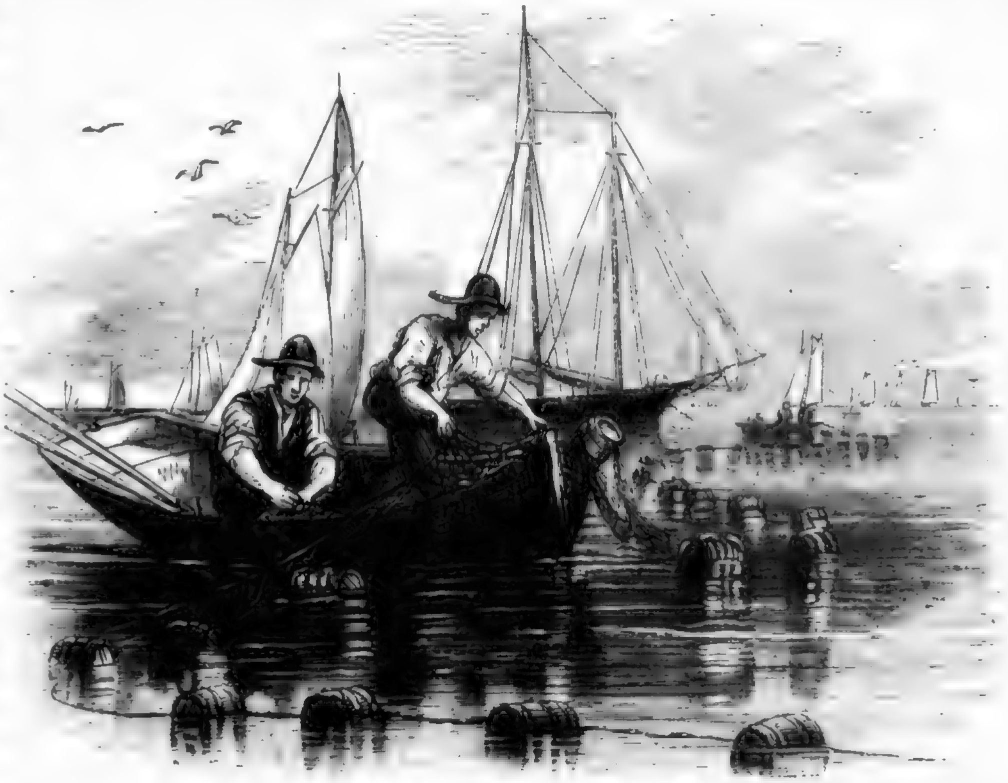
During the War of Independence, the fishing vessels were turned into privateers, and the coast fisheries were neglected, while their old customers sought nobler prey in the enemies of their struggling country.

During this period of repose, the coast fisheries again swarmed into pristine opulence. So plentiful, indeed, did fish become, that after the Revolution the finest mackerel sold for a shilling a dozen. After the close of the war, the English made strenuous efforts to kill the American fisheries



THE FRENCH COD-FISHING FLEET ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND in 1783, forbidding the exportation of fish to the West Indies, then, as now, extensive markets for our finny spoil, and harassing all American vessels found at sea. In consequence of this, the old fishing vessels once more changed their character. From privateers they were turned into traders, and the coast fisheries relapsed into their most primitive condition. They were prosecuted in small boats from the shore, and the teeming millions in deeper water were left to propagate undisturbed.

The Federal Government finally inaugurated the system of bounties on fishing vessels, and allowances on barrels of pickled fish, and the business revived. The payment of bounties ended in 1866, after $16,000,000 had been disbursed. As an encouragement to the present fisheries, the duties on salt used in them are still remitted.



COD-FISHERY—TAKING IN THE FISH.

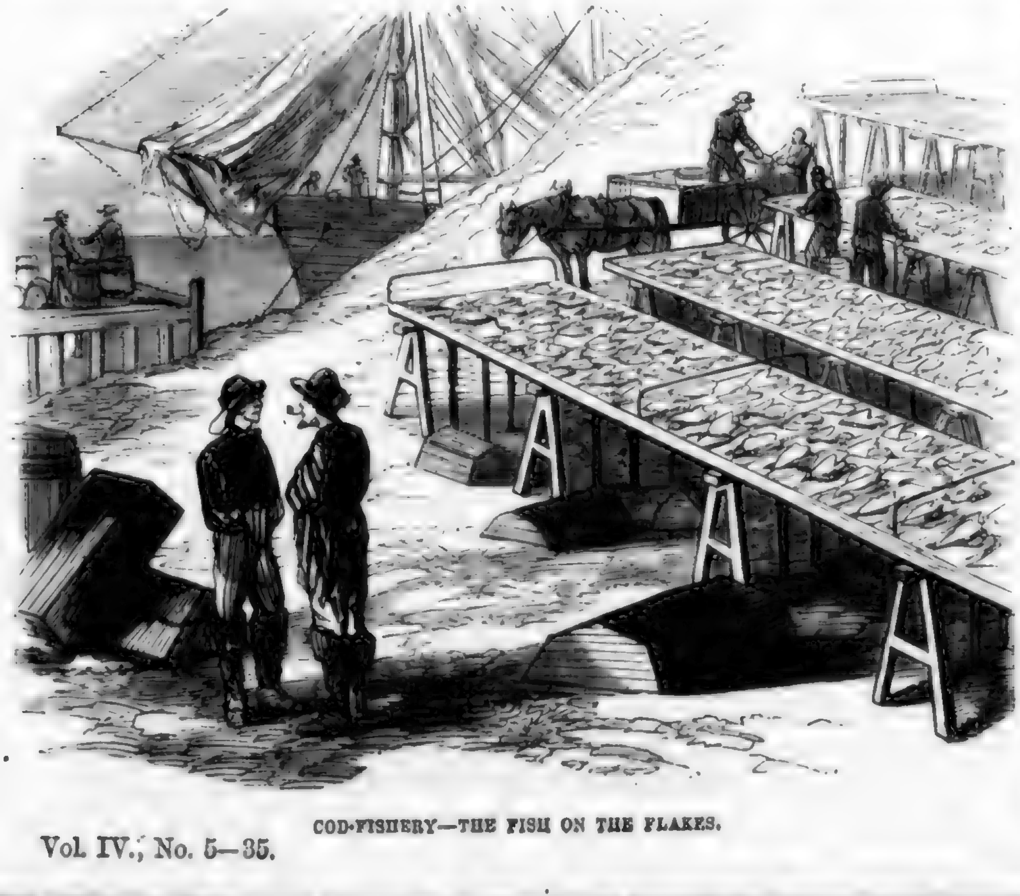
The chief coast fisheries of America in general, and of the United States in particular, are those for cod and mackerel, and of the two, the cod-fishery takes the lead, although in practice, usefulness and profit, they are very similar. There is this difference, however: mackerel belong exclusively to our Atlantic Coast; the cod is fished for both in the Atlantic and Pacific. It is only within the last few years—that is, since the annexation of Alaska—that the cod-fisheries of the Pacific Coast have begun to be developed. In 1861, there was but one vessel of any size engaged in the fishery in those waters. A fleet of fifty now sails annually from San Francisco alone.

The number of men employed in the cod and mackerel fishery—most of them follow both—in the United States, is 15,000. From the United States and Canada together, they number at least 50,000.

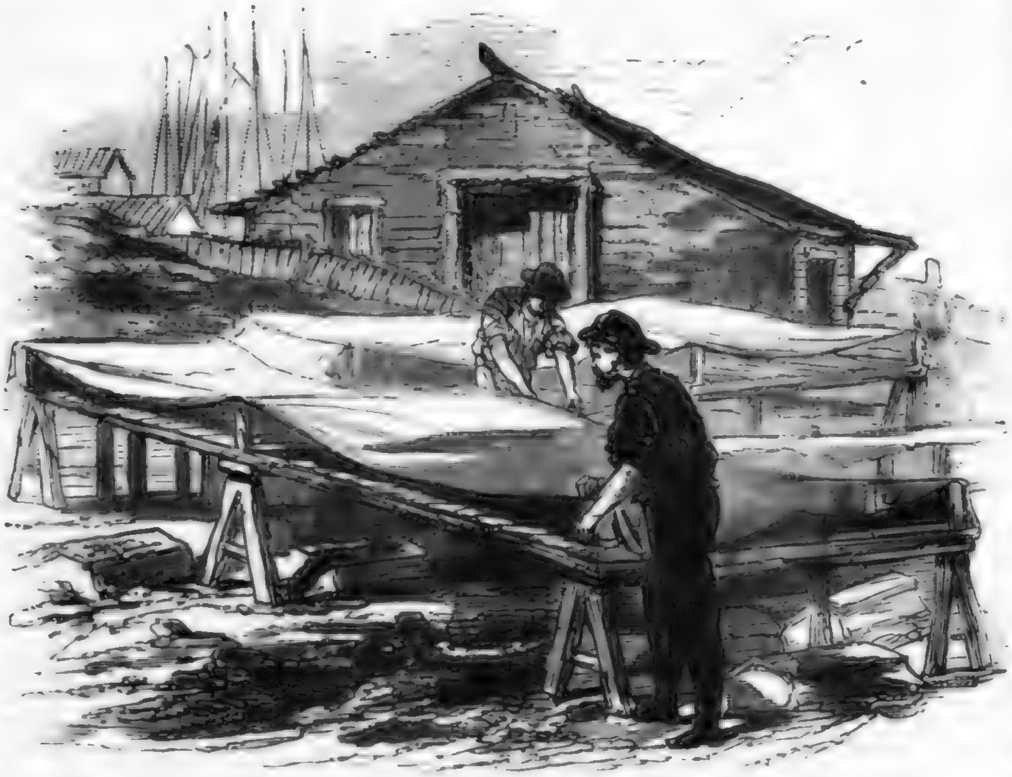
THE COD-FISHERY.

The cod-fishing grounds of the Atlantic Coast are, to use a Hibernicism, in the waters off Nova Scotia, and about Newfoundland and the Bay of Fundy. In 1876, 8,000,000 pounds of codfish were taken by the hundred or so schooners forming the fishing fleet which sails annually from Gloucester, Mass. The Nova Scotia fishermen garnered a harvest worth $2,331,159. Besides these fleets, the waters of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the South coast of Newfoundland, are annually fished by large vessels from France, which visit the Banks for that purpose and return to Europe at the end of the season deep-laden with spoil. The objective point of the French fisheries, be it mentioned here, is rather the cod-liver oil than the fish as food; although thousands of tons are carried to France for curing. During their visit, the barren islands which they make their headquarters, are transformed from a semi-desert, doubly redolent of fish and fish oil, to a land alive with busy people.

The annual Atlantic cod-fishery, begun by the Gloucester fleet at the beginning of February, endures until the end of Summer. The cod's spawning season ranges, according to localities, from January to May. Their chief spawning-grounds are George's Banks, the first visited, the Cape Breton Shore, and the soundings off Newfoundland and in the Bay of Fundy. The French fishing season is from April to September.



COD-FISHERY—THE FISH ON THE FLAKES.



COD-FISHERY—COVERING THE FISH FROM THE SUN.

The cod is a jolly fellow, a sort of Bohemian of the waters. He is not at all particular as to his lodgings, so long as he gets plenty of herrings and small fish, or, failing these, crabs, clams, and other crustacea, for all of which he evinces a truly epicurean fondness. A Canadian writer avers, that in the stomach of one veteran cod, of ninety pounds, which he hooked on the Banks, he found ninety-seven herring. From eight to twenty herring are commonly found in the poke of these finny gourmands, which fact, associated with the vast number of cod, perhaps accounts for the absence of any great shoals of herring on our shores.

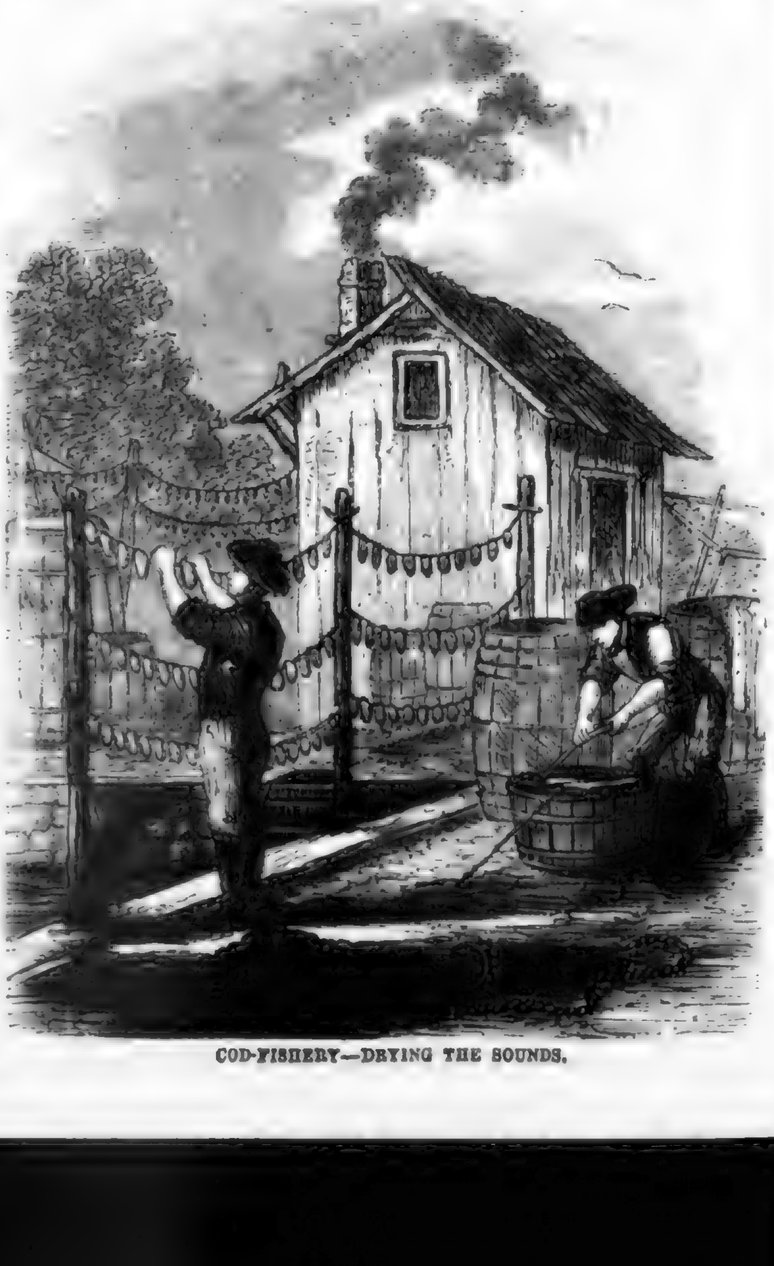
The Winter fisheries for cod are serious work, as the writer can testify, from personal experience. Sooner or later, the fishermen who venture habitually on the Banks in Winter, either in the cod or mackerel fishery, are swallowed up by the sea. But the greater profit of the Winter cruises is the loadstone rock which draws the ocean adventurers to destruction, and the son takes his drowned father's place, and is succeeded by his son in turn when he rests his own bones beside those of his forefathers under the icy waves. The sullen surge that sings his doom carries no note of warning to his successor.

In 1876, the Winter fleet from Gloucester, numbering between thirty and forty sail, was caught in the December gales on the La Have Banks, east of Massachusetts. Ten vessels and ninety-eight men were lost. The total of vessels lost out of Gloucester last year (the most disastrous in the annals of that 250-year-old fishing town) was twenty-seven. Two hundred and twelve men perished, and $150,000 was lost. Since 1830, these Winter fisheries have cost the same place three hundred and forty-two vessels, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two men, and $1,595,000.

Cod are fished for either with trawls or lines. The bait is clams, herring, mackerel, and squid; and barrels of these, together with an ample supply of salt, constitute the bulk of a fishing vessel's cargo.

The Gloucester fishing vessels are invariably schooners of from 150 to 250 tons burden, and are the finest craft that visit the Banks. They are all built at Cape Ann or Gloucester, especially for the fisheries, and are marvels of stanchness, grace, and speed. Most of the fast schooners employed in the fruit trade, between New York and the West Indies, were originally fishermen. In fact, in the Winter season many of the Cape Ann skippers sail in the West India trade, rather than incur the expense of docking their vessels from season to season.

The trawl used in cod-fishing is a long line, buoyed at intervals and anchored at each end. To this line several hundred stout hooks are fastened by short cords. A number of these trawls are set, and the ground in the vicinity is "baited," as it is termed, which operation consists in emptying a few barrels of clams overboard. These quickly attract the fish, who seem to have the same keen scent for prey as a buzzard or a coyote, and who, after devouring the clams, seek the baited hooks. In the Summer fisheries, laying the trawls is pleasant work enough, but when the wild north wind blows bitterly over the storm-tormented sea, and the spray sweeps in one's face in a rain of icy

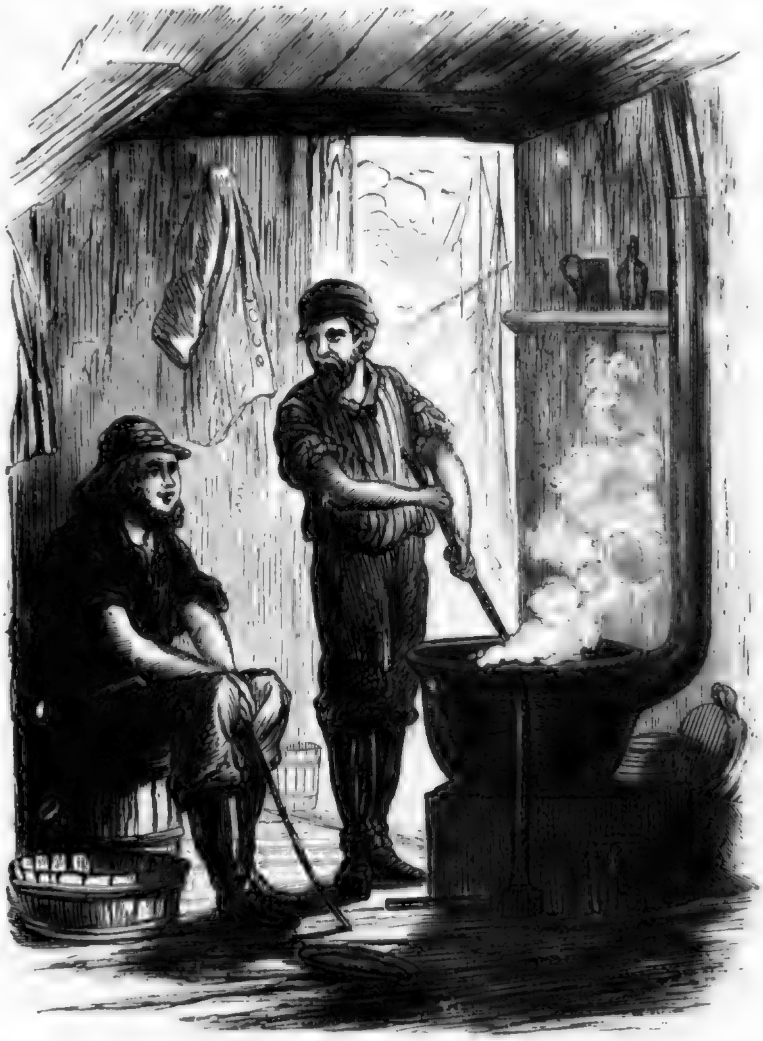


COD-FISHERY—DRYING THE SOUNDS.

bullets, it is a task the mere thought of which, once having shared it, chills men's hearts.

The trawls are visited at regular intervals by dories, each manned by two men, who take off the fish and rebait the hooks. The French fishermen do the thing on a much more extensive scale, for they lay tralls with from 7,000 to 10,000 hooks, and use large boats, with crews of seven and eight men to clear the lines and rebait them. Under ordinarily favorable circumstances, an American trawl will take from 500 to 1,200 fish a day.

Much fishing is done off the banks in Summer from small boats, with hand-lines, and to the passengers of incoming European steamers the sight of these miniature fleets is a familiar one. Much line-fishing is also done from the larger vessels in the intervals of the visits to the trawls. Your cod is a lusty fellow, and bites readily and hard, and it is no small task to land a sturdy twenty-five-pounder on a schooner's deck.



BOILING COD LIVER OIL.

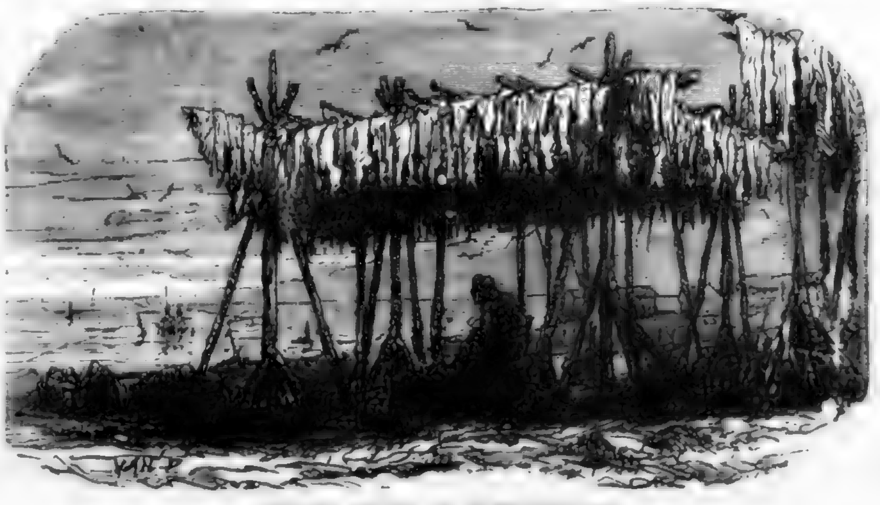
A DOMINION PESSIMIST.

He dies easily, however, and then the work of trimming him for stowage in the hold is commenced. This is a business of itself, and the men engaged in it have served a regular apprenticeship. The cod passes first to the "throater," who cuts his throat and lays him open down the belly. The "header" then extracts the liver, which he throws into a tub, and removes the head and entrails, which, at sea, go overboard; ashore, they are sold for manure. The tongues are taken out, and the "sounds," or brains, which are excellent food. The heavier portion of the backbone is removed, nearly to the tail, by the "splitter," and the fish is laid open. This is the most difficult operation in the preparation of the cod, and the manipulator is better paid than any of his fellows. Next to him the "salter," to whom the fish now passes, is the daintiest of the workmen. It is his business to wash the fish well, cleansing it of all particles of blood, salt it thoroughly, and pile it up to drain, after which it is packed in the hold.

On the larger vessels these men are always extra hands, and do not form part of the crew proper. They are paid regular wages, while the crew share in the profits of the catch, as do also the captain, mates and cook.

The rapidity and accuracy with which the cod is cut up and salted is amazing. Like the famous hog butchers in Cincinnati, it is often the foundation of wagers, and there is always a brisk competition on the part of each workman to outstrip his fellows. As a consequence, there is no "soldiering" in the job of preparing a cod.

Arrived in port with a full cargo, the cod are taken ashore, and after soaking for some days in a pickle of salt and water, are taken out and spread on the "flakes" or drying-frames singly, to bleach and dry by exposure to the sun and air. Constant attention is now required, and at the least sign of



CODFISH DRYING ON NEWFOUNDLAND.

lain they are piled together and covered with stout tarpaulins. In parts of Newfoundland, where the most primitive style of drying—common to the Indian tribes of the Pacific Slope—is still in use, thousands of pounds of the fish are annually spoiled.

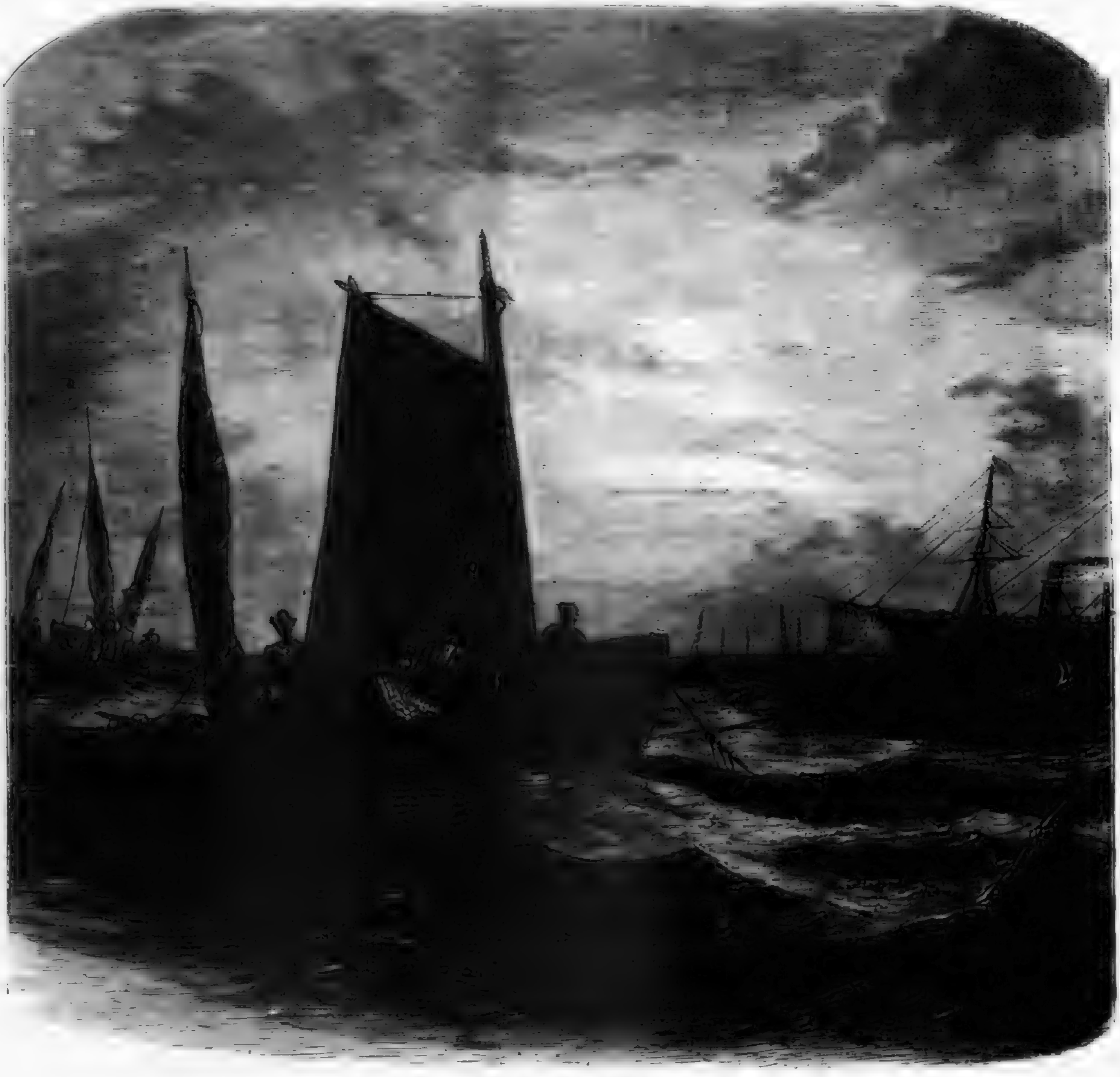
When the fish begin to exhibit that whitish appearance familiar to every one, and which fishermen call the "bloom," the drying is completed. They are then assorted and packed, according to quality, for shipment. Those sent to warm latitudes are packed by pressure in small casks, called "drums," and in that shape travel to the confines of the earth.

The liver of the cod, after having been dried, is steamed, and the oil used in medicine thus extracted. The residue is then boiled, and furnishes an oil very much in request for the preparation of fine skins. A thousand fish yield about 300 pounds of liver, giving from twenty to thirty gallons of oil.

The cod-fishery of the Pacific coast centres on the coast of Alaska and in the Ochotsk Sea. The seasons are about the same as those on the Atlantic coast, the fishery beginning in March and ending in August.

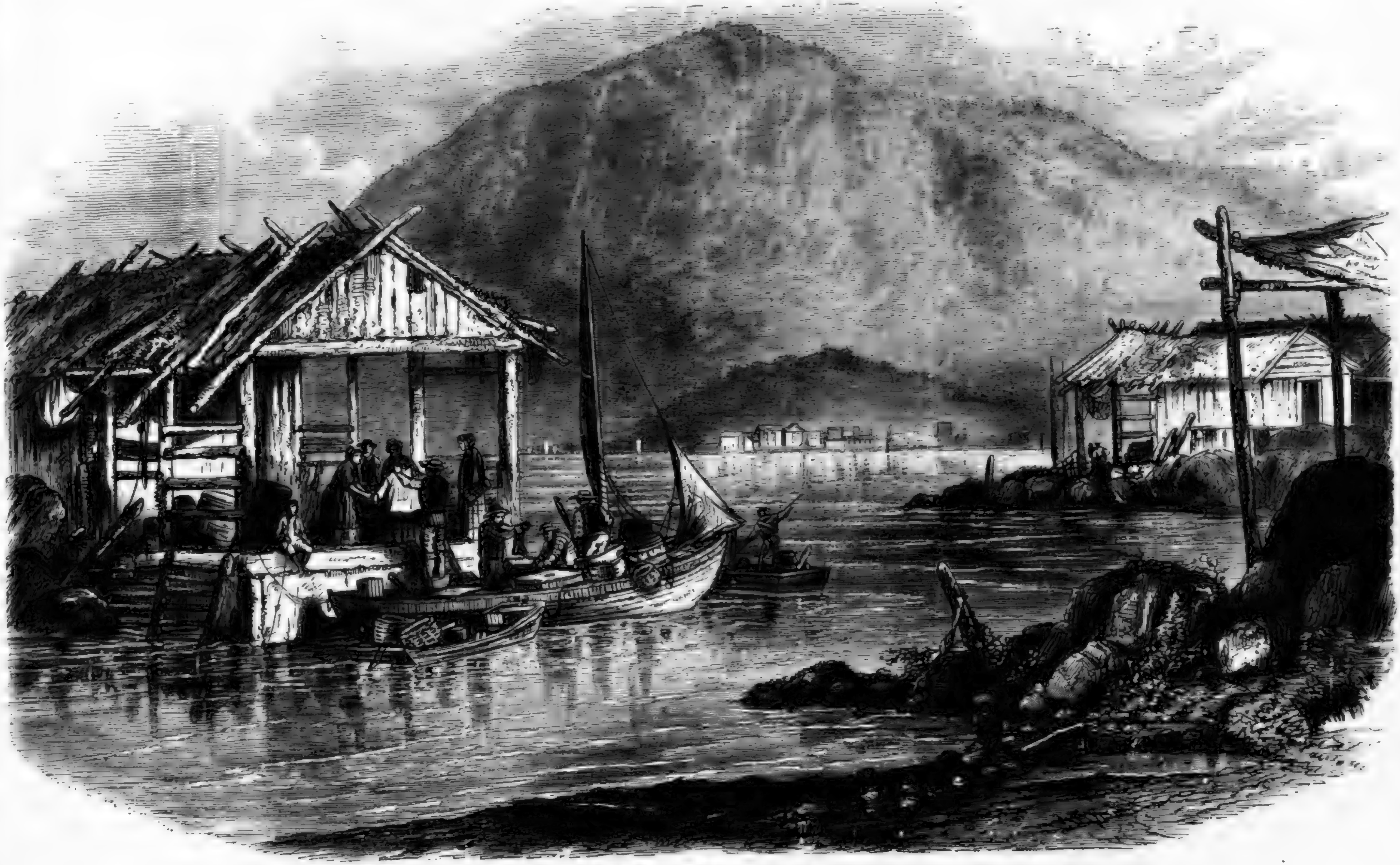
In 1870, 10,612,000 pounds of salted cod, valued at $754,840, and 10,000 gallons of cod-liver oil, worth $10,000, were the result of the Alaska fisheries.

The cod is by nature a traveler, and in life turns up almost from Australia to the North Pole. He is fished for at the Cape of Good Hope, and by the Indians of Labrador, and the Esquimaux of Greenland, but his real peripatetic mission is accomplished after death. In the forest fastnesses of the Upper Amazon, the Indian trader deals him out to his savage customers, and in Italian cook shops, Belgian and Dutch taverns, German schenkes, French cabarets, Portuguese wine shops, and Spanish fondas, the ragged descendants of Saxon and Latin find his flesh savory, served in a hundred different modifications of cookery, from the abominable oil stew to the sublime Dutch grill.

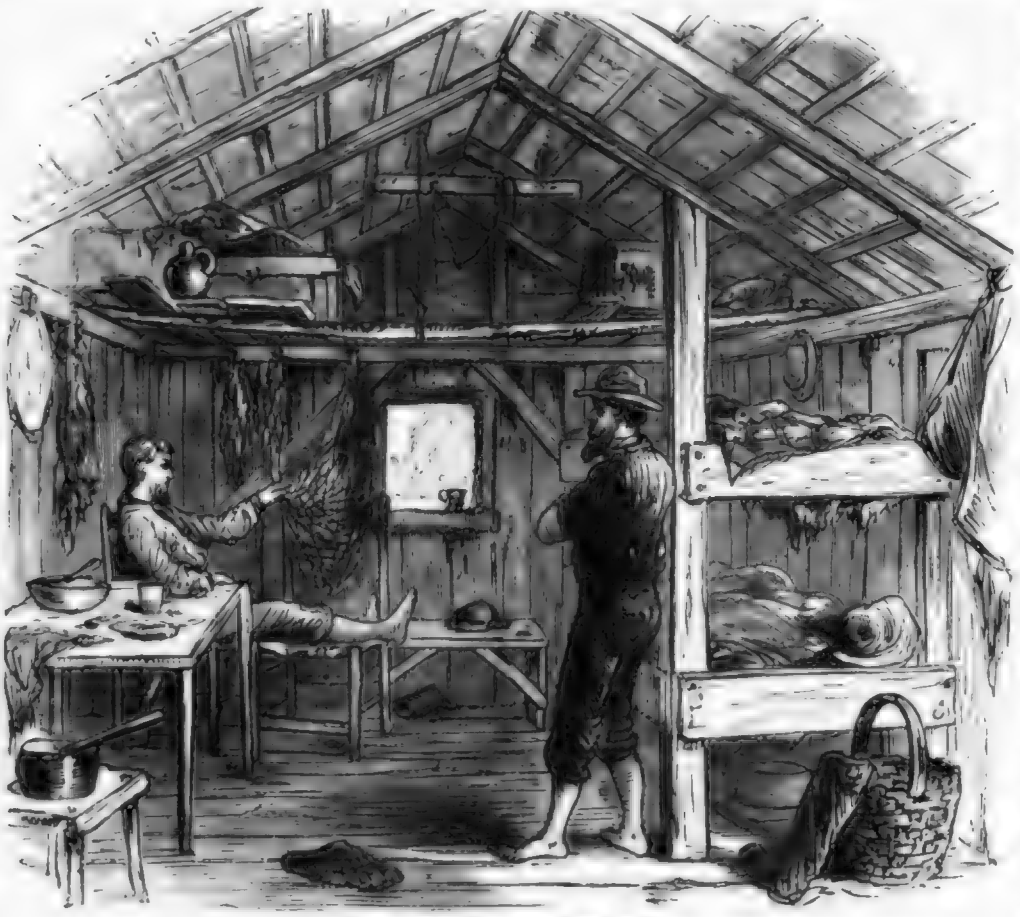


A FOGGY MORNING ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Salt cod is a coveted dainty of the West Indian negro—indeed, a common brand of the fish is put up for that dusky gourmand's special use, under the name, "West Indian"—and finds a place on every table in the tropics; as inevitable a concomitant of the breakfast there, as curry is in the East Indies, and in a country of poor beef and poorer cookery of it, a by no means despicable contribution to the palate.



A NEWFOUNDLAND GROCERY STORE.



INTERIOR OF FISHERMAN'S HUT.

THE MACKEREL FISHERY.

What the cod is abroad, mackerel is in the country for which it is fished—an universally popular dish. It is always in season; salted or fresh, mackerel occupies the place on an American breakfast-table that cod does in the tropics.

The mackerel season begins in March and endures until November, steadily increasing all the time. The first cargoes landed are invariably of poor quality, although of good size; but as the season advances the fish improve. The quality suitable for packing comes in at about the middle of July.

Early mackerel are fished for as far south as Cape Henry, and from thirty to fifty miles off shore. From May to July they are found along the coast from Cape May to Gay Head. Thence they progress steadily northward until from August to November the Canadian fishery assumes its hugest proportions.

Mackerel, like cod, are baited with a mixture of salted clams and small fish, ground fine. This bait is thrown overboard, and sinking to the depth at which the fish lie, lures them to snapping indiscriminately at bait and bare hooks. So ravenously do the fish bite, that a single fisherman often fills a barrel in less than half an hour. Each fisherman uses two lines at once.

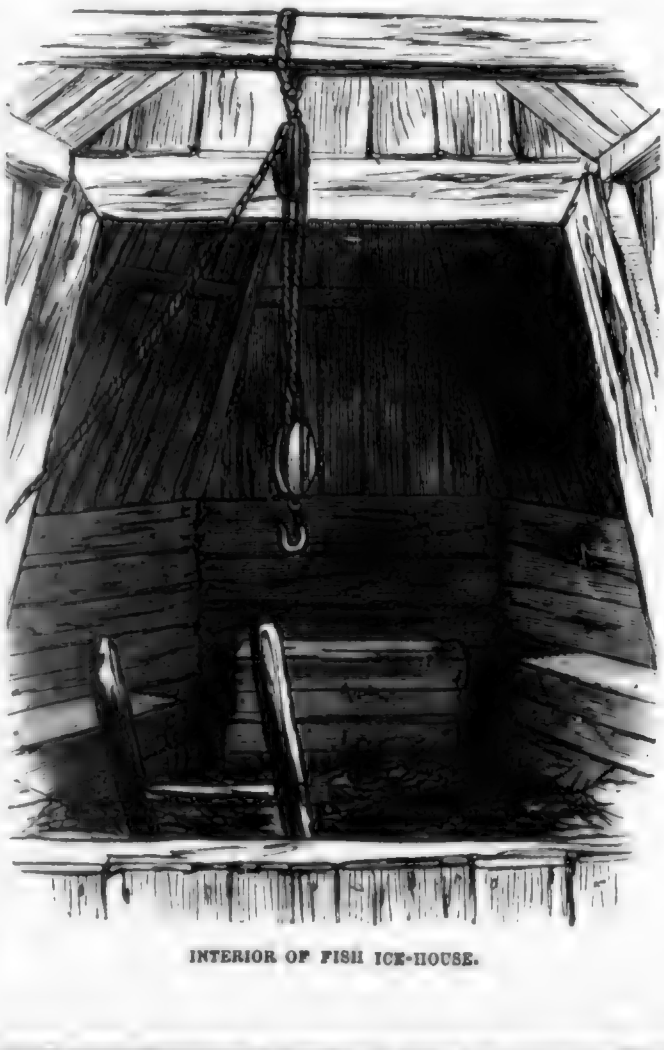
In 1873 the seine was first brought into use in the mackerel capture, and the line fishery, as a specialty, is now rapidly dying out. The seines are vast nets, 175 fathoms long and 24 fathoms deep in the middle, gradually diminishing to half that size at the ends. The upper edge is floated by buoys. Along the lower edge a purse line is rove through iron rings, which also serve to sink the net. The seine is cast from a large barge, the ground having been previously baited as for line fishing.

Two boats accompany the seine barge, and as the net is cast they carry the purse and cork lines to the right and left until the extreme limit of the long ropes is reached. Then a slight sweep is made, and the lines gradually drawn, until the net is, in fishing parlance, "pursed up" with the fish inclosed in its meshes. The schooner now runs down to the scene of the cast, and the fish are dipped aboard.

The process of seining in good weather is perfectly easy, but high winds and uneasy seas render it impracticable, and then the time is eked out with line fishing. Seining is often subject to failure, too: the fish frequently diving under the net, or taking fright and backing out before they are inclosed. From 200 to 300 barrels of fish are as many as can be well handled in a single cast, and the fishermen, therefore, rarely attack the largest shoals.

Mackerel go in large shoals, but scatter sometimes over miles of ocean. In consequence of this the mackerel schooners usually sail in fleets, baiting a large area, and prosecuting their labors with military precision. Long practice lends the various vessels of a fleet a unity of action as perfect as if their movements were directed by a commodore. As all are of about the same size and rigged alike, the effect of such a commercial navy can be imagined as a picturesque one.

The preparation of mackerel for market, which takes place after every day's fishing, is in some respects very



INTERIOR OF FISH ICE-HOUSE.

similar to that of the cod. They are dressed by splitting them down the back, taking out the "gibs" or entrails, and letting the blood soak out of them by immersion in clear salt water for several hours. Then they are taken out, laid singly in barrels, and a handful of salt is sprinkled over each. After settling, some of the pickle is drained off, and the barrel is filled and headed up.

Two hundred and fifty-one thousand barrels of salted mackerel were inspected in the United States in 1875, and 32,000 cans of the fish preserved. The Canadian fisheries, for the same year, yielded 151,460 barrels.

From fifteen to twenty men constitute the crew of a mackerel schooner. Like those on the cod-fishermen, they are employed on what is known as the "half-line lay." They receive no stated wages, but draw half the value of the entire catch for themselves, out of which they pay the wages of the cook, half the bait bill, and the same share of the packing. In a good season they realize a profit of 40 per cent. The average earnings of a mackerel fisherman are $300 a season.

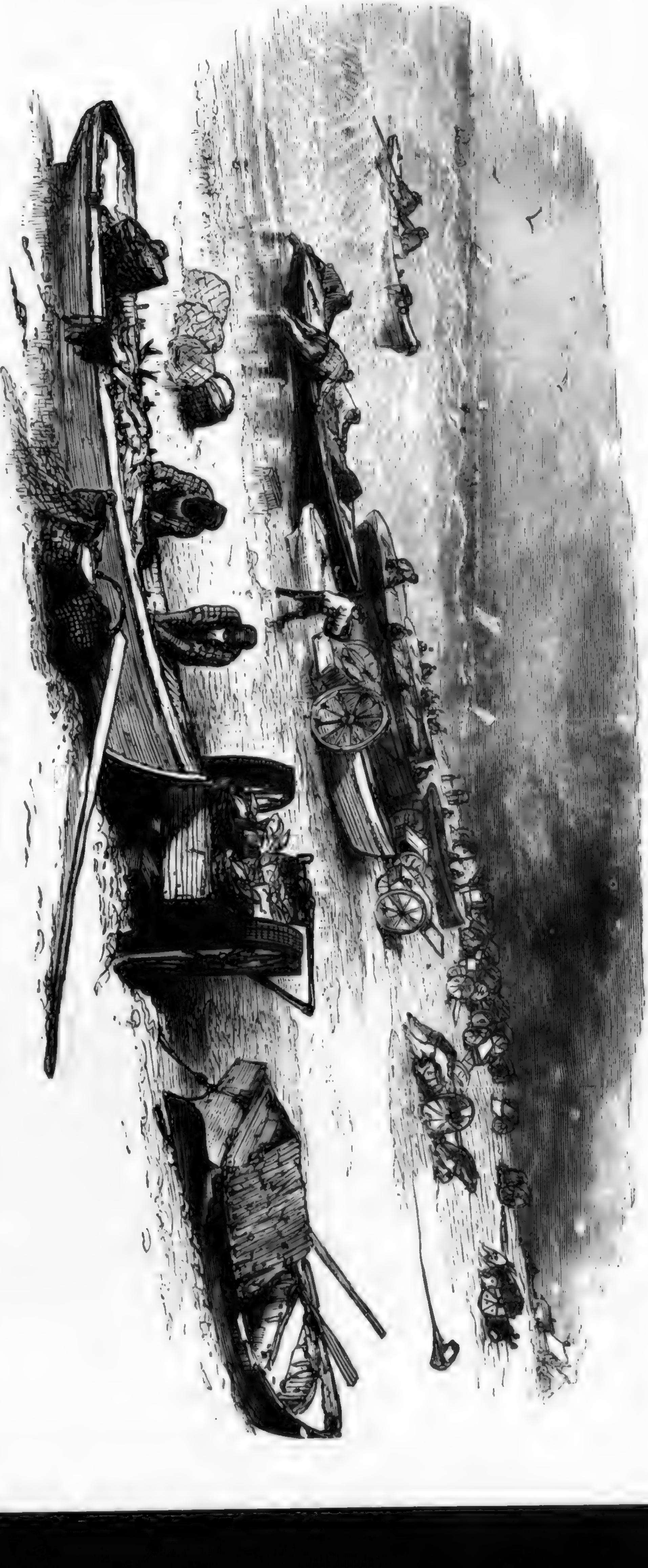
The other half of the catch goes to the owners of the schooner, who pay their share of the expenses, and a percentage to the captain.

THE FISHERIES DISPUTES.

The cod and mackerel fisheries have long been a bone of contention between the Canadians and the hardy fishermen of Cape Cod, Cape Ann, and the other New England fishing centres. In fact, the whole history of the West Atlantic fisheries is one of almost constant strife.

The French, who were the first to prosecute the western fisheries, began to quarrel with the English as soon as fisheries of that nation were established on Newfoundland, and when the New Englanders joined in the hunt matters became still more complicated.

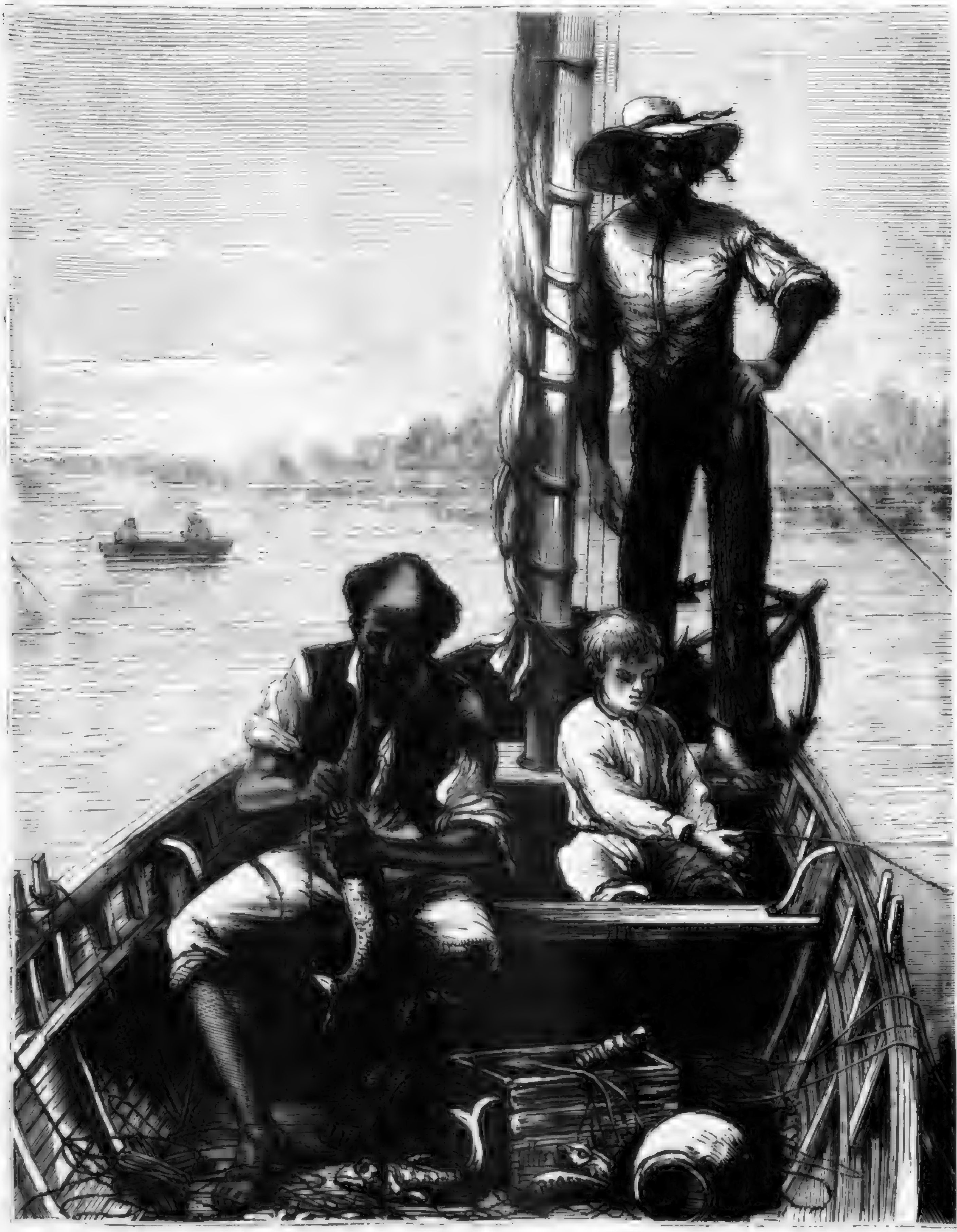
In 1763, the French were relieved of further dispute by the Treaty of Paris, under which they were granted the right to fish on the waters of the Newfoundland Banks. This was subsequently altered, and they came into virtual possession of the St. Pierre and Miquelon fishing



THE BEACH—BRINGING IN THE FISH.

grounds, which they hold to-day. In 1852, the trouble between the United States and the Dominion assumed so serious a shape that two years later a reciprocity treaty was entered into by which the fishermen of both sections were allowed common rights in all waters north of the thirty-sixth parallel. This treaty terminated in 1866, and fresh disputes broke out and continued until 1871, when a new compact was entered into, with the thirty-ninth parallel as a southern boundary. In 1873, a final treaty for ten years was sealed.

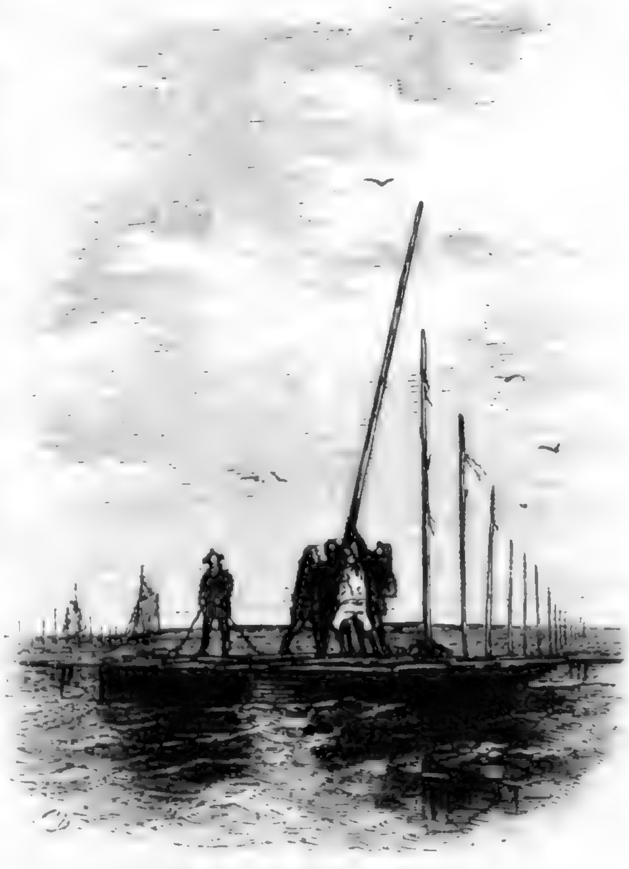
The chief charge against American fishermen, was that of reckless destruction of fish on the Banks during the spawning season. This was disproved to a certain extent by the production of evidence that quite as many of the Dominion fisher-folk were guilty of the same offense. Nevertheless, the Canadians continue to harp on the same string, and in



FISHING AT THE SEA ISLANDS, GEORGIA.

a recent work on the fisheries, published there, the writer says:

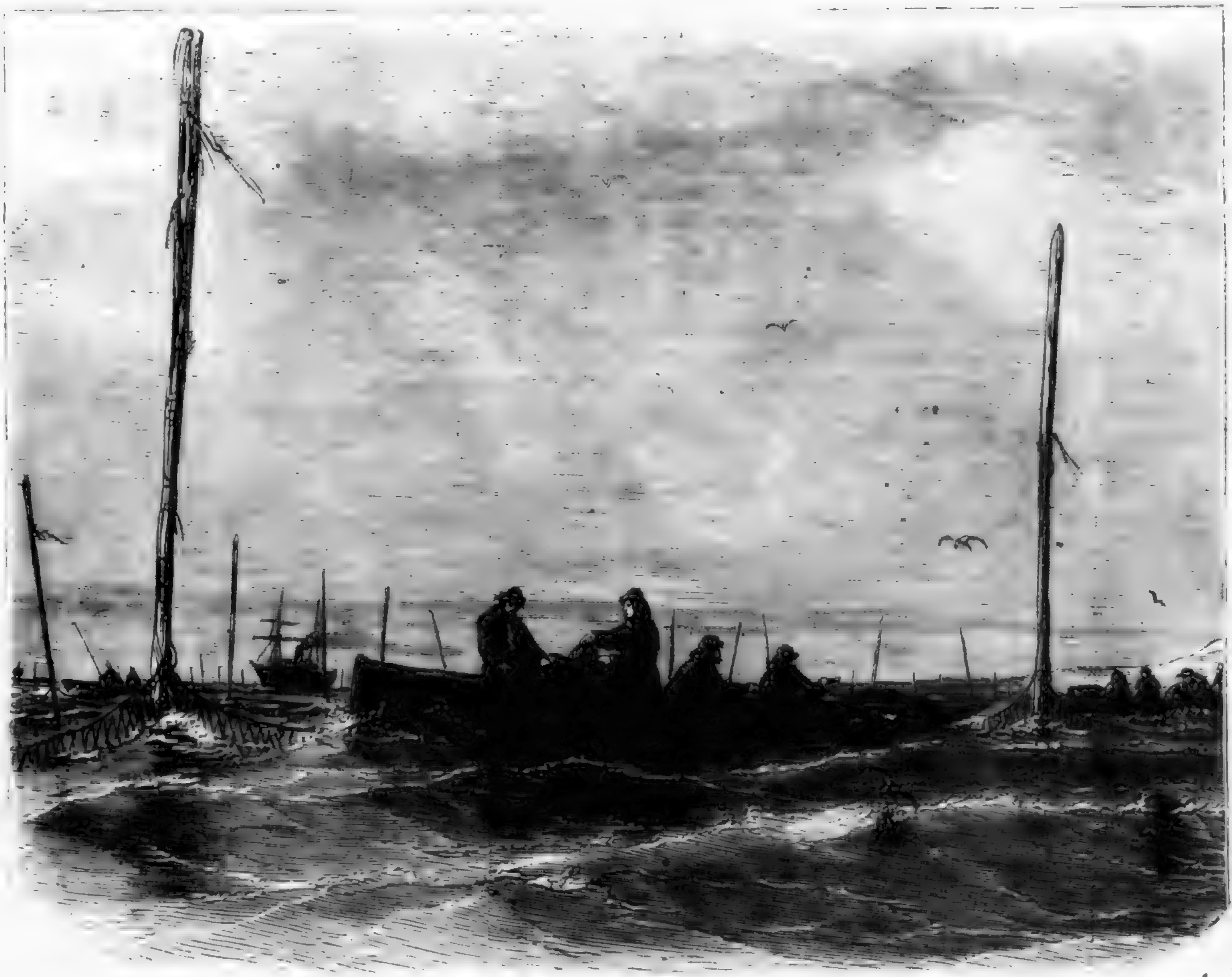
> "When the Winter trips were not prosecuted, and the fish had leave to spawn undisturbed, the Summer fishing on George's Bank was excellent. The young fish were hatched, attained their maturity, and supplied the places of the older ones, and this might have gone on for ages without danger of deterioration. With the commencement of the Winter trips, there has been a marked falling off, and of late years fish have been growing scarcer and scarcer. The cause of the popularity of Winter fishing is, that at that season of the year, the fish are to be found in particular places, and the vessels can be more quickly filled up. The wanton destruction which is now carried on at George's Banks will probably be carried into other fishing grounds as soon as the supply there is exhausted."



SHAD FISHERY—SETTING THE POLES.

In opposition to the gloomy views of this Dominion pessimist, it is only necessary to adduce the evidence of one of the most learned and correct ichthyologists of the day—a man whose decisions in matters of pisciculture are held binding all the world over, and who states, in effect, that to depopulate the fishing-banks is a natural impossibility. By examination and comparison, he learns that a single cod deposits frequently, at one spawn, 8,000,000 eggs; that a cod-roe will commonly average one-half of the weight of the fish, and that in a cod of eighty pounds he has found forty-two pounds of eggs. That, in short, after three and a half centuries of ceaseless fishing, the cod swarms the fishing banks in greater legions than ever.

The same rule applies with mackerel fishery. The fish are as plentiful as they ever were, and are likely to continue so. Their real and most dangerous enemies are not man, but their own kind—the greater fish which prey upon the lesser, until life beneath the waves



VIEW OF SHAD FISHING, NEW YORK BAY.

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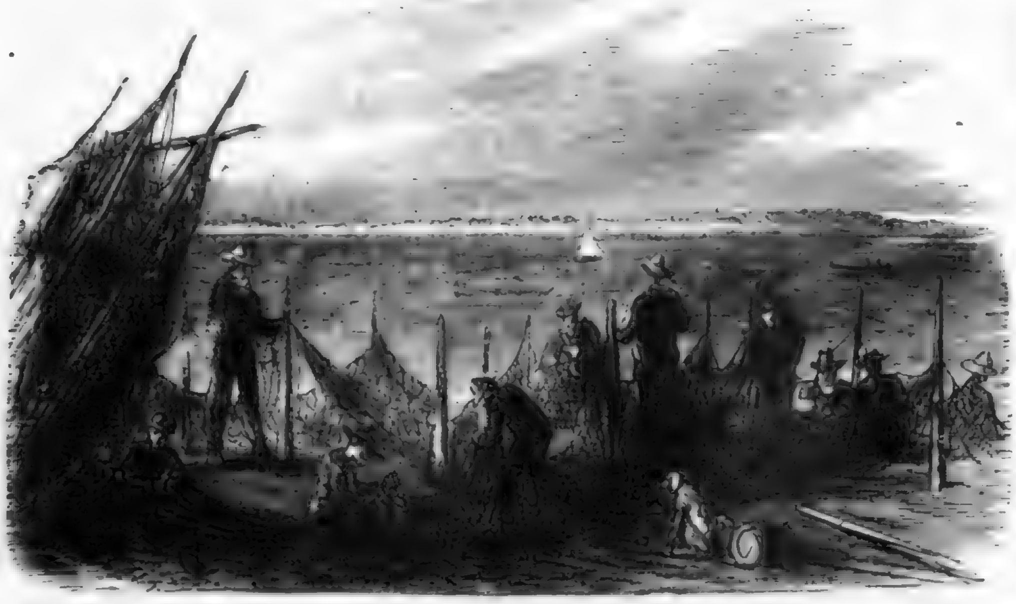


SHAD-FISHING—MENDING NETS.

runs a long gamut of ceaseless slaughter. In addition to the already developed resources of our coast fishing grounds, Labrador has lately entered the lists, and extensive cod and mackerel fisheries are now being prosecuted on their shores.

Another of our national food fishes, the halibut, forms an extensive and valuable item of these sub-arctic fisheries. In the Oskotch Sea, on the Pacific, and on George's Bank, and the East Coast of Greenland, American industry flourishes in this direction. About forty vessels are engaged in this fishery on the Atlantic Coast. They are, for the greater part, owned in Gloucester, and the business they engage in is extensive and highly profitable.

Next to the cod and mackerel fisheries of the United States, however, the most important, in point of commercial value among our coast industries, is undoubtedly the menhaden, or, as it is more commonly known, the moss-bunker fishery.

THE MOSS-BUNKER FISHERY.

When the Pilgrim Fathers first began to fight the flinty soil of New England for scant crops, they learned from their Indian neighbors the use, as a fertilizer, of a fish then as now very common on our coast, and which the aborigines called the menhaden. Three of these, planted in a hole in the ground, with a grain of corn in the centre, were the Indian recipe for "tall maize and fat, long tasseled ears," and for many years it was only when the settlers were driven to eating them by dearth of other finny food that the despised little denizens of the deep were put to any other use. In fact, it was not until less than half a century ago that the menhaden fishery began to assume any commercial importance. To-day it is prosecuted from Cape May to New Brunswick, and thousands of millions of the fish are annually caught.

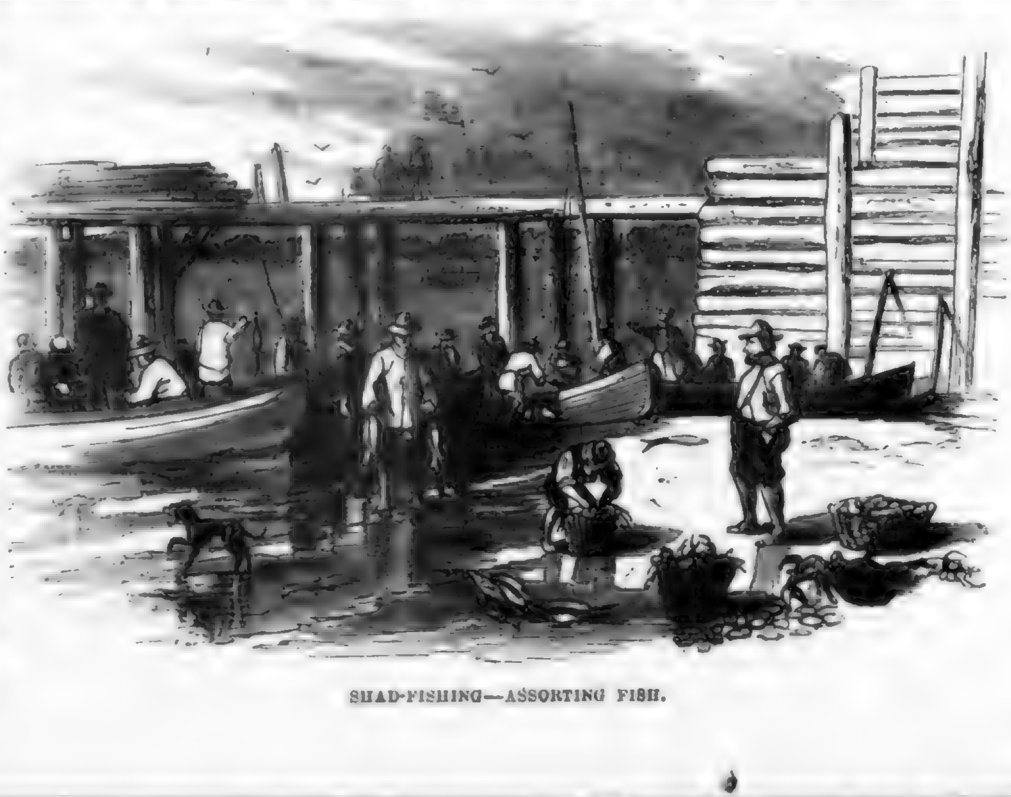
During the last twenty years the fishery has grown to a great industry, and menhaden oil, under the name of raw linseed, neat's foot, and fish oils, is quoted in every market of the world. It is more famous as an adulterator than as pure oil, and is only known by its true name, or rather names, to the initiated.

The menhaden, or moss-bunker, otherwise known as the bony fish, for a reason which will be obvious to any one who ever eats it, is a little, silvery creature, with firm, solid flesh, of an infinitely finer flavor than that of the shad, which it somewhat resembles. In the season, from March until November, it swarms the coast in vast shoals. It is caught in seines, after the same fashion as mackerel, and its capture involves the labor of very considerable colonies of fisherfolk, whose principal settlements are on the northern coast of Long Island and the opposite shore of Connecticut.

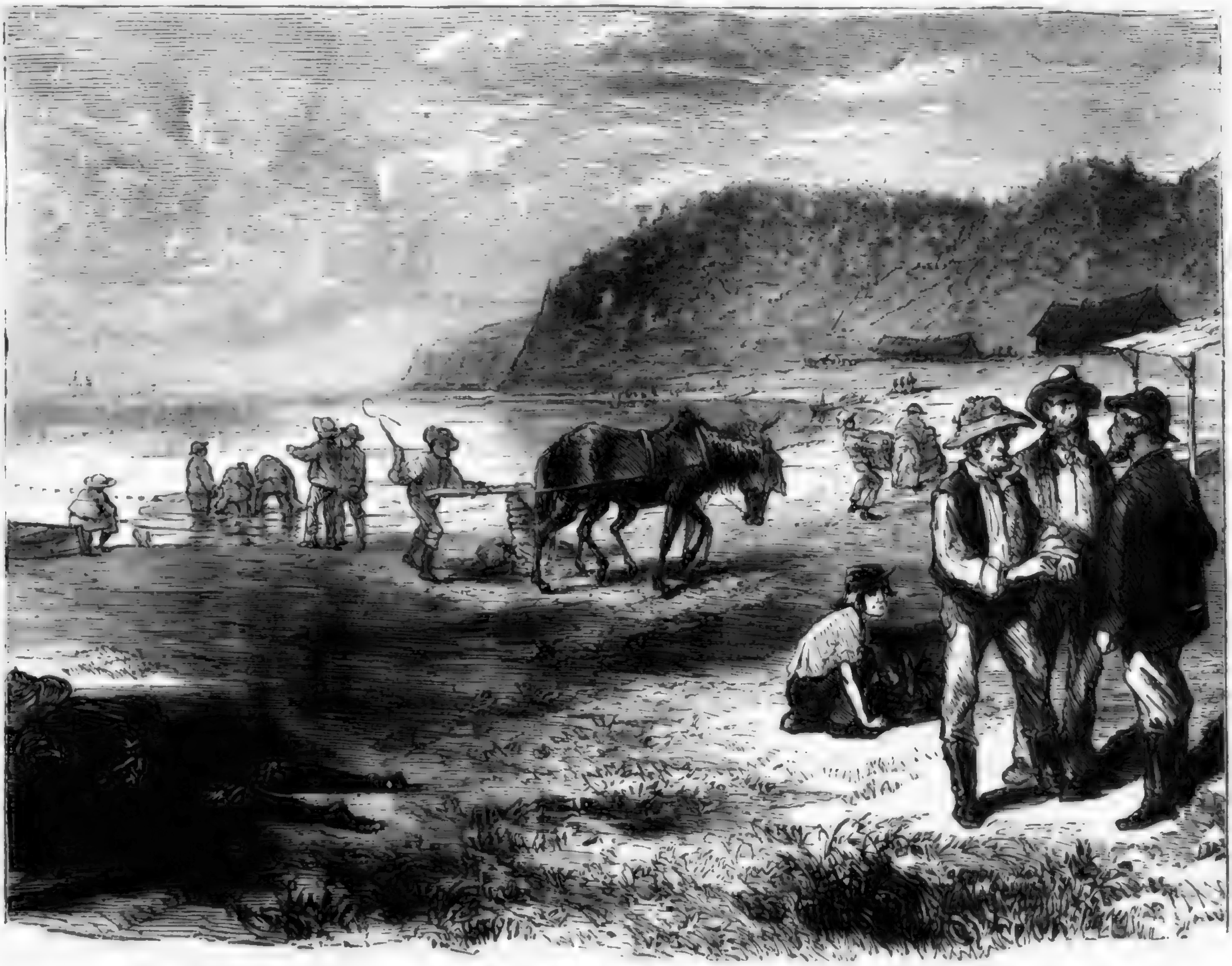
On the coast of Maine, menhaden are fished for in Summer by vessels which, in the Winter season, are employed in the West India trade. In their case, however, the industry is a comparatively insignificant one. What fish they catch they try out on board, after the fashion of the whalers. It is to Long Island and Connecticut that we must look for the mammoth harvest from the moss-bunker fishery.

There the smoke of the oil factories darkens the sky, and the stench of their odorous toil pollutes the Summer air. The experience of a tour of the fish-oil factories is by no means as pleasant as it is an instructive one; but it is a refinement of what it was 26 years ago, when Daniel Wells, of Greenport, and his associates, established the first oil-mills on the Sound, on Shelter Island. Then they cut the fish into liberal slices, and after partially boiling it, left it to ferment for weeks, skimming the oil from the foul fluid in the fermenting casks from time to time, and leaving the residue to breed pestilence at will.

Now the process of obtaining menhaden oil is reduced to a somewhat more sensible and less scentable system. The fish are steamed thoroughly in metal-lined tanks, and then subjected to pressure in a sort of timber drum, between the



SHAD-FISHING—ASSORTING FISH.



SEINE-FISHING ON THE POTOMAC RIVER.

fissures of which the expressed oil finds its way into a groove at the base, whence a tube conveys it to a reception tank. There, after a thorough steam pressure, which separates all water and other impurities, it is barreled and sent to market.

The refuse or scrap, constituting what was originally the body of the fish, is put to the same use as the pilgrim fathers found for it in its entirety. It is dried and ground up, and in various mixtures of guano, or alone, makes a most valuable manure.

THE SHAD FISHERY.

To go into the history, or even a detailed description, of our food fisheries, however, would exceed the limits of any work but a three-volume treatise. The most important of our coast fisheries, individually, have already been described. To close the account without doing justice to the shad fishery, however, would be to leave the work half done.

From early in January until the fish cease running, the American *cuisine* is supplied with one concomitant at least, to which the refinement of all other nations is a stranger. The shad is sui-generis, a melting morsel to the republican palate; a finny idyll for both fisherman and gourmand.

The shad fishery, properly speaking, is rather an industry of our bays and rivers than of the coast, and the prosecution of it has created in every sheltered cove and river-mouth of our Atlantic seaboard a colony of followers of the lucrative craft.

The chief shad grounds are the Savannah River, Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, off the North Carolina coast, the Chesapeake Bay, and the Delaware and North Rivers. The earliest shad come from the far South in January, trending northward as the season advances, until they are finally found as high up as the Bay of Fundy, where they are fished for and salted down for Winter use like cod.

Apropos of Canadian coast fishing, be it here remarked, is the gross superstition of the fishermen. When the fish become very scarce, they perform a series of grotesque incantations, by climbing over rocks on all fours, whistling, hallooing, singing and slapping the rocks with their hands. By these antics they hope to bring back the wayward fishes, and should they prove successful, their rejoicings are uproarious and of long duration.

Shad are caught in three kinds of nets. Many heavy hauls are made with drift nets, contrivances from 1,000 to 1,500 feet long and 20 feet deep, towed by the ends from skiffs, and gradually brought together to inclose the prey. Tyke or pole nets are a combination of a funnel-shaped net leading into an inclosure of network fastened to poles. The stakes used in this style of fishing are familiar to every one who has ever sailed through New York Bay and the back waters of Staten Island Sound. The third net is the seine, which is in universal use in the Delaware River and the Southern fisheries.

So heavy has been the capture of shad in some years that the fish have been actually sold for manure; and the indiscriminate chase of them in the spawning season so depleted certain fishing grounds that but for the efforts of the pisciculturists the supply in them would have ceased altogether. As it is, the once famous fisheries in the Potomac and James Rivers are now almost entirely destroyed.

Nevertheless, our shad fisheries are not likely to fail us yet a while. In 1875 the Fish Commissioners turned

4,580,000 artificially hatched young shad loose in the Hudson River alone, and large numbers were sent to other rivers, East and West. Shad hatcheries are busy in Connecticut too, and salmon spawn are hatched by the million in Maine. In this latter regard California and the Pacific Coast generally has greatly the advantage of the Atlantic seaboard. There the salmon fisheries are perennial. Thousands of the fish are dried for Winter use by the Indians and settlers, and millions of pounds canned fresh for foreign markets. In value, the salmon fisheries of the Columbia River alone exceed those of any other fish on the west coast.

THE OYSTER.

The oyster only needs the power of speculation often fancifully ascribed to it to be really worthy of itself, for it is certainly the leader among our lighter table fishes, and too much honor cannot be done its honorable name. Not that the world fails in due attention to this delightful creature. His luscious lobes slip down the throats of every nation almost from pole to pole. Who is there among Americans who does not envy the old Pilgrim who, in the story of his travels to Virginia in 1626, says: "In the River Tamescot they found oysters nine inches long, and were told that on the other side they were twice as great."

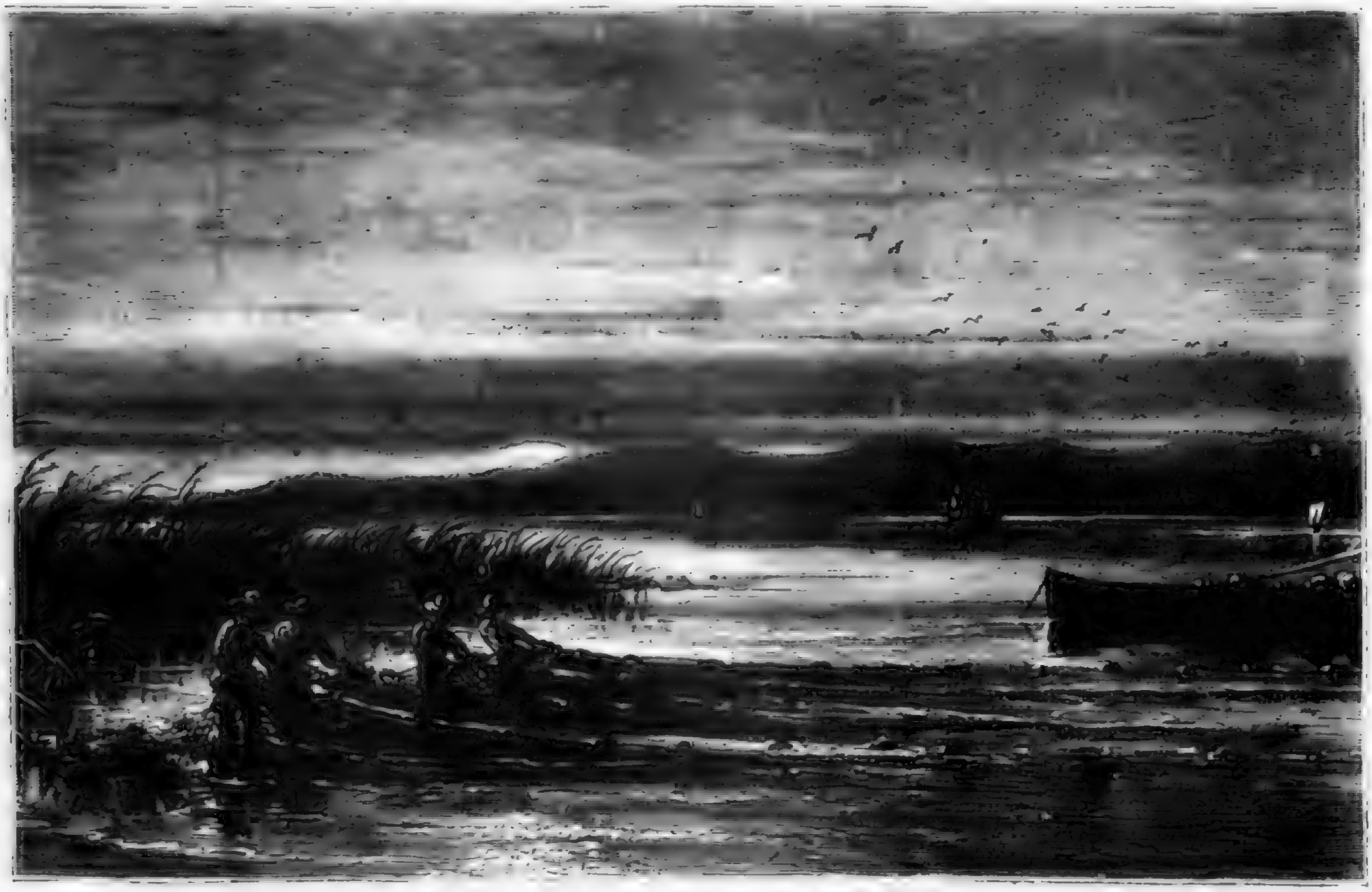
However that may have been, mammoth oysters are by no means a rarity to-day. They are always drawn from beds which have long lain undisturbed. Thirty-five years ago a vast bed of the largest and juiciest oysters ever known was discovered in Little Neck Bay, near the New York shore. These were the famous Saddle Rocks, so called from a rock in the vicinity, and for twenty-five years the owners, A. & P. Dorlon, drew a fortune from them. Then the bed was used up, and such "Saddle Rocks," as we eat to-day are simply large and fine oysters gleaned from other varieties.

Custom decrees that oysters shall not be eaten in a month without an R in it. This is simple nonsense. They are as good then as at any other time. Oysters spawn during the tabooed months, it is true, and at that time are thin and poor; but all brands do not spawn at once, and good qualities of "Summer" oysters are found everywhere in Virginian waters, and in many places along the Long Island Sound. The belief, however, is generally held, in spite of reasoning, and people willfully deprive themselves of that most refreshing of Summer food at a time when it could be really best enjoyed.

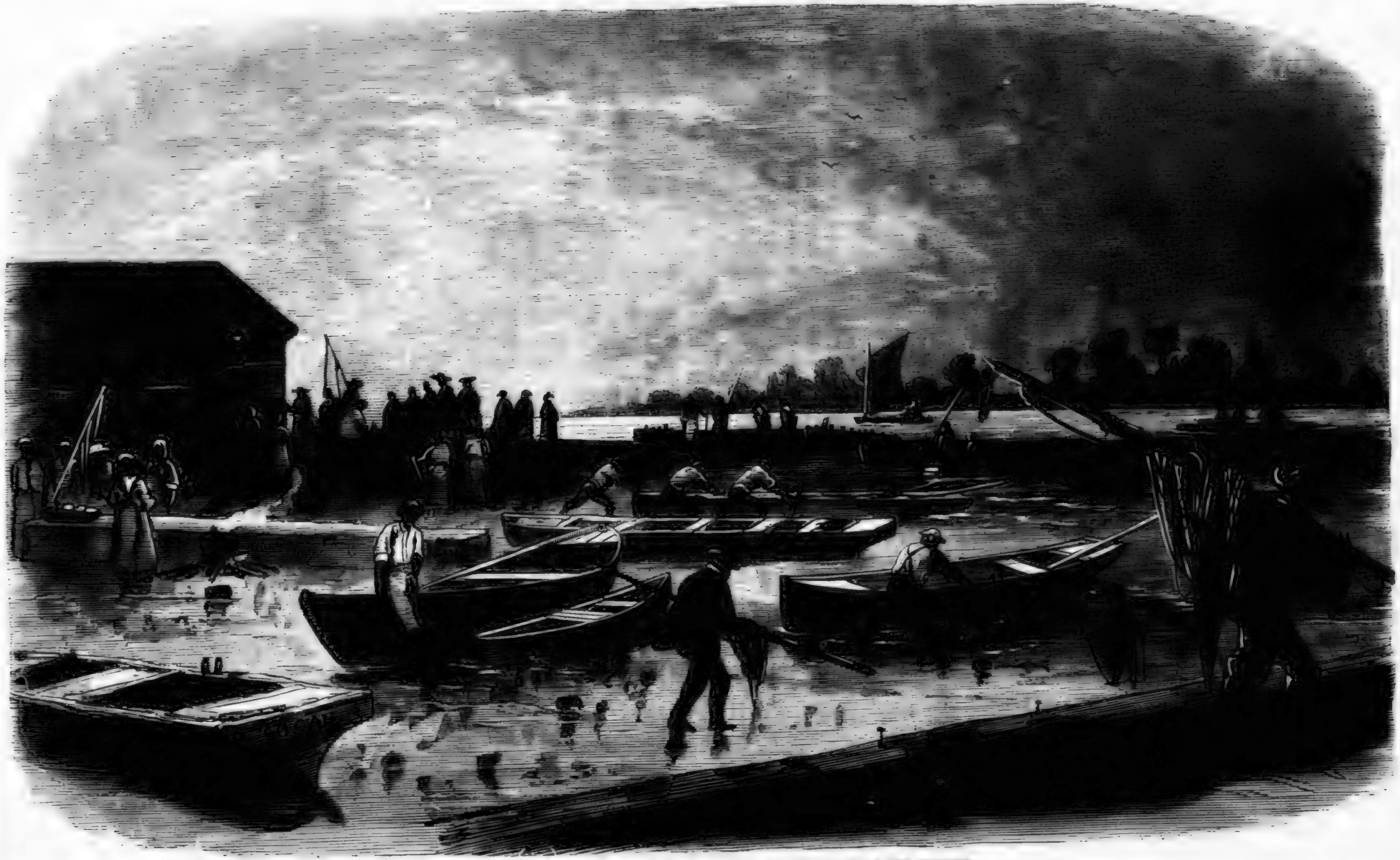
Of course, all places where oysters are grown have their favorite brands. The best-esteemed in the New York markets are the Shrewsburys, a medium-eyed, yellow-meated, plump and savory oyster, somewhat approximating in flavor to the little, coppery "native" of which Englishmen are so fond. The Shrewsburys, which are soonest in season, are followed by Norwalks, which are in every way their superior. Norwalks are always removed from the Sound a few weeks before coming to market, and planted near the mouths of streams where the mixture of salt and fresh water, as the tide fluctuates, is supposed to highly benefit their flavor. Then come a long line of Blue Points, Little Necks, and so on, *ad infinitum*. To New Yorkers, the oysters from the carefully cultivated beds at Gregory's Point are esteemed next in quality to the defunct "Saddle Rocks," recollections of which arise to the memory of all old local oyster gourmands as a blissful dream.

Of late years, another bed of large oysters, the Eaton Necks, has been found, but, as was before stated, mammoth oysters, as a rule, are only the careful cullings of many sorts, and not the product of any one particular bed.

Millions of dollars are invested in the wholesale oyster business, all of the large dealers having their own beds, in some of which nearly $200,000 is invested. A large firm will employ half a dozen schooners, as many sloops, and a couple of hundred men, in working its beds, and oyster dealers in New York often own plantings in Virginia and Maryland waters, as well as their own. The oyster-beds of

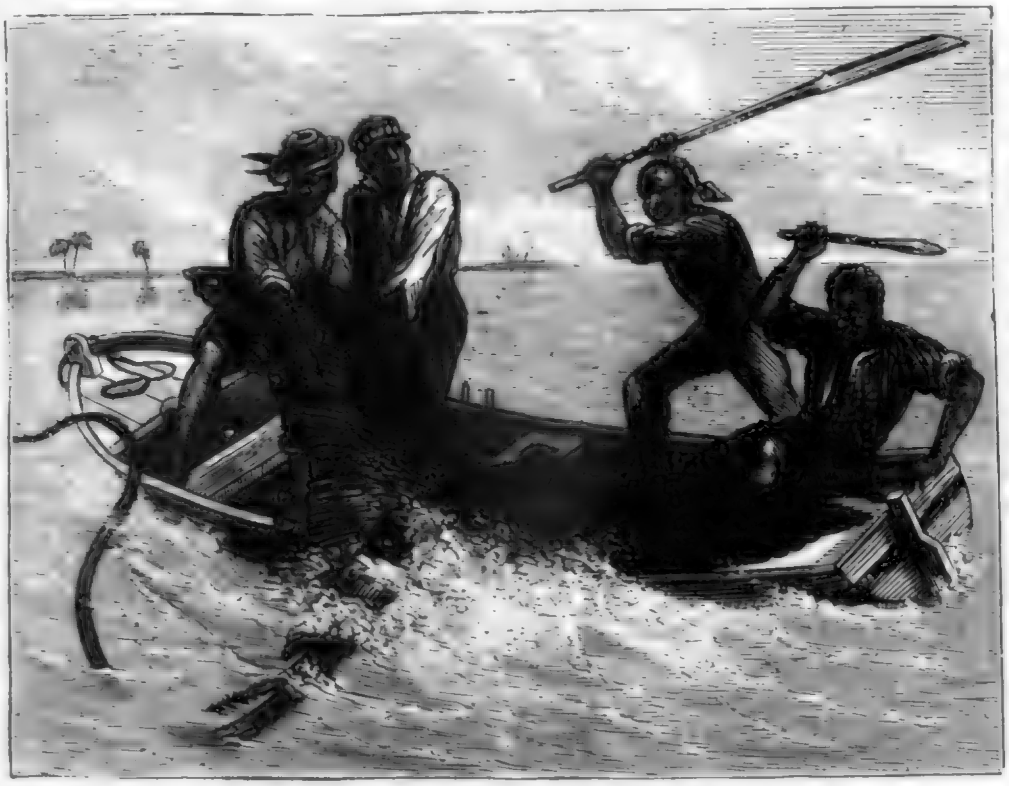


DRAWING THE SEINE ON THE SHORE OF LONG ISLAND.



ASHLEY RIVER—NEGRO FISHERMEN STARTING FOR LOBSTER AND PRAWN GROUNDS.

Delaware Bay belong entirely to Philadelphians, and furnish the chief supply to the City of Brotherly Love.



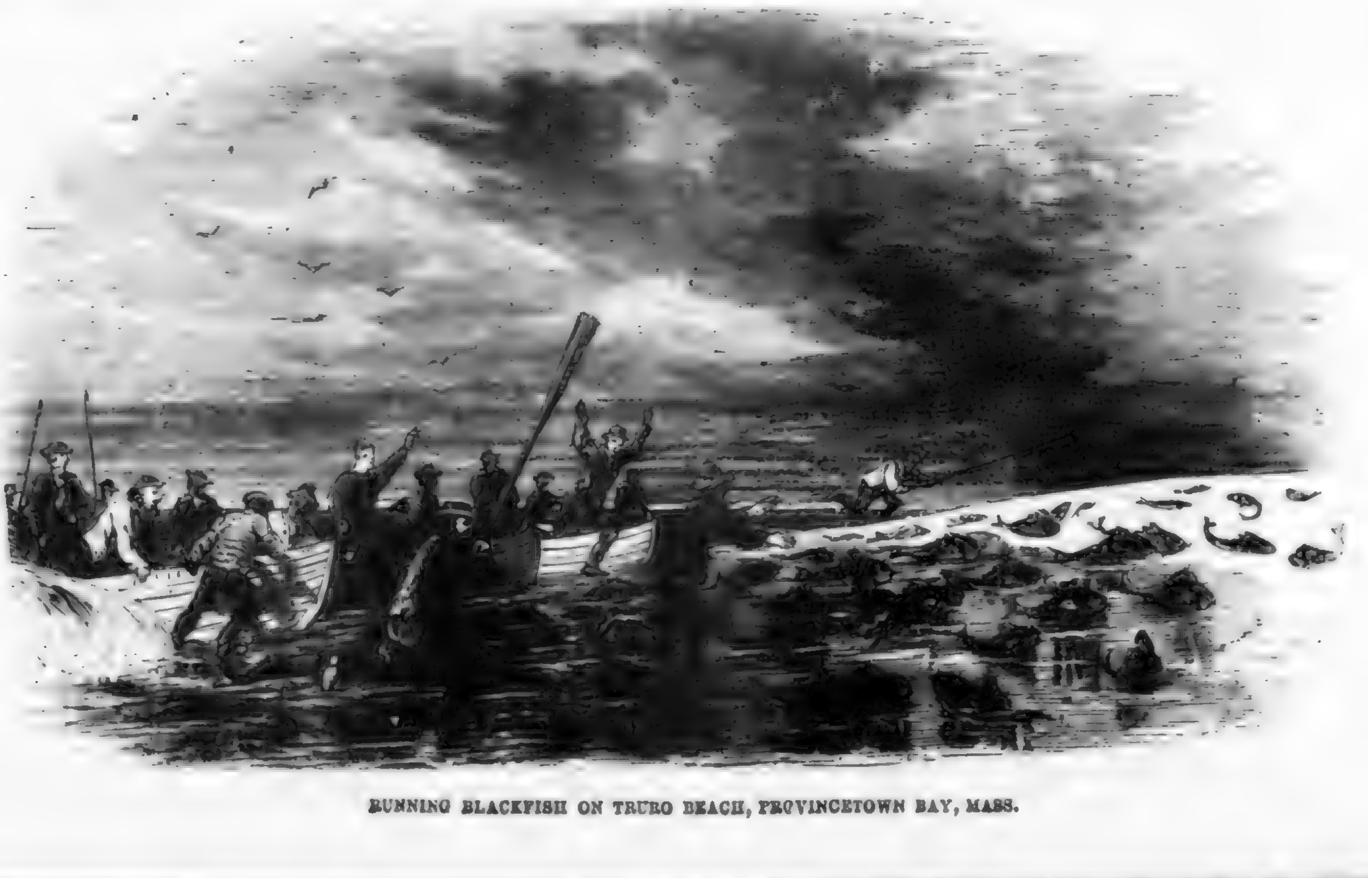
CAPTURE OF A SEA-MONSTER NEAR CHARLESTON.

For years the English oyster supply has been falling off, and a large export trade to that country, as well as to the Continent, had sprung up here in consequence. American oysters are much more highly esteemed on the Continent than in England. John Bull clings to his high-flavored idol still, with commendable devotion. On the Pacific Coast, and parts of the West Indies, oysters are common, but generally poor and thin. Thus, in San Francisco, the Bay is well supplied with natural beds, yet most of the oysters eaten there are brought from Santa Barbara and Acapulco, and even they are by no means of fine class. On the contrary, Eastern oysters transplanted there wax in size and lusciousness rapidly, but do not spawn, and the beds have to be constantly artificially renewed.

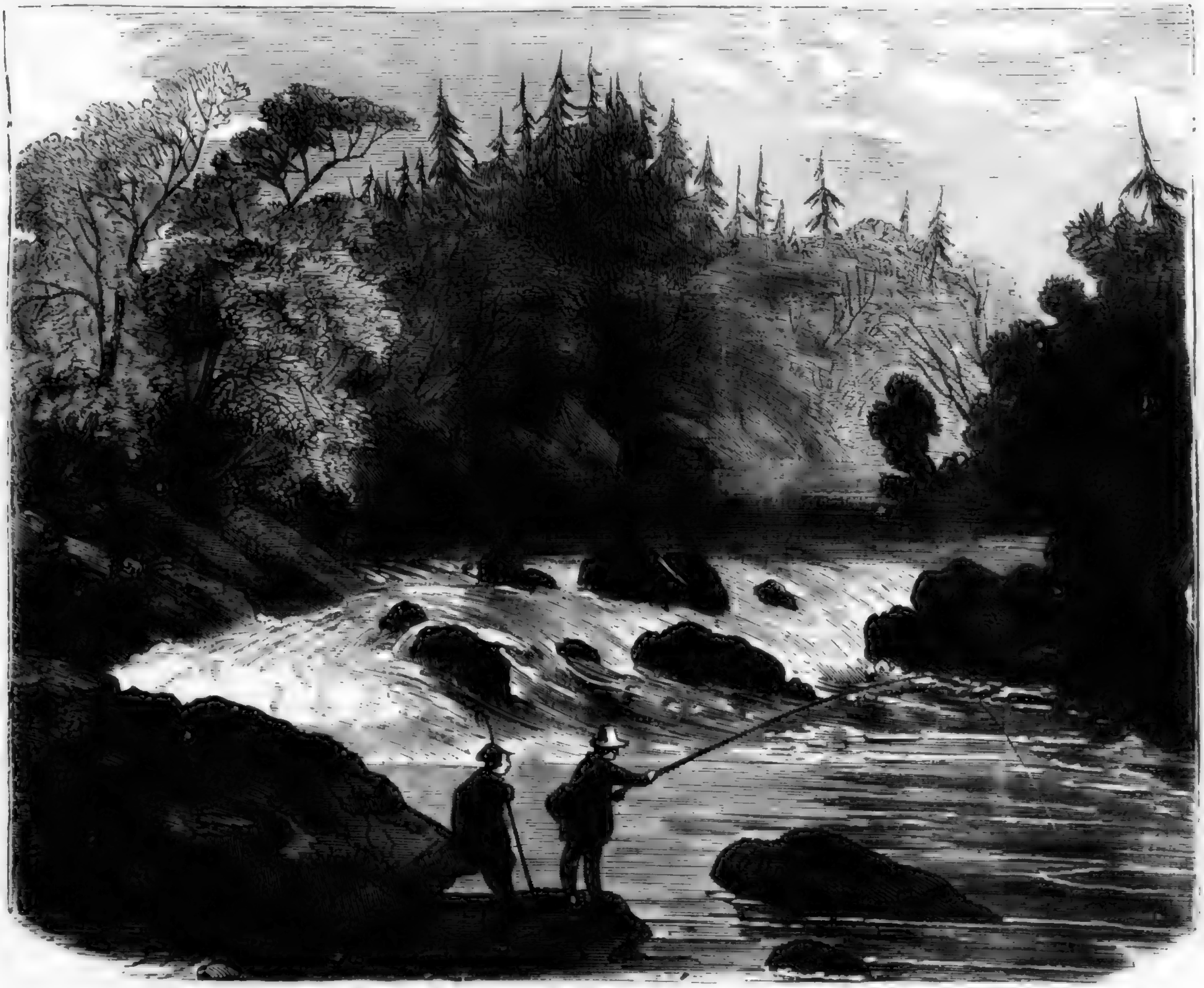
THE CLAM.

If the oyster has its song the clam has its carol of triumph. When stern and unthinking custom decrees to the former a season of inglorious rest, its little rival fares merrily down many throats, and is the honored centre of chowder parties and clambakes where fat men, and, eke, thin ones, and women, too, demonstrate to admiring eyes the wonderful and elastic capacity of the stomach. The relative qualities of oyster and clam were admirably expressed by a local *littérateur* who wrote, "There is a subdued poetic feeling about the oyster, whereas the clam is at bottom positive, assertive, and aggressive. There are distinct choices among them, but in all there is, as we have said, the same aggressive and inartistic flavor."

Writing of his American travels, in 1748, Professor Kalm says: "There is a shellfish which, by the English here, is called clam, and which bears some resemblance to the human ear. They are met with in vast numbers on the seashore of New York, Long Island and other places. The shell contains a large animal which is eaten by both the Indians and Europeans settled here. As soon as the shells are caught, the fish is taken out of them, drawn upon a wire and hung up in the open air, in order to dry by the heat of the sun."



RUNNING BLACKFISH ON TRURO BEACH, PROVINCETOWN BAY, MASS.



SALMON-FISHING IN CANADA.

Think of this, ye gourmands of the clam-bake, and speak of the "good old times" if you dare.

The yearly fish sales of New York alone are estimated at $2,000,000, this being, of course, the wholesale sum. Twenty million pounds of fish are sold in New York annually, and all fish, from the salmon and Spanish mackerel to the lowly herring, are procurable. Of the export trade of the city, it would be impossible to give even an approximate idea. Bluefish, sheepshead, striped and black bass, eels and all the other denizens of our Northern waters, are familiar to every one.

A characteristic industry of our Northern coasts is sword-fishing, which is carried on out of Boston to a considerable extent. It is only rarely, however, that a specimen of that military denizen of the deep finds its way to this city. The Bostonians monopolize him for themselves.

During the last score of years the Florida and Gulf fisheries have assumed vast importance among our coast fisheries, and our Winter supply of food fishes is, to a great extent, drawn from them. There is the pompano, light, handsomely shaped, with its blue-fibred flesh and rich, oily flavor. There are lumbering turtles, as toothsome as they are ugly; gigantic sheepshead, shipped by the thousands; and snapper or mullets, a sort of black bass with red scales. The jew-fish disputes with the red snapper for the palm of popularity, and the great channel bass, with its huge, flat disks of scales, on which ingenious ladies paint landscapes and flowers, kings it over all right royally.

The mullet swims in immense shoals, and is caught in cast-nets, thrown as the Mexicans throw a lasso. In organized hunts, however, the great shoals are run into shallow water, where, prevented from escaping by the long seine, they are driven ashore. Incredible numbers are caught by these drives. The fish are worth eight dollars a barrel on the beaches, so some idea of the lucrative nature of the fishery may be had. Frequently a thousand dollars' worth repays a single cast of the seine.

In Florida the mullets are salted down like mackerel, and are a dish never absent from Summer or Winter tables, as long as the supply endures.

But my article, like the subject of which I treat, has seasonable limits. As I write these last lines, a living panorama of my subject passes before me. I hear the morning song of fishermen ringing along our whole line of coast, and see the sails of our fishing craft whitening every league of soundings from the iron-bound coast where the wild wind warps the stunted pines and blows the surge to fierce foam, through the spice-haunted tropics to the bleak region of ice and snow, where the latest additions to our people hunt the fur seal and the walrus in bleak sub-arctic seas. Our whalers lie, black and ugly, defiling the Summer wave with their sluggish oily sweat, among the fair islets of the Bahamas, with the rank smoke of their furnaces darkening the sky. In the legendary Caribbean, shark-hunters pursue their grisly prey, for whom, in the oil of their livers, modern science has found a use. Our sealers populate lonely reefs

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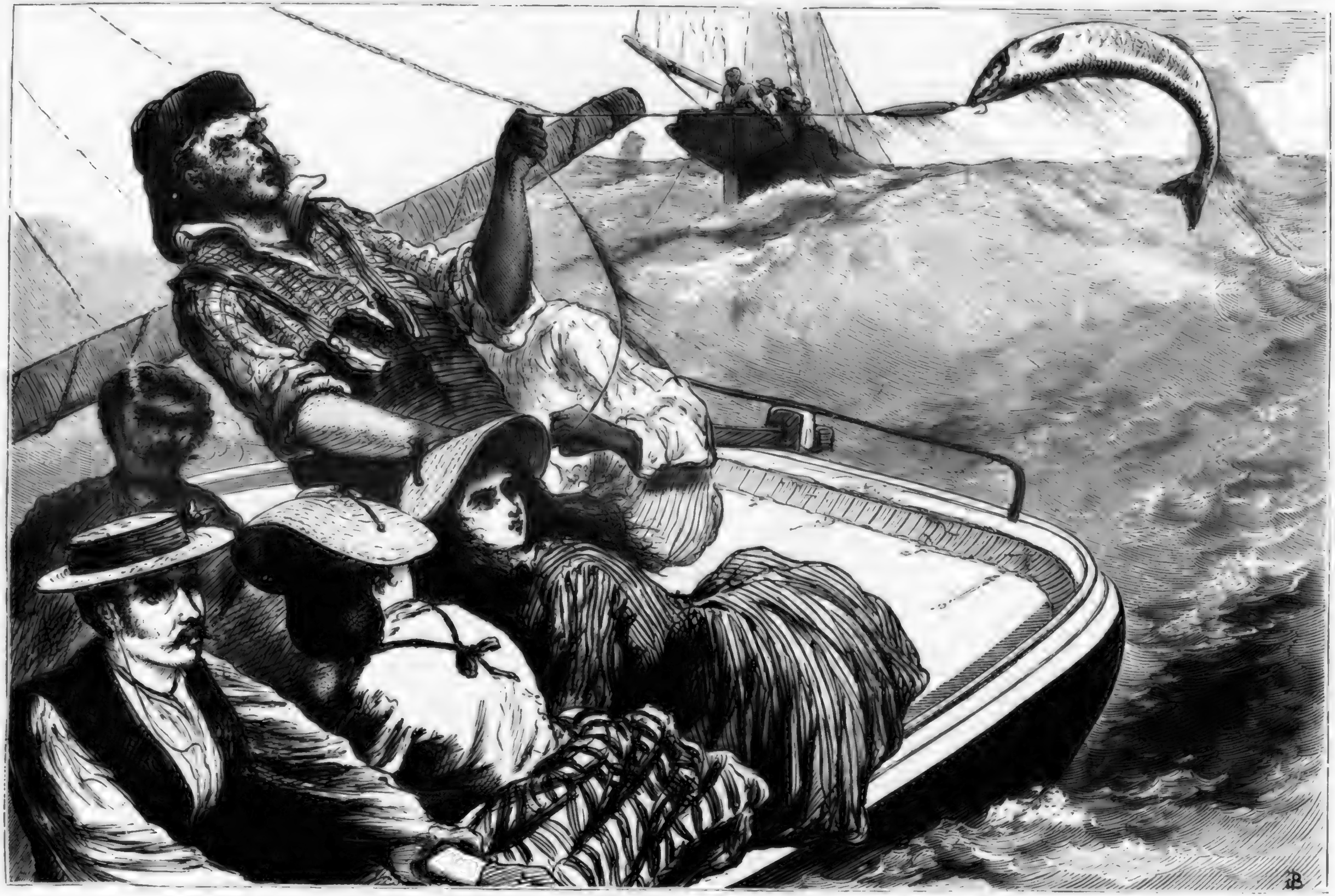
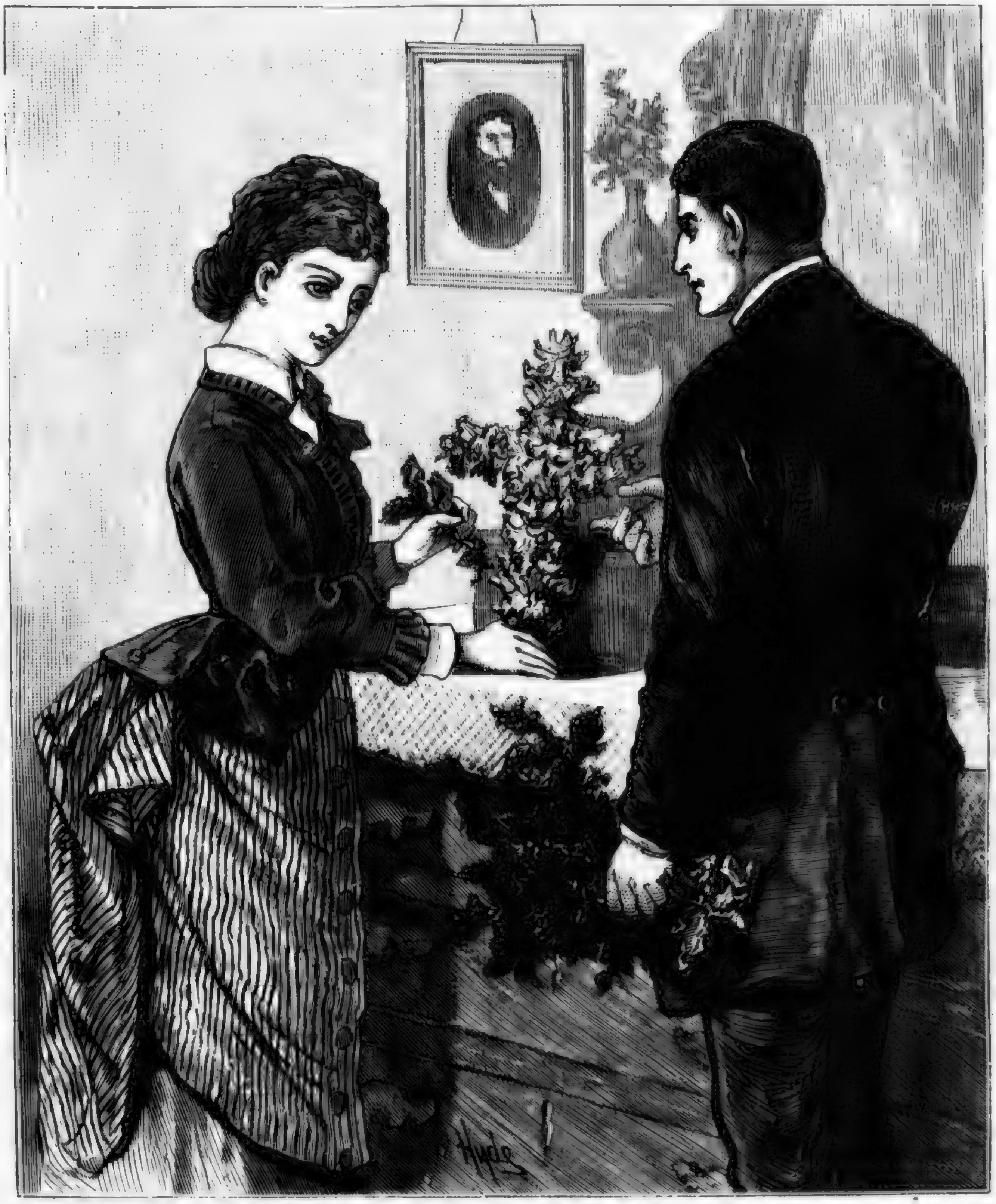


BLUE-FISHING—TROLLING.



A FIRST IMPRESSION.—"'I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOME FINER HOLLY THAN THAT YOU HAVE,' SAID A FAMILIAR VOICE AT HER ELBOW, 'THOUGH I WISH FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART YOU WOULD NOT USE IT IN DRESSING UP SUCH A HORRID THING AS THAT.'"

and our salmon fisheries wake the echoes of the great Pacific rivers to life. Truly we leave no opportunity neglected. Whether we troll for bluefish for sport, or drive them for profit, we do it equally with heart and soul, and honor the gift of our great waters as we should. The fruits of the American fisheries minister to the appetites of the world, and the profits form no inconsiderable part of the nation's income.

A FIRST IMPRESSION.

By Mrs. Nellie Ames.

"Marry well," said Deacon Middleton to his daughter, "or don't marry at all. I've no objection to supporting ye as long as ye need it; but I don't take any stock in shiftless men. That young Dutcher boy h'ain't got no kind of push to him. He's bound to be a hanger-on all the days of his life. Mark my words now."

This was touching a tender chord in Bessie Middleton's heart. Only the evening previous Harry Dutcher had told her the story she had known for some time, and asked her to be his wife when he should have earned money enough to commence life respectably. This was to be kept secret for a while, each of the lovers having a well-defined reason for so doing—Bessie feeling her father's distrust of the young man, and Harry realizing his inability to compete with other suitors for Bessie's hand.

In some strange way Deacon Middleton had blundered on to the truth, not from having really seen anything to arouse his suspicions in this direction, but possessed of the very natural desire that his daughter, in choosing her companion

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for life, should secure the one most likely to take the best care of her.

After a moment's pause, which Bessie made no attempt to break, the deacon continued:

"William seems to have the right sort of stuff in him. He is prudent and industrious, and will get a living where another man will starve."

William Dutcher was Harry's cousin, a man Bessie was only slightly acquainted with, and for whom she entertained a deep-seated aversion—an aversion she could neither explain nor understand. She had always forced herself to treat him politely whenever she met him in society, and more than once had taken herself to task for the dislike she could not overcome.

The deacon went on, relentlessly:

"I've noticed that the girls don't seem to think much of William, some way, but I suppose that's on account of his not being handsome as some; but I was looking at him yesterday as he sat in church, and I thought he looked about as well as the rest of 'em. His hair don't fly around his head like young Dutcher's, to be sure, and perhaps he don't spend so much time at the tailor's as t'other one; but I'll bet a cooky he pays his tailor when his clothes are done."

"Don't Harry Dutcher pay his tailor, father?" burst from Bessie's lips before she knew the words were out.

"If he don't, he knows his father will," was the unsatisfactory answer.

"But did you ever hear that Harry was careless about his bills?" said Bessie, determined, now that she had begun, to ascertain if her father had any well-grounded reason for his singular and, to Bessie, extremely disagreeable innuendo.

"I've heard him called mighty extravagant, and all that; and, one thing is certain, a man who won't learn a trade, and goes poking about, making pictures, squinting at cows and clouds and pretty faces, won't amount to much in the long run. William is master of his trade, and has got something put by for a rainy day a'ready; but, law! there ain't none of 'em anything to us as I knows on; so what's the use talking about 'em? But, as I said when I begun, I'd a good deal rather you'd never marry than take up with a man who can't support ye."

Bessie stood at the window, looked out on to her father's broad acres, and wondered what earthly use all his money was to him or anybody else? Everything was dark, silent and cold. She had but one wish, and that one to help her lover in his artistic career, and this she was as unable to do as if she had been a pauper, instead of the rich man's daughter she was.

Harry's father, opposed to his son's "shiftlessness," had utterly refused to have anything to do with the development of his talent; and whatever progress he had made in this direction had been alone and unaided.

"It's all a mess," said Bessie, softly, to herself, as her father turned away. "Harry can have everything everybody else thinks is best for him; but what he himself wants most is denied him; and it's just so with me. William Dutcher! I wonder why folks are for ever holding that man up to me? That would be reason enough for detesting him, if I had no other."

A short time after this Harry left his home. Squire Dutcher, disappointed in all his pet schemes for his son, who refused—obstinately, the squire believed—to be either farmer, merchant, mechanic or lawyer, at last grew tired of compromises, and informed poor Harry that there was no longer room in his house for either him or his daubs. The mortified and miserable young man hastened to bid the woman he loved good-by, and to get out of the village with all possible speed.

"If I can ever earn money enough, Bessie," were his last words at parting, "I shall send for you to come to me. You will understand it, and I don't care what anybody else thinks. Once away from this place, and I will never step foot in it again as long as I live."

Bessie cheered the sentiment, and cried till her lover was fain to come back again and repeat, for the hundredth time, his assurances of never-dying affection.

"I have been compelled to make a confidant of Will," he furthermore told her. "But for him I should not have had the means to get anywhere. He has loaned me a hundred dollars."

"How dreadful to be under obligations to him!"

"Will's a good fellow," responded Harry. "He has always been a good friend to me. I shall send my letters to you under cover of his, and in this way the gossips of the neighborhood will be kept in ignorance of one very interesting item."

And so the lovers parted.

Letters came frequently from the absent one, and nothing could be kinder or more delicate than the behavior of the gentleman entrusted with the lovers' secret.

Six months passed, a year, a year and a half, and Harry had not gained a footing in his profession, to say nothing of having achieved independence. Letters came regularly, however, and were always cheery and hopeful. At last word arrived that the ambitious and determined artist had received an invitation to visit Rome with a connoisseur in art, a gentleman with whom he had only recently become acquainted.

"Two years more, Bess," he wrote; "but I do not dare decline the invitation, for it will do more for our future than anything else in the world could. If I can do what my friend desires, and he is positive that I can, I shall have money enough to commence our Paradise."

And then followed sheet after sheet of ardent protestation.

This was a hard blow, but Bessie rallied from it wonderfully; and when Will Dutcher called to inquire the news of his cousin, she was enabled to tell him he had started for Rome without a single telltale tear.

"Too bad!" said he, sympathetically; "but who can blame him for following what he believes to be his life-work?"

"I do not," answered Bessie, turning her head away.

"I am glad you are sensible enough to take a right view of the case," he continued, soothingly; "so many would be annoyed and impatient with him; but I have always found that artists are a peculiar people. Ah! it was so foolish of his father to thwart him! I told the old gentleman so, but all the effect it had was to make him angry."

"Rome's a horrid place!" suggested Bess. "Unhealthy, I mean."

"Yes, at certain periods of the year; but you need have no fears for Harry on the score of health, for I don't believe he was ever sick a day in his life."

"How I have disliked this man!" said Bess to herself, after her visitor had gone; "and how I shrink from him now when I stop to think; and yet how kind he is, and what inestimable service he has rendered me in poor Harry's absence!"

This was all true. William Dutcher had played his cards well. His plans for the future were all laid. He would undermine his cousin if that were possible; if not, he would by some miserable falsehood make lasting trouble for him. He knew that Harry would never return to the home of his boyhood. The insult and unkindness he had received there was an effectual barrier.

Squire Dutcher had shown no sign of relenting, and only laughed when his son's artistic success was hinted at. In many important respects the field was just as clear as if Harry Dutcher had never been born.

William had control of the whole correspondence, and his attentions to the deacon's daughter had come to be so marked that many of Bessie's friends wondered when the wedding was to take place.

Six months, and no letter. A year, and no letter. What could it mean? With a heart heavy and sore with hope deferred, Bessie constantly consulted her friend. No brother could be more sympathetically attentive. He cheered and encouraged her; spoke hopefully and affectionately of the absent one at all times. He sent her books and flowers, and strove by the most delicate means to win the woman from her sorrow.

It seemed a hopeless case, but he never once became discouraged.

Days lapsed into years, until three times three hundred and sixty-five were counted. Then William Dutcher confided to Bessie that from the first he had understood Harry's silence. The faithful woman sat at Christmas time with her lap full of holly and ivy, dressing a cross which ever since her lover's silence she had annually wreathed and hung in her room.

"I have brought you some finer holly than that you have," said a familiar voice at her elbow; "though I wish from the bottom of my heart you would not use it in dressing up such a horrid thing as that"—pointing to the cross. "I have heard, Bessie, of nursing anger to keep it warm, but I never saw any one so intent upon nursing misery and lovesickness as you!"

"Lovesickness!" said Bessie, with a little start. "I am sorry if my behavior can be so construed."

"Do not be angry, Bessie," he went on. "Go on with your cross. I have a secret for you."

"A secret?" she whispered, stopping her work.

"Yes, Bessie, a secret. You have at last forced it out of me. You must have noticed that for a long time I have been unable to speak of Harry."

"Harry!" she gasped, growing deathly pale.

"Yes, Harry; but how can you expect me to longer consider your feelings when I see you constantly making yourself ill and unhappy, and, more than that, a laughing-stock for those of your acquaintances who have all along imagined there was some bond existing between you and my miserable cousin?"

"Your miserable cousin?" repeated Bessie, like one in a dream.

"My miserable, unfaithful, contemptible cousin, Harry Dutcher. He was married more than a year ago in Paris, and has lived in that place ever since. This is my secret, Bessie Middleton—one which, for the sake of a woman dearer to me than life itself, I have carefully guarded."

Not a word escaped poor Bessie. After a while she rallied and said:

"I believed him *dead*. Surely this is better than that. Let us never speak of him again."

Christmas dawned clear and sunshiny. Will Dutcher had made the most of his opportunity, but this most was extremely unsatisfactory.

Bessie bade him be still. She had loved once, and that once was forever. This, however, did not discourage the young man. Her father was on his side, and everybody believed him engaged; she would be compelled at last to bow gracefully to circumstances.

Christmas dinner at the spacious farmhouse of the Middletons was an affair worth remembering, and to this Will Dutcher was invited. They were all seated cozily at the table, Bessie doing her best to be cheerful, when an unexpected and unbidden guest made his appearance. Harry Dutcher marched on to the scene of action, cool, dignified, handsome.

"Harry!" screamed Bessie, going toward him forgetful of the past.

"And who am I addressing?" the new-comer inquired, taking the little, trembling hands in his own. "Bessie Middleton or Bessie Dutcher?"

"Why, Bessie Middleton, of course," she answered, the light beginning to dawn. "And you?" she continued.

"Have come to claim you. That man"—pointing to Will, who had risen from the table—"wrote me that you were his wife. I believed it for a time, but finally concluded to satisfy myself with a visit. I heard he had lied to me before I reached the house. Deacon Middleton, can I have Bessie? I have earned her, I think, by earning independence. I am perfectly able to care for her as she has always been cared for."

Will Dutcher never heard the Deacon's answer. He sneaked out of the house and out of the town, and took up his abode in a distant city.

One week after Bessie Middleton was Mrs. Harry Dutcher, and the sun never shone upon a happier woman.

A ZULU WAR-DANCE.

In all that world-wide empire which the spirit of English colonization has conquered from out of the realms of the distant and unknown, and added year by year to the English dominions, it is doubtful whether there be any one spot of corresponding area, presenting so many large questions—social and political—as the colony of Natal. Wrested some thirty years ago from the patriarchal Boers, and peopled by a few scattered scores of adventurous emigrants, Natal has, with hard toil, gained for itself a precarious foothold scarcely yet to be called an existence. Known chiefly to the outside world as the sudden birthplace of those tremendous polemical missiles which battered so fiercely, some few years ago, against the walls of the English Church, it is now attracting attention to the shape and proportion of that unsolved riddle of the future, the Native question.

In those former days of rude and hand-to-mouth legislation, when the certain evil of the day had to be met and dealt with before the possible evil of the morrow, the seeds of great political trouble were planted in the young colony, seeds whose fruit is fast ripening before our eyes.

When the strong, aggressive hand of England has grasped some fresh portion of the earth's surface, there is yet a spirit of justice in her heart and head which prompts the question, among the first of such demands, as to how best and most fairly to deal by the natives of the newly acquired land. In earlier times, when steam was not, and telegraphs and special correspondents were equally unknown agencies for getting at the truth of things, this question was more easily answered across a width of dividing ocean or continent. Then distant action might be prompt and sharp on emergency, and no one would be the wiser. But of late years, owing to these results of civilization, harsh measures have, by the mere pressure of public opinion, and without consideration of their necessity in the eyes of the colonists, been set aside as impracticable and inhuman.

In the case of Natal, most of the early questions of possession and right were settled, sword in hand, by the pioneer Dutch, who, after a space of terrible warfare, drove back the Zulus over the Tugela, and finally took possession of the land. But they did not hold it long. The same hateful, invading Englishman, with his new ideas and his higher forms of civilization, who had caused them to quit the "Old Colony," the land of their birth, came and drove them, *vi et*

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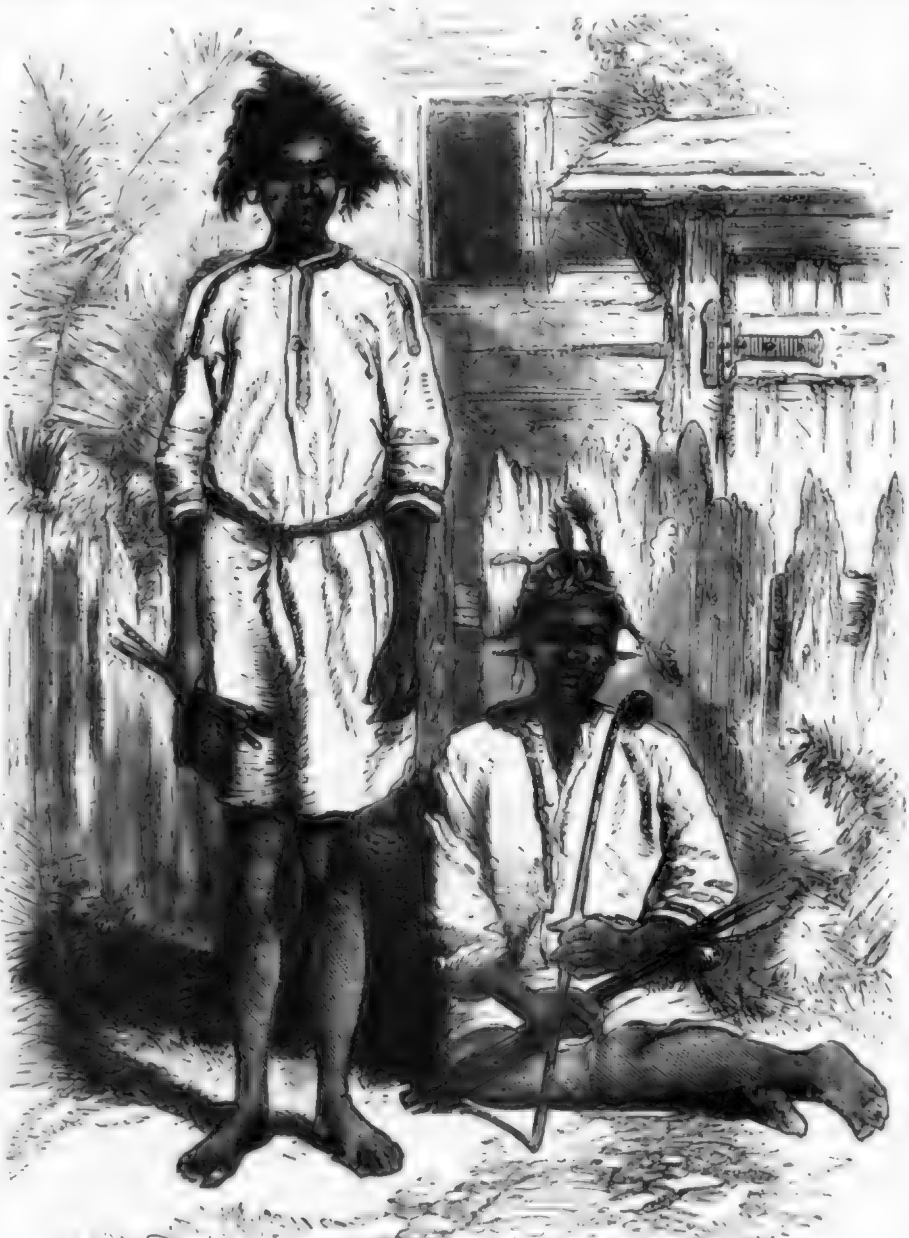
armis, from the land of their adoption. And it was not long before these same English became lords of this red African soil, from the coast up to the Drakensberg. Still there were difficulties; for, although the new-comers might be lords of the soil, there remained yet a remnant, and a very troublesome remnant, of its original and natural masters: shattered fragments of the Zulu power in Natal, men who had once swept over the country in the army of Chaka the Terrible, Chaka of the Short Spear, but who had remained behind in the fair, new land, when Chaka's raids had been checked by the white man and his deadly weapons. Remnants, too, of conquered aboriginal tribes, who had found even Chaka's rule easier than that of their own chieftains, swelled the amount to a total of some 100,000 souls.



ZULU MESSENGERS.

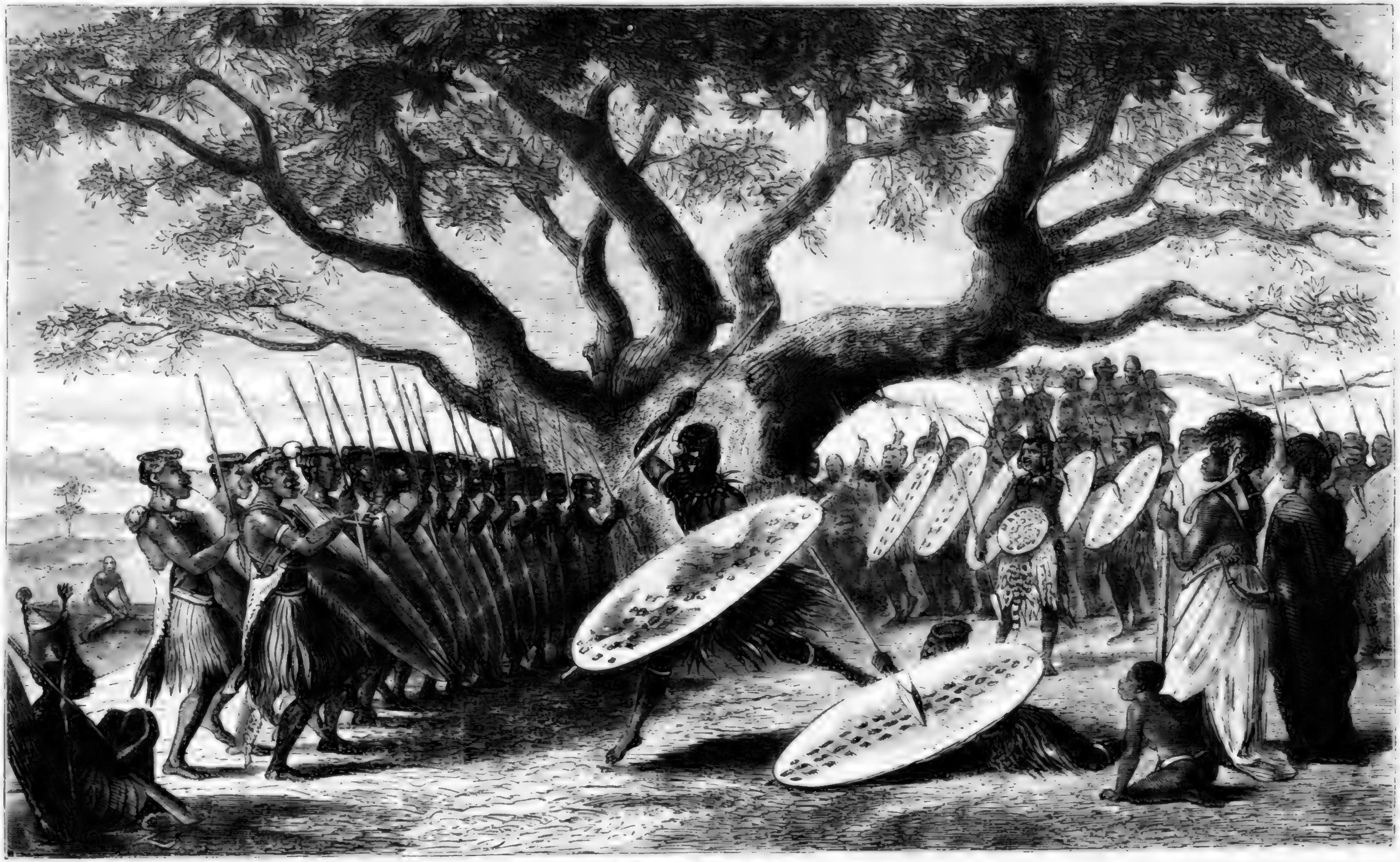
One of the first acts of the English Government when it took up the reins was to allot to each of these constituent fragments a large portion of land. This might, perhaps, have been short-sighted legislation, but it arose from the necessity of the moment. According to even the then received ideas of colonization and its duties, it was scarcely possible —danger apart— to drive all the natives over the frontier, so they were allowed to stay and share the rights and privileges of British subjects. But the evil did not stop there. Ere long some political refugees, defeated in battle, fled before the avenging hand of the conqueror, and craved place and protection from the Government of Natal. It was granted; and the principle once established, body after body of men poured in; for, in stepping over the boundary line, they left the regions of ruin and terrible death, and entered those of peace, security and plenty.

Thus it is that the native population of Natal, fed from within and without, has in thirty years more than quadrupled its numbers. Secluded from the outside world in his location, the native has lived in peace, and watched his cattle grow upon a thousand hills. His wealth has become great and his wives many. He no longer dreads swift "death by order of the king," or by word of the witch-doctor. No "impi," or native regiment, can now sweep down on him and "eat him up"—that is, carry off his cattle, put his kraal to the flames, and himself, his people, his wives and children to the assegai. For the first time in the story of the great Kafir race, he can, when he rises in the morning, be sure that he will not sleep that night stiff in a bloody grave. He has tasted the blessings of peace and security, and what is the consequence? He has increased and multiplied until his numbers are as grains of sand on the sea-shore.

Overlapping the borders of his location, he squats on private lands, he advances like a great tidal wave, he cries aloud for room, more room. This is the trouble which stares us in the face, looming larger and more distinct year by year; the great, ever-growing problem which thoughtful men fear must one day find a sudden and violent solution.

Thus it comes to pass that there hangs low on the horizon of South Africa the dark cloud of the Native question. How and when it will burst, no man can pretend to say; but some time, and in some way, burst it must, unless means of dispersing it can be found.

There is now at work among the Kafir population the same motive power which has raised, in turn, all white nations, and, having built them up to a certain height, has then set to work to sap them until they have fallen —the power of civilization. Hand in hand the missionary and the trader have penetrated the locations. The efforts of the teacher have met with but a partial success. "A Christian may be a good man in his way, but he is a Zulu spoiled," said Cetywayo, King of the Zulus, when arguing the question of Christianity with the Secretary for Native Affairs; and such is, not altogether wrongly, the general feeling of the natives. With the traders it has been different. Some have dealt honestly—and more, it is to be feared, dishonestly—not only with those with whom they have had dealings, but with their fellow-subjects and their government. It is these men chiefly who have, in defiance of the law, supplied the natives with those two great modern elements of danger and



A WAR DANCE OF ZULUS.

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destruction, the gin-bottle and the rifle. The first is as yet injurious only to the recipients, but it will surely react on those who have taught them its use. The danger of possessing the rifle may come home to us any day and at any moment.

Civilization, it would seem, when applied to black races, produces effects diametrically opposite to those we are accustomed to observe in white nations; it debases before it can elevate; and as regards the Kaffirs it is doubtful, and remains to be proved, whether it has much power to elevate them at all. Take the average Zulu warrior, and it will be found that, in his natural state, his vices are largely counterbalanced by his good qualities. In times of peace he is a simple, pastoral man, leading a good-humored, easy life with his wives and his cattle, perfectly indolent and perfectly happy. He is a kind husband and a kinder father, he never disowns his poor relations, his hospitality is extended alike to white and black, he is open in his dealings and faithful to his word, and his honesty is a proverb in the land.

True, if war breaks out and the thirst for slaughter comes upon him, he turns into a different man. When the fierce savage spirit is once aroused, blood alone will cool it. But even then he has virtues. If he is cruel, he is brave in the battle; if he is reckless of the lives of others he regards not his own; and when death comes, he meets it without fear, and goes to the spirits of his fathers boldly, as a warrior should.

And now reverse the picture and see him in the dawning light of that civilization which by intellect and by nature he is some five centuries behind. See him, ignoring its hidden virtues, eagerly seize and graft its most prominent vices on to his own besetting sins. Behold him by degrees adding cunning to his cruelty, avarice to his love of possession, replacing his bravery by coarse bombast and insolence, and his truth by lies. Behold him inflaming all his passions with the maddening drink of the white man, and then follow him through many degrees of degradation until he falls into crime and ends in a gaol.

Such are, in only too many instances, the consequences of this partial civilization; and they are not even counterbalanced, except in individual cases, by the attempt to learn the truths of a creed which he cannot, does not, pretend to understand. And if this be the result in the comparatively few individuals who have been brought under these influences, it may be fair to argue that it will differ only in degree, not in kind, when the same influences are brought to bear on the same material in corresponding proportions. Whatever may or may not be the effects of our partial civilization when imperfectly and spasmodically applied to the vast native population of South Africa, one thing must, in course of time, result from it. The old customs, the old forms, the old feelings, must each in turn die away. The outer expression of these will die first, and it will not be long before the very memory of them will fade out of the barbaric heart.

The rifle must replace, and, indeed, actually has replaced, the assegai and the shield, and portions of the cast-off uniforms of all the armies of Europe are to be seen where until lately the bronze-like form of the Kafir warrior went naked as on the day he was born. But so long as native customs and ceremonies still linger in some of the more distant locations, so long will they exercise a certain attraction for dwellers amid tamer scenes. It is therefore from a belief in the magnetism of contrast that the highly civilized reader is invited to come to where he can still meet the barbarian face to face and witness that wild ceremony, half jest, half grim earnest—a Zulu war-dance.

It was the good fortune of the writer of this paper to find himself, early in the past year, traveling through the up-country districts of Natal, in the company of certain high officials of the English Government.

The journey dragged slowly enough by wagon, and some monotonous weeks had passed before we pitched our camp, one drizzling, gusty night, on a high plateau surrounded by still loftier hills. A wild and dismal place it looked in the growing dusk of an Autumn evening, nor was it more suggestively cheerful when we rode away from it next morning in the sunshine, leaving the wagons to follow slowly. Our faces were set toward a great mountain, towering high above its fellows, called Pagadi's Kop—Pagadi being a powerful chief who had fled from the Zulus in the early days of the colony, and had ever since dwelt loyally and peacefully here in this wild place, beneath the protection of the Crown. Messengers had been duly sent to inform him that he was to receive the honor of a visit, for your true savage never likes to be taken by surprise. Other swift-footed runners had come back with the present of a goat, and the respectful answer, so oriental in its phraseology, that "Pagadi was old; he was infirm; yet would arise and come to greet his lords."

Every mile or so of our slow progress a fresh messenger would spring up before us suddenly, as though he had started out of the earth at our feet, and prefixing his greeting with the royal salute, given with upraised right arm, "Bayette, Bayette!"—a salutation only accorded to Zulu royalty, to the governors of the different provinces, and to Sir T. Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs—he would deliver his message or his news and fall into the rear. Presently came one, saying, "Pagadi is very old and weak; Pagadi is weary; let his lords forgive him if he meet them not this day. To-morrow, when the sun is high, he will come to their place of encampment and greet his lords and hold festival before them. But let his lords, the white lords of all the land from the Great Mountains to the Black Water, go on up to his kraal, and let them take the biggest hut and drink of the strongest beer. There his son, the chief that is to be, and all his wives, shall greet them; let his lords be honored by Pagadi, through them."

An acknowledgment was sent, and we still rode on, beginning the ascent of the formidable stronghold, on the top of which was placed the chief's kraal. A hard and stiff climb it was, up a bridle path with far more resemblance to a staircase than a road. But if the road was bad, the scenery and the vegetation were wild and beautiful in the extreme. Now we came to a deep "kloof" or cleft in the steep mountain side, at the bottom of which, half-hidden by the masses of ferns and rich, rank greenery, trickled a little stream; now to an open space of rough ground, covered only with huge, weather-washed boulders. A little further on lay a Kafir mealie-garden, where the tall green stalks were fairly bent to the ground by the weight of the corn-laden heads, and beyond that, again, a park-like slope of grassy veldt. And ever, when we looked behind us, the vast, undulating plain over which we had come, stretched away in its mysterious sunlit silence, till it blended at length with the soft blue horizon.

At last, after much hard and steady climbing, we reached the top and stood upon a perfectly level space ten or twelve acres in extent, exactly in the centre of which was placed the chief's kraal. Before we dismounted we rode to the extreme western edge of the plateau, to look at one of the most perfectly lovely views it is possible to imagine. It was like coming face to face with great primeval Nature, not Nature as we civilized people know her, smiling in cornfields, waving in well-ordered woods, but Nature as she was on the morrow of the Creation.

There, to our left, cold and gray and grand, rose the great peak, flinging its dark shadow far beyond its base.

Two thousand feet and more beneath us lay the valley of the Mooi River, with the broad, tranquil stream flashing silver through its midst. Over against us rose another range of towering hills, with sudden openings in their blue depths through which could be seen the splendid distances of a champaign country. Immediately at our feet, and seeming to girdle the great gaunt peak, lay a deep valley, through which the Little Bushman's River forced its shining way. All around rose the great bush-clad hills, so green, so bright in the glorious streaming sunlight, and yet so awfully devoid of life, so solemnly silent. It was indeed a sight never to be forgotten, this wide panoramic outlook, with its towering hills, its smiling valleys, its flashing streams, its all-pervading sunlight, and its deep, sad silence. But it was not always so lifeless and so still.

Some few years ago those hills, those plains, those rivers were teeming each with their various creatures. But a short time since, and standing here at eventide, the traveler could have seen herds of elephants cooling themselves yonder after their day's travel, whilst the black-headed, white-tusked sea-cow rose and plunged in the pool below. That bush-clad hill was the favorite haunt of droves of buffaloes and elands, and on that plain swarmed thousands upon thousands of springbok and of quagga, of hartebeest and of oribid. All alien life must cease before the white man, and so these wild denizens of forest, stream and plain have passed away never to return.

Turning at length from the contemplation of a scene so new and so surprising, we entered the stockade of the kraal. These kraals consist of a stout outer palisade, and then, at some distance from the first, a second inclosure, between which the cattle are driven at night, or in case of danger. At the outer entrance we were met by the chief's eldest son, a finely-built man, who greeted us with much respect, and conducted us through rows of huts to the dwelling-places of the chief's family, fenced off from the rest by a hedge of Tambouki grass. In the centre of these stood Pagadi's hut, which was larger and more finely woven and thatched than the rest.

It is impossible to describe these huts better than by saying that they resemble enormous straw beehives of the old-fashioned pattern. In front of the hut were grouped a dozen or so of women, clad in that airiest of costumes, a string of beads. They were Pagadi's wives, and ranged from the first shriveled-up wife of his youth to the plump young damsel bought last month. The spokeswoman of the party, however, was not one of the wives, but a daughter of Pagadi's, a handsome girl, tall, and splendidly formed, with a finely-cut face. This prepossessing young lady entreated her lords to enter, which they did, in a very unlordly way, on their hands and knees.

So soon as the eye became accustomed to the cool darkness of the hut, it was sufficiently interesting to notice the rude attempts at comfort with which it was set forth. The flooring, of a mixture of clay and cow-dung, looked exactly like black marble, so smooth and polished had it been made, and on its shining, level surface couches of buckskin and gay blankets were spread in an orderly fashion. Some little three-legged wooden sleeping-pillows and a few cooking-pots made up its sole furniture besides. In one corner rested a bundle of assegais and war-shields, and opposite the door were ranged several large calabashes full of "twal," or native beer.

The chief's son and all the women followed us into the hut. The ladies sat themselves down demurely in a double row opposite to us, but the young chieftain crouched in a distant corner apart and played with his assegais. We partook of the beer and exchanged compliments, almost oriental in their dignified courtesy, in the soft and liquid Zulu language, but not for long, for we had still far to ride. The stars were shining in southern glory before we reached the place of our night's encampment, and supper and bed were even more than usually welcome. There is a pleasure in the canvas-sheltered meal, in the after-pipe and evening talk of the things of the day that has been and those of the day to come, here, amid these wild surroundings, which is unfelt and unknown in scenes of greater comfort and higher civilization. There is a scene of freshness and freedom in the wind-swept wagon-bed that is not to be exchanged for the softest couch in the most luxurious chamber. And when at length the morning comes, sweet in the scent of flowers, and glad in the voice of birds, it finds us ready to greet it, not hiding it from us with canopy and blind, as is the way of cities.

The scene of the coming spectacle of this bright new day lies spread before us, and certainly no spot could have been better chosen for dramatic effect. In front of the wagons is a large, flat, open space, backed by bold, rising ground with jutting crags and dotted clumps of luxuriant vegetation. All around spreads the dense thorn-bush, allowing but of one way of approach, from the left. During the morning we could hear snatches of distant chants growing louder and louder as time wore on, and could catch glimpses of wild figures threading the thorns, warriors hastening to the meeting-place.

All through the past night the farmers for miles around had been aroused by the loud, insistent cries of the chief's messengers as they flitted far and wide, stopping but a moment wherever one of their tribe sojourned, and bidding him come and bring plume and shield, for Pagadi had need of him. This day, we may be sure, the herds are left untended, the mealie-heads ungathered, for the herdsmen and the reapers have come hither to answer to the summons of their chief. Little reck they whether it be for festival or war; he needs them and has called them, and that is enough. Higher and higher rose the fitful, distant chant, but no one could be seen. Suddenly there stood before us a creature, a woman, who, for the color of her skin, might have been the original of any one of Macbeth's "weird sisters." Little, withered, and bent nearly double by age, her activity was yet past comprehension. Clad in a strange jumble of snake-skins, feathers, furs and bones, a forked wand in her outstretched hand, she rushed to and fro before the little group of white men. Her eyes gleamed like those of a hawk through her matted hair, and the genuineness of her frantic excitement was evident by the quivering flesh and working face, and the wild, spasmodic words she spoke. The spirit at least of her rapid utterances may thus be rendered:

"Ou, ou, ou, ai, ai, ai. Oh, ye warriors that shall dance before the great ones of the earth, come! Oh, ye dyers of spears, ye plumed suckers of blood, come! I, the Isanusi, I, the witch-finder, I, the wise woman, I, the seer of strange sights, I, the reader of dark thoughts, call ye! Come, ye fierce ones; come, ye brave ones, come, and do honor to the white lords! Ah, I hear ye! Ah, I smell ye! Ah, I see ye; ye come, ye come!"

Scarcely had her invocation trailed off into the "Ou, ou, ou, ai, ai, ai," with which it had opened, when there rushed over the edge of the hill, hard by, another figure scarcely less wild, but not so repulsive in appearance. This last was a finely built warrior arrayed in the full panoply of savage war. With his right hand he grasped his spears, and on his left hung his large black ox-hide shield, lined on its inner side with spare assegais. From the "man's" ring round his head arose a single tall, gray plume, robbed from the Kafir crane. His broad shoulders were bare, and beneath the arm-pits was fastened a short garment of

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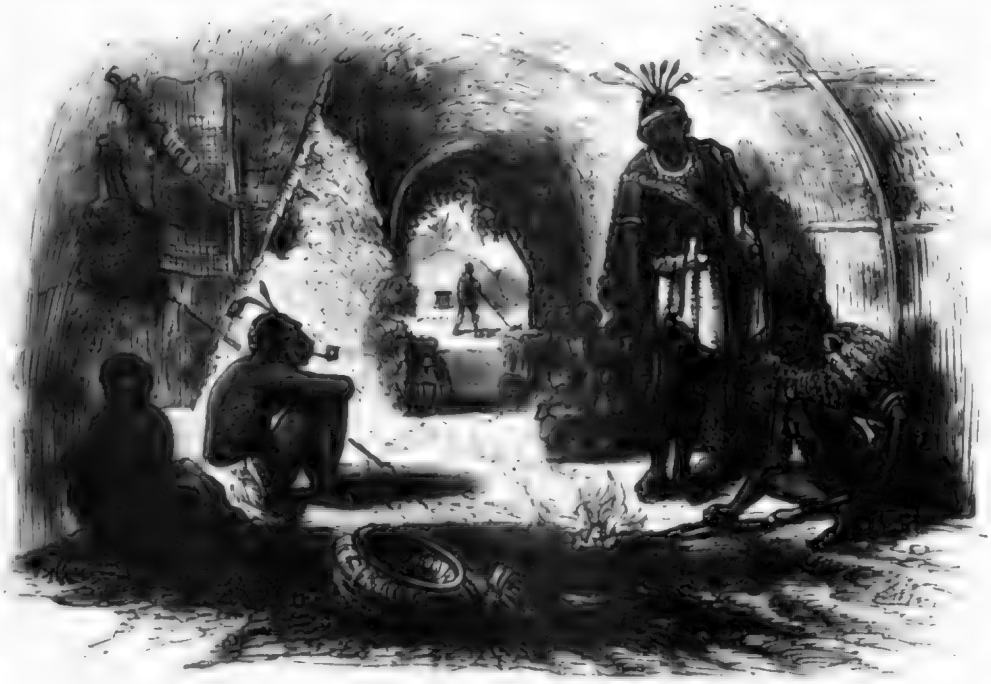


INTERIOR OF A ZULU HUT.

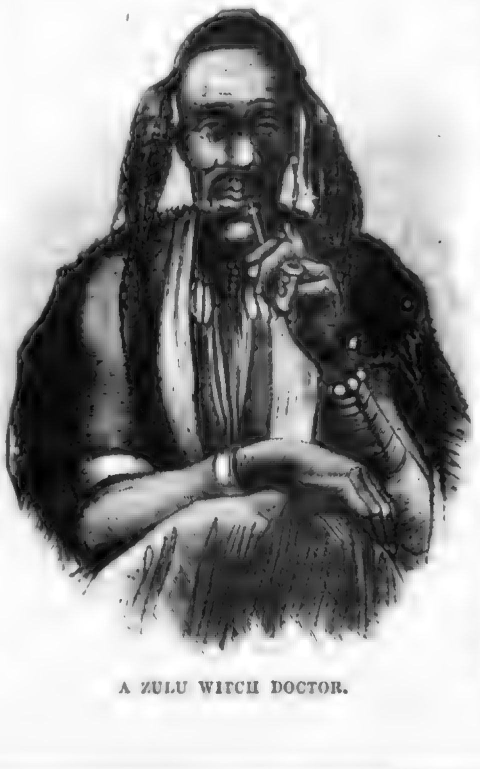
stripes of skin, intermixed with ox-tails of different colors. From his waist hung a rude kilt made chiefly of goat's hair, whilst round the calf of his right leg was fixed a short fringe of black ox-tails.

As he stood before us with lifted weapon and outstretched shield, his plume bending to the breeze, and his savage aspect made more savage still by the graceful, statuesque pose, the dilated eye and warlike mold of the set features—as he stood there, an emblem and a type of the times and things which are passing away, his feet resting on ground which he held on sufferance, and his hands grasping weapons impotent as a child's toy against those of the white man—he who was the rightful lord of all—what reflection did he not induce, what a moral did he not teach!

The warrior left us little time, however, for either reflections or deductions, for, striking his shield with his assegai, he rapidly poured forth his salutation:

"Bayete, Bayete, O chief from the olden times, O lord and chief of chiefs! Pagadi, the son of Masingorano, the great chief, the leader of brave ones, the son of Ulubako, greets you. Pagadi is humble before you; he comes with warrior and with shield, but he comes to lay them at your feet. O father of chiefs, son of the great Queen over the water, is it permitted that Pagadi approach you? Ou! I see it is, your face is pleasant; Bayete, Bayete!"

He ends, and, saluting again, springs forward, and, flying hither and thither, chants the praises of his chief. "Pagadi," he says, "Pagadi, chief and father of the Amocuna, is coming. Pagadi, the brave in battle, the wise in council, the slayer of warriors; Pagadi who slew the tiger in the night-time; Pagadi, the rich in cattle, the husband of many wives, the father of many children. Pagadi is coming, but not alone; he comes surrounded with his children, his warriors. He comes like a king at the head of his brave children. Pagadi's soldiers are coming; his soldiers, who know well how to fight; his soldiers and his captains, who make the hearts of brave men to sink down; his shakers of spears; his quaffers of blood. Pagadi and his soldiers are coming; tremble all ye, ou, ou, ou!"



A ZULU WITCH DOCTOR.

As the last words die on his lips the air is filled with a deep, murmuring sound like distant thunder; it swells and rolls, and finally passes away to give place to the sound of the rushing of many feet. Over the brow of the hill dashes a compact body of warriors running swiftly in lines of four with their captain at their head, all clad in the same wild garb as the herald. Each bears a snow-white shield carried on the slant, and above each warrior's head rises a gray heron's plume. These are the advance-guard, formed of the "grays," or veteran troops. As they come into full view the shields heave and fall, and then from every throat out bursts the war-song of the Zulus.

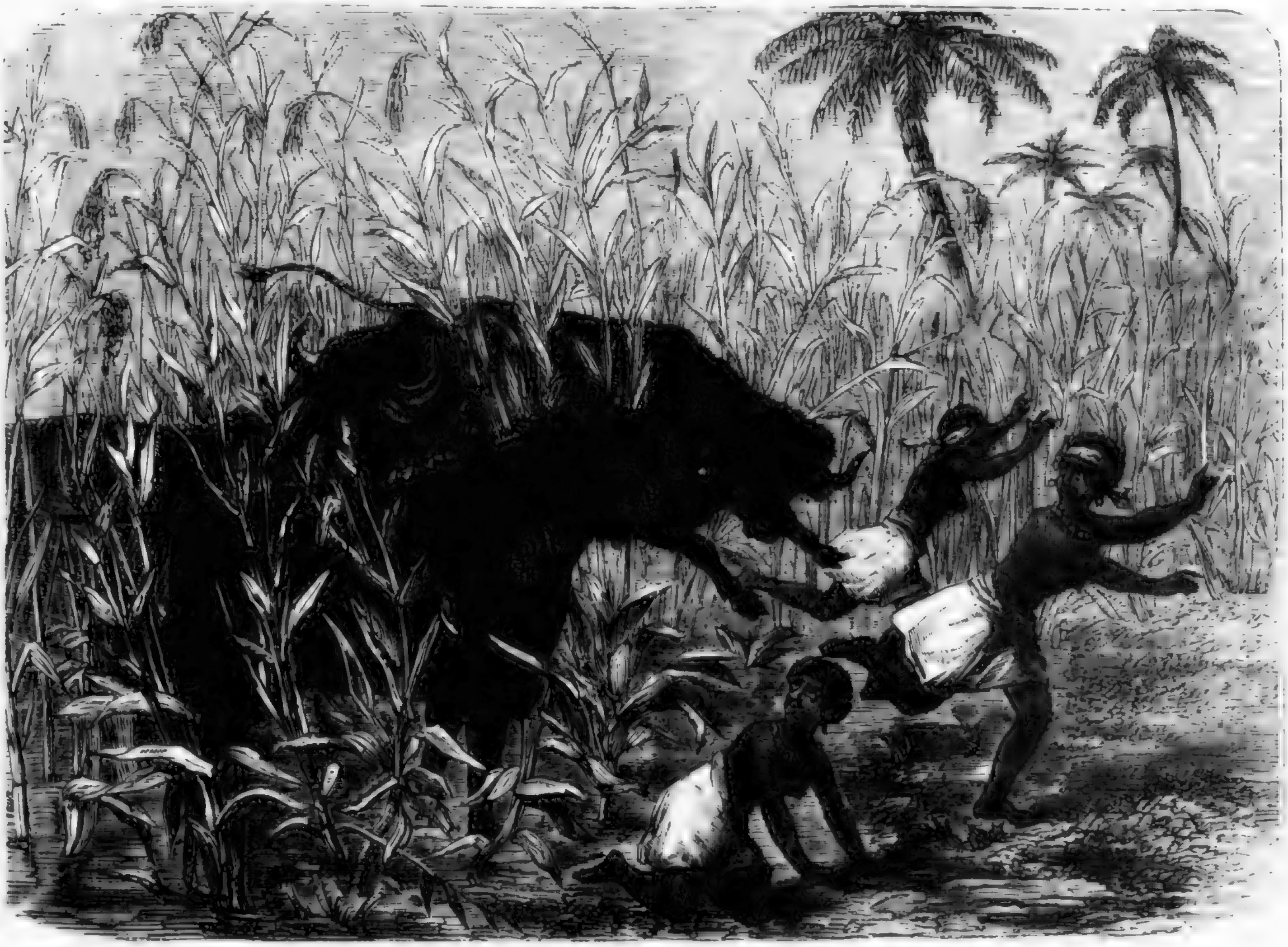
Passing us swiftly, they take up their position in a double line on our right, and stand there solemnly chanting all the while. Another rush of feet, and another company flits over the hill toward us, but they bear coal-black shields, and the drooping plumes are black as night; they fall into position next the first comers and take up the chant. Now they come faster and faster, but all through the same gap in the bush. The red shields, the dun shields, the mottled shields, the yellow shields, follow each other in quick but regular succession, till at length there stands before us a body of some five hundred men, presenting, in their savage dress, their various shields and flashing spears, as wild a spectacle as it is possible to conceive.

But it is not our eyes only that are astonished, for from each of those five hundred throats there swells a chant never to be forgotten. From company to company it passes, that wild, characteristic song, so touching in its simple grandeur, so expressive in its deep, pathetic volume.

The white men who listened had heard the song of choirs ringing down resounding aisles, they had been thrilled by the roll of oratorios pealing in melody, beautiful and complex, through the grandest of man's theatres, but never till now had they heard music of voices so weird, so soft and yet so savage, so simple and yet so all-expressive of the fiercest passions known to the human heart.

Hark! now it dies; lower and lower it sinks, it grows faint, despairing: "Why does he not come, our chief, our lord! why does he not welcome his singers? Ah! see, they come, the heralds of our lord! our chief is coming to cheer his praisers, our chief is coming to lead his warriors." Again it rises and swells louder and louder, a song of victory and triumph. It rolls against the mountains, it beats against the ground: "He is coming, he is here, attended by his chosen. Now shall we go forth to slay; now shall we taste of the battle."

Higher yet and higher, till at length the chief, Pagadi, swathed in war-garments of splendid furs, preceded by runners and accompanied by picked warriors, creeps slowly up. He is old and tottering, and of an unwieldy bulk. Two attendants support him, whilst a third bears his shield, and a fourth (oh, bathos!) a cane-bottomed chair. One moment the old man stands and surveys his warriors and listens to the familiar war-cry. As he stands, his face is lit with the light of battle, the light of remembered days. The tottering figure straightens itself, the feeble hand becomes strong once more. With a shout, the old man shakes off his supporters and grasps his shield, and then, forgetting his years and his weakness, he rushes to his chieftain's place in the midst of his men. And as he comes the chant grows yet louder, the time yet faster, till it rises, and rings, and rolls, no longer a chant, but a war-cry, a pæan of power. Pagadi stops and raises his hand, and the place is filled with a silence that may be felt. But not for long. The next moment five hundred shields are tossed aloft, five hundred spears flash in the sunshine, and with a sudden roar, forth springs the royal salute, "Bayete!"



SCENE IN ZULU LAND.

The chief draws back and gives directions to his *indunas*, his thinkers, his wise ones, men distinguished from their fellows by the absence of shield and plume; the *indunas* pass on the orders to the captains, and at once the so-called dance begins. First they manœuvre a little in absolute silence, and changing their position with wonderful precision and rapidity; but as their blood warms there comes a sound as of the hissing of ten thousand snakes, and they charge and charge again.

A pause, and the company of "grays" on our right, throwing itself into open order, flits past us like so many vultures, to precipitate itself with a wild, whistling cry on an opposing body which rushed to meet it. They join issue, they grapple; on them swoops another company, then another and another, until nothing is to be distinguished except a mass of wild faces heaving; of changing forms rolling and writhing, twisting and turning, and, to all appearance, killing and being killed, whilst the whole air is pervaded with a shrill, savage sibilation. It is not always the same cry; now it is the snorting of a troop of buffaloes, now the shriek of the eagle as he seizes his prey, anon the terrible cry of the "night-prowler," the lion, and now—more thrilling than all—the piercing wail of a woman. But whatever the cry, the cadence rises and falls in perfect time and unanimity; no two mix with one another so as to mar the effect of each.

Again the combatants draw back and pause, and then, forth from the ranks springs a chosen warrior, and hurls himself on an imaginary foe. He darts hither and thither with wild activity; he bounds five feet into the air like a panther; he twists through the grass like a snake; and, finally, making a tremendous effort, he seems to slay his airy opponent, and sinks exhausted to the ground. The onlookers mark their approval or disapproval of the dancer's feats by the rising and falling of the strange whistling noise, which, without the slightest apparent movement of face or lip, issues from each mouth.

Warrior after warrior comes forth in turn from the ranks, and does battle with his invisible foe, and receives his meed of applause. The last warrior to spring forward with a wild yell is the future chief, Pagadi's son and successor, our friend of yesterday. He stands, his shield in one hand and his lifted battle-axe—borne by him alone—in the other,

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looking proudly around, and rattling his lion-claw necklets, whilst from every side bursts forth a storm of sibilating applause, not from the soldiers only, but from the old men, women, and children. Through all his fierce pantomimic dance it continues, and when he has ended it redoubles, then dies away, but only to burst out again and again, with unquenchable enthusiasm.

In order, probably, to give the warriors a brief breathing space, another song is now set up, and it is marvelous the accuracy and knowledge of melody with which the parts are sung, like a glee or catch, the time being kept by a conductor, who rushes from rank to rank beating time with a wand. Yet it is scarcely like chanting, rather like a weird, sobbing melody, with tones in it which range from the deepest bass to the shrillest treble. It ends in a long sigh, and then follows a scene, a tumult, a *mêlée*, which scarcely admits of a description in words.

The warriors engage in mimic combat: once more they charge, retreat, conquer, and are defeated, all in turn. In front of them, exciting them to new exertions, with word and gesture, undulate in a graceful dance of their own the "intombas," the young beauties of the tribe, with green branches in their hands, and all their store of savage finery glittering on their shapely limbs. Some of these maidens are really handsome, and round them again dance the children, armed with mimic spears and shields. Wild as seems the confusion, through it all, even in the moments of highest excitement, some sort of rough order is maintained: more, it would seem, by mutual sounds than by word of command or sense of discipline.

Even a Zulu warrior must, sooner or later, grow weary, and at length the signal is given for the dance to end. The companies are drawn up in order again, and receive the praise and thanks of those in whose honor they had been called together. To these compliments they reply in a novel and imposing fashion. At a given signal each man begins to softly tap his ox-hide shield with the handle of his spear, producing a sound somewhat resembling the murmur of the distant sea. By slow degrees it grows louder and louder, till at length it rolls and re-echoes from the hills like thunder, and comes to its conclusion with a fierce, quick rattle. This is the royal war salute of the Zulus, and is but rarely to be heard.

One more sonorous salute with voice and hand, and then the warriors disappear as they came, dropping swiftly and silently over the brow of the hill in companies. In a few moments no sign or vestige of dance or dancers remained, save, before our eyes, the well-trodden ground, a few lingering girls laden with large calabashes of beer, and in our ears some distant, dying snatches of chants. The singers were on their joyful way to slay and devour the oxen provided as a stimulus and reward for them by their chief's liberality.

When the last dusky figure had topped the rising ground over which the homeward path lay, and had stood out for an instant against the flaming background of the westering sun, and then dropped, as it were, back into its native darkness beyond those gates of fire, the old chief drew near. He had divested himself of his heavy war dress, and sat down amicably among us.

"Ah," he said, taking the hand of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and addressing him by his native name; "Ah, t'Sompseu, t'Sompseu, the seasons are many since first I held this your hand. Then we two were young, and life lay bright before us; and now you have grown great, and are growing gray, and I have grown very old! I have eaten the corn of my time, till only the cob is left for me to suck, and, *ow*, it is bitter! But it is well that I should grasp this your hand once more, oh, holder of the Spirit of Chaka*, before I sit down and sleep with my fathers. *Ow*, I am glad."

Imposing as was this old-time war-dance, it is not difficult to imagine the heights to which its savage grandeur must swell when it is held—as is the custom at each new year—at the kraal of Cetywayo, King of the Zulus. Then, 30,000 warriors take part in it, and a tragic interest is added to the fierce spectacle by the slaughter of many men. It is, in fact, a great political opportunity for getting rid of the "irreconcilable" element from council and field. Then, in the moment of wildest enthusiasm, the witch-finder darts forward and lightly touches with a switch some doomed man, sitting, it may be, quietly among the spectators, or capering with his fellow-soldiers. Instantly he is led away, and his place knows him no more.

Throughout the whole performance there was one remarkable and genuine feature, the strong personal attachment of each member of the tribe to its chief—not only to the fine old chief, Pagadi, their leader in former years, but to the head and leader of the years to come.

It must be remembered that this system of chieftainship and its attendant law is, to all the social bearings of South African native life, what the tree is to its branches; it has grown through long, long ages, amid a people slow to forget old traditions, and equally slow to receive new ideas; dependent on it are all the native's customs, all his keen ideas of right and justice; in it lies embodied his history of the past, and from it springs his hope for the future. Surely even the most uncompromising of those marching under the banner of civilization must hesitate before they condemn this deep-rooted system to instant uprootal.

The various influences of the white man have eaten into the native system as rust into iron, and their action will never cease till all be destroyed. The bulwarks of barbarism, its minor customs and minor laws, are gone, or exist only in name; but its two great principles, polygamy and chieftainship, yet flourish and are strong. Time will undo his work and find for these also a place among forgotten things. And it is the undoubted duty of us English, who absorb peoples and territories in the high name of civilization, to be true to our principles and our aim, and aid the great destroyer by any and every safe and justifiable means. But between the legitimate means and the rash, miscalculating uprootal of customs and principles, which are not the less venerable and good in their way because they do not accord with our own present ideas, there is a great gulf fixed. Such an uprootal might precipitate an outburst of the very evils it aims at destroying.

What the ultimate effect of our policy will be, when the leaven has leavened the whole, when the floodgates are lifted, and this vast native population (which, contrary to all ordinary precedent, does *not* melt away before the sun of the white man's power) is let loose in its indolent thousands, unrestrained, save by the bonds of civilized law, who can presume to say? But this is not for present consideration. Subject to due precautions, the path of progress must of necessity be followed, and the results of such following left in the balancing hands of fate and the future.

ABOUT OBELISKS.

From the obelisk of Heliopolis, erected somewhere about 2,000 years before the commencement of the Christian era, to the latest production of the metropolitan cemetery mason is a tolerably long period on which to cast a retrospective glance. For about 4,000 years at least, the obelisk has been a favorite monumental form, and it cannot be very surprising, therefore, that in themselves these erections present a rather bewildering and, apart from the incidents they may be supposed to commemorate, a somewhat dull and monotonous subject of study.

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* The reader must bear in mind that the Zulu warrior is buried sitting, and in full war dress. Chaka, or T'Shaka, was the founder of the Zulu power, and his spirit is supposed to have passed into the white chief.

If in looking back we could see the historical events or personal histories of which they have been the memorials dramatically represented, no doubt the obelisks of the world would be interesting enough. Unfortunately, we are not only unable to do this, but we cannot be quite certain how many of them have historical associations strictly pertaining to them. Of course, to every one who is gifted with intelligence, historical knowledge, and imaginative power, a stone shaft that has survived the wreck of empires, witnessed the growth and decay of civilizations, and which links the present with a past extending back almost to the period which, till recently, was regarded as the birth-time of the world—must be an intensely interesting object even apart from particular events associated with it. But it can scarcely be questioned that the interest attaching to such objects would be immensely increased if we could but dispel a little of the obscurity in which the early history of most of them is shrouded.

Not only are the dates of erection of most of them matters of the utmost uncertainty, but the object of their erection is, at least in a great many cases, equally dubious, while antiquarians have many times been found to have associated with one of these mysterious monuments incidents and scenes which in all probability rightly belonged to another. Thus Dr. Burton tells a thrilling story of the obelisk which now stands before St. Peter's, at Rome, which the learned in such matters commonly agree was the work of an Egyptian monarch named by some Phero, and by others Nuncoreus. But, according to Pliny, who ought to be an authority, the story does not belong to this obelisk, but to one erected by Rameses. According to all accounts, the monument was one which might have well awakened the enthusiasm of a monarch who saw his great work just on the point of completion. It was in height "an hundred foot wanting one, and on every side four cubits square"—hewn out of the solid rock. "Certes," says Pliny, according to an old translator, "this obeliske was a piece of worke so admirable that when King Cambyses had woon the citie when it stood by assault, and put all within to fire and sword, having burnt all before him, as far as to the very foundation and underpinning of the obeliske, commanded expressly to quench the fire; and so in a kind of reverence yet unto a masse and pile of stone, spared it, who had no regard at all of the citie besides."

The story of the young prince cruelly bound to the summit of a pinnacle, which, it was feared, might prove too ponderous for the engines by which it was to be raised, does not perhaps belong to the obelisk before St. Peter's; but there is another story almost equally sensational which certainly does. Most travelers to Rome have probably heard the circumstances under which the Bresca family acquired the privilege of supplying the Papal Chapel with palms on Palm Sunday. The obelisk, it should be observed, is one of two which, according to Herodotus, Phero dedicated in the temple of the sun in gratitude for his recovery from blindness, with which he had been afflicted for ten years. One of these stones had been brought to Rome by Caligula and erected in the circus of Nero, a spot now indicated by a square stone within the precincts of St. Peter's, where it fell into neglect and became partially buried. Sixtus V., long before he became pope, had been heard to declare that he should like to attain the pontificate, if only that he might restore this ancient monument and place it in a position worthy of it. On eventually becoming pope, he at once took the work in hand, and, says Dr. Burton, "So great was the interest excited by this undertaking, and so much importance was attached by the pope to the solemnity of its execution, that during the elevation of the obelisk it was ordered that no person should speak, under pain of death. One of the Bresca family, of the ancient republic of St. Remo, being present at the time, and seeing the ropes on the point of breaking from the great friction, violated the order for silence by calling for water." The Papal Guards instantly seized him, as represented in a painting now in the library of the Vatican, but upon being brought forward into the presence of the pope he was asked to name a reward for the service he had rendered, and, as most visitors to Rome have heard related, he requested the privilege of supplying the boughs for Palm Sunday—a privilege which the family is said to enjoy to this day.

Egypt is pre-eminently the land of obelisks, and from thence at various times huge monoliths have been exported to various parts of the world. The largest ever taken to England from the land of the Pharaohs was one taken by Belzoni, and now standing, we believe, at Kingston Hall, Dorsetshire. The monolith of this one is twenty-two feet one inch long, as compared with the sixty-three feet monolith of the obelisk which it is proposed to place on the Thames Embankment. The entire height of the monument at Kingston Hall is, we believe, included in the dimensions given; but with the pedestal on which it was originally mounted, the one just presented to England by the Viceroy would reach a height of seventy-nine feet. This, like all the larger Egyptian obelisks, is of red granite from Syene, and the fact that such enormous blocks of stone should have been quarried and deeply engraved, though so amazingly hard that thousands of years have made comparatively little impression upon them, indicates, of course, very high attainments in mechanical and engineering skill. It is supposed that the rough masses of rock were originally torn from the quarries in a manner similar to that by which the stone for the great granite obelisk of Seringapatam was obtained at the beginning of the present century. "A groove about two inches wide and deep," to quote the words of a well-known writer on this subject, "was chiseled out by the workmen in the line where it was required to separate the stone, which being done, a fire was kindled upon it from end to end, and kept up until the stone was sufficiently heated, when the embers were blown off and cold water poured into the groove, whereby a clear fracture in the stone was made without further trouble." The rough hewing out of the solid rock, however, was but part of the work; and when it is stated that five hundred different plans were submitted to Sixtus V. before it was determined to intrust the removal of the obelisk now before St. Peter's to Carlo Fontana, that it cost £9,000 to accomplish, though moved only a few yards, and that six hundred men, forty-six cranes, and one hundred and forty horses were requisite for the work, some faint idea may be formed of the toil and treasure that have been expended in the creation and erection of these colossal monuments all over Egypt, and in the conveyance of them to various parts of the more modern world.

COMMON sense is looked upon as a vulgar quality, but nevertheless it is the only talisman to conduct us prosperously through the world. The man of refined sense has been compared to one who carries about with him nothing but gold, when he may be every moment in want of smaller change.

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THE JACKASS RABBIT.

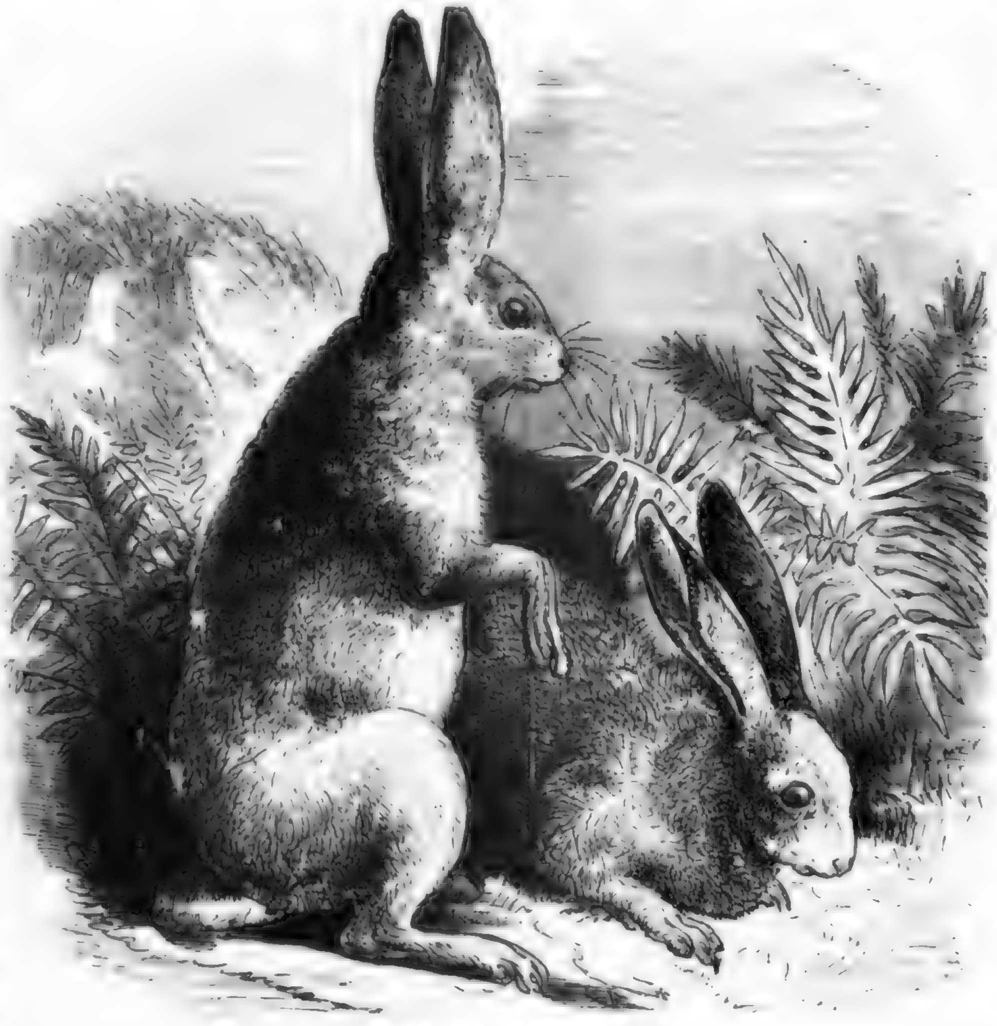
If the Irishman who is reported to have exclaimed, in coming across a jackass for the first time, "Be jabers! the great *great* grandfather of all the rabbits!" had have encountered one of our American jackass-rabbits, he would have beheld an animal surpassing in length of ear even the ancestor to whom his rabbits were accredited.

The jackass-rabbit's ears are, in fact, much longer than his head. Flapping among the stunted vegetation of the plains, as their owner covers the country with a series of prodigious bounds, these ears might be, and, in fact, often are, mistaken for a bird in flight, skimming along near the surface of the ground.

When frightened, however, the Texas hare, as it is sometimes called, lays the ears close back, brings its body into the form of a semicircle, and clears the flora of its *habitat* with flying leaps that bear it in safety from the wolf, or even from the swifter hawk.

Its swiftness, which is unparalleled among hares, is its only means of safety, as it seeks no other hiding-place or protection than a little scratch in the earth, or the shade afforded by a sage-bush.

The contrast of color about the head and tail is very decided when running from you, the position in which it is usually seen. The general color of the back is a light brownish yellow. The sides of the rump, the tibial region all around, and the outer surfaces of the forelegs, light ashy or bluish gray, finely and faintly marked with paralleled lines of black. The tail is white beneath and black above; the nape and base of the ears are black; abdomen beneath, pure white.



THE JACKASS RABBIT.

In some localities, during the Winter, the coarse and stinking creosote-plant constitutes its only food. Its ability to sustain itself upon such a diet is evidence of its hardihood, and proves it able to exist where any other animal of the kind would perish.

Although by no means a delicate morsel, its flesh being hard and dry, highly and not very pleasantly flavored, it is often eaten, and it has probably not seldom kept travelers alive when no other food was to be had. It brings forth two or three young at a birth.

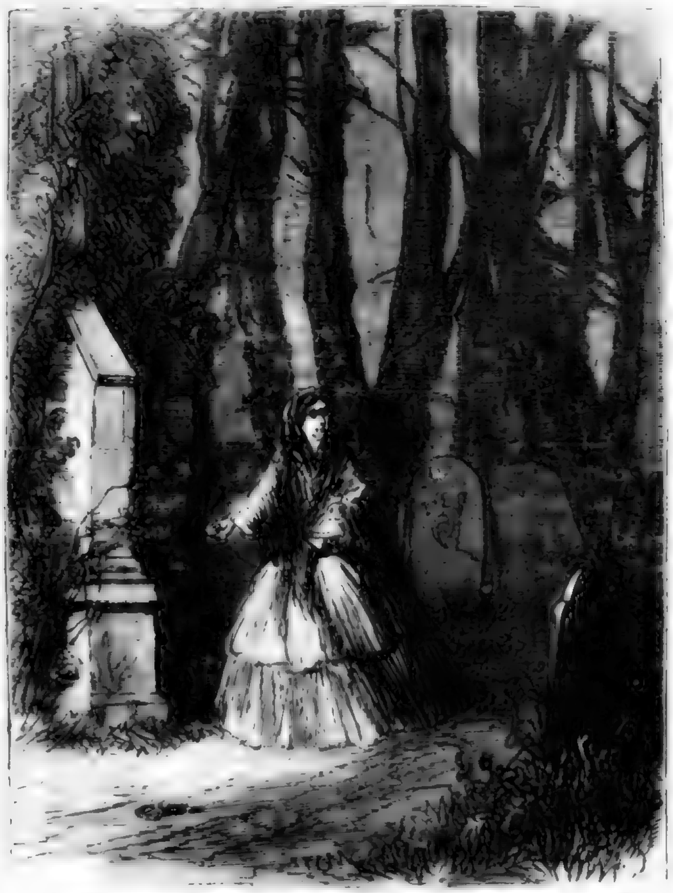
Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens), gives a graphic account of this animal in "Roughing It." We cannot do better than transcribe his humorous and characteristic description:

"As the sun was going down," he says, "we saw the first specimen of an animal, known familiarly over two thousand miles of mountain and desert—from Kansas clear to the Pacific Ocean—as the "jackass-rabbit." He is well named. He is just like any other rabbit, except that he is from one-third to twice as large, has longer legs in proportion to his size, and has the most preposterous ears that ever were mounted on any creature *but* a jackass.

"When he *is* sitting quiet, thinking about his sins, or is absent-minded, or unapprehensive of danger, his majestic ears project above him conspicuously; but the breaking of a twig will scare him nearly to death, and then he tilts his ears back gently, and starts for home. All you can see then for the next minute is his long form stretched out straight, and "streaking it" through the low sage-bushes, head erect, eyes right, and ears just canted to the rear, but showing you where the animal is, just the same as if he carried a jib.

"Now and then he makes a marvelous spring with his long hind-legs high over the stunted sage-bushes, and scores a leap that would make a horse envious. Presently he comes down to a long, graceful 'lope,' and shortly he mysteriously disappears. He has crouched behind a sage-bush, and will sit there, and listen and tremble until you get within six feet of him, when he will get under way again. But one must shoot at the creature once, if he wishes to see him throw his heart into his heels, and do the best he knows how. He is frightened clear through now, and he lays his long ears down on his back, straightens himself out like a yardstick every spring he makes, and scatters miles behind him with an easy indifference that is enchanting.

"Our party made this specimen 'hump himself,' as the conductor said. The secretary started him with a shot from the Colt. I commenced spitting at him with my weapon, and all at the same instant old 'Allen's' whole broadside let go with a rattling crash, and it is not putting it too strong to say that the rabbit was frantic. He dropped his ears, set up his tail, and left for San Francisco at a speed which can only be described as a flash and a vanish. Long after he was out of sight, we could hear him whiz."



A ROMANCE OF HALLOWE'EN.—SOWING HEMPSEED IN THE CHURCHYARD.

A ROMANCE OF HALLOWE'EN.

Sophy Langham's Diary.

Maldon Hall, October 27th, 1846.—We have been a week here to-day, and I have never once opened my diary. There is a blank in my book from that day we left our dear mother and our quiet house till this day, October 27th.

Our parting from mamma was a sad one. We had never left her before, and both Margery and I feared she would be very lonely without us. We did not, on that account, wish to accept Miss Langham's invitation, but our mother thought it best that we should.

Because my father (the son of a younger son) was not rich, only possessing the pay of an officer in the army; and because he had married a country clergyman's daughter with only a moderate dowry, they scarcely took any notice of him.

Sir Jonathan Langham, his uncle, lived in great style at Maldon Hall, but after his death the maiden heiresses withdrew altogether from the world, and saw no one, not even intimate friends. We had forgotten their existence when Miss Langham's letter came.

In her advanced age she had lost her sister, and shortly after Miss Augusta's death a singular mortality had deprived her of the two nephews who were next in succession to the property. "She was alone," she said, "in the world; and a yearning had come over her to see and make acquaintance with poor Frank Langham's children. Would my mother spare us to her for a few weeks?"

"Allow me, however," continued the writer, "to explain that it is not with any view as to the disposal of my fortune that I send this invitation. Unhappily, my father's will disposes of it, after the death of his daughters, to the next male heir, and this heir now appears to be a young Irishman, very distantly related. He is to visit me shortly."

My mother was decided in her resolution to let us go, by this part of the letter. Miss Langham could not ascribe our visit to any mercenary motive.

It was a cold Autumn twilight when we entered the park; and a feeling of strange awe, a kind of misgiving of approaching evil, stole over me as I watched the old trees bowing their heads solemnly toward us, as if in token of a gloomy welcome.

Maldon is a noble old pile; and as we stepped into the ancient hall, and glanced round at the pillars and arches, the old armor and trophies of the chace, I could not help liking to feel that it had been the home of my ancestors.

A butler, whose age and appearance were in good keeping with the dwelling, ushered us into the grand library, lighted by a large, glowing fire, near which sat an old lady, who rose as we entered, and advanced to greet us.

She led us to seats near the fire, and began by inquiring after the health of our mother, assuring us she felt grateful to mamma for permitting us to visit her.

"I knew your father very intimately in my youth," she said; "we were cousins, you know, but time and the changes of the world divided us. He was some years younger than myself, but he is gone first."

She sighed deeply, and gazed for a moment into the blazing fire. Then turning her gaze full on us, she added, addressing me:

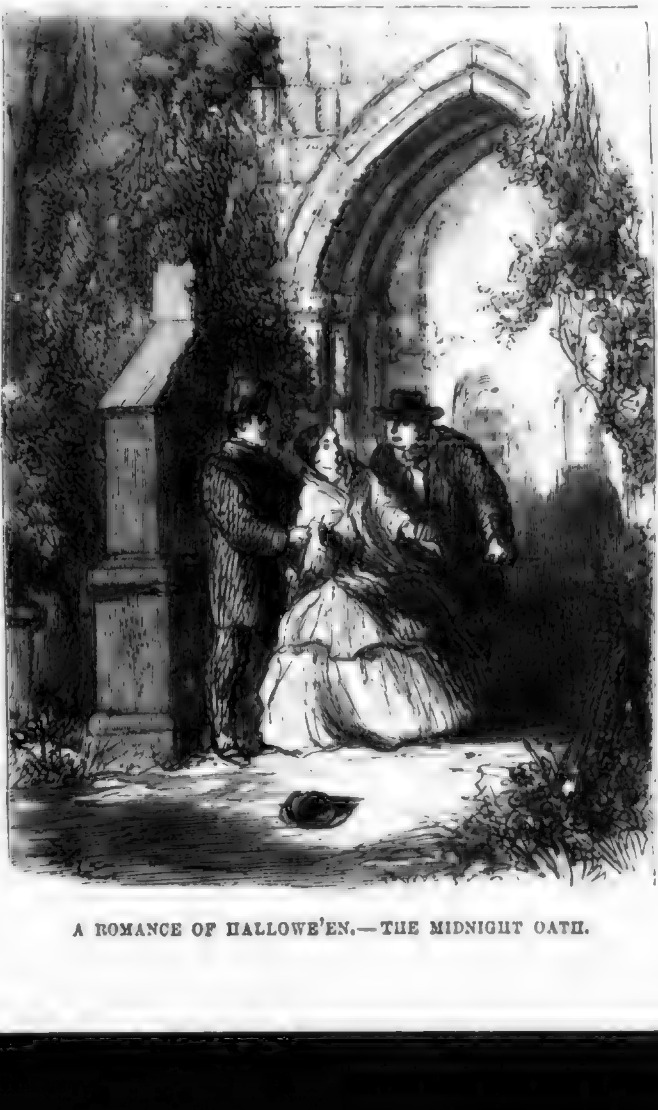
"You most resemble your father."

"Yes," I replied; "Margery is exactly like our mother."

"I have two other guests beside yourselves," she said, after a pause. "The heir of Maldon, Mr. Cornelius O'Halloran, and a Langham—though of a remote branch. They are out shooting, but will be introduced to you at dinner. Perhaps now you would like to go to your rooms and take off your bonnets."

We assented, and were conducted by Miss Langham herself to two charming bedrooms opening *en suite* with a small boudoir.

"These three rooms are at your disposal," she said. "Shall I send my maid to you?"



A ROMANCE OF HALLOWE'EN.—THE MIDNIGHT OATH.

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I declined with thanks; adding, that we had no lady's maid ourselves, and could dress without assistance; "or at least," I added, "we help each other."

The old lady nodded approvingly, and walked away. We unpacked and prepared for dinner.

Just before dinner the two guests were introduced to us by Miss Langham. Her companion, a pleasant, chatty person, and the rector, a rather taciturn old gentleman, were of our party. The rector's silence was atoned for, however, by the ceaseless chatter of Mr. O'Halloran. He is the most astounding individual I ever met! Tall, handsome, and admirably dressed, he is nevertheless vulgar! Yes, the heir of Maldon would never be taken for a gentleman if one did not know his birth. I could not help observing that he both watched and imitated Anthony Langham, who is as distinguished-looking as a Langham should be.

I have learned since from Miss Langham's companion, that the old lady is sensible of the want of refinement in her kinsman, and regrets the relationship. If he had not made his appearance in the most unexpected way, Maldon would have descended to Mr. Anthony Langham, as next male heir.

Mr. O'Halloran is much struck with Margery's beauty, and offers her the wildest homage, paying her compliments so personal as to be quite unpleasant. My sister blushes and looks indignant; but he cannot perceive that he has offended. We do not see a great deal of him, that is a comfort, as he is shooting all day about the preserves, or rather, I fancy, talking to the gamekeepers, as Anthony says he is not a good shot.

I cannot now recall and put in their right places the little incidents, the sayings, doings, thoughts and feelings of the past week. So adieu, neglected time! All the impression thou hast left is just that I love Miss Langham, like her companion, detest the heir, and pity young Langham, who should have been the master of the old place.

Margery does not share my horror of O'Halloran. She began by laughing at him; she now laughs with him, and actually declares that his eyes are very fine, and that he is handsomer than Anthony Langham!

OCTOBER 28TH.—We are to have a large party here on Hallowe'en. Miss Langham likes keeping up old customs, and we are to have all the weird rites of the charmed evening carried out. She has presented Margery and me with new dresses for the occasion—very pretty ones they are.

My beautiful sister has evidently won the hearts of both our kinsmen. Anthony Langham loves her, I can see, though he is kept from her side by the constant watchfulness of Mr. O'Halloran; so, to console himself, he takes refuge with me, and admires her to me, and listens to my sisterly praises with pleased smiles. Happy Margery! If she marries him she will be truly fortunate. I told her so this evening as we were dressing for dinner, but she only laughed, and said:

"What should we live on, Sophy? He has only his wits for dower."

Hallowe'en came. A large party assembled in the stately saloon, opened for the first time in forty years. We had a grand dinner, at which Miss Langham did not preside, the rector taking her place; and after dinner we joined her in the drawing-room, and began, under her direction, the magic rites of the evening. We burned nuts together (having named them first) and read a laughing augury from their explosion or quiet combustion. We felt (blindfolded) for cups holding earth, water, emptiness, and one a pocket-pistol, these symbols being prophetic of our future husbands' professions; and Mr. O'Halloran loudly exclaimed against the truth of the oracles, when Margery put her little hands into the empty basin, which foreboded single life. The fun of the evening moved even Miss Langham to merry smiles. It must have seemed as if a glimpse of her youth had revisited her. During a pause she said, "There are some Hallowe'en rites more trying to the nerves than these: sowing hempseed for example."

"What is that?" we asked, simultaneously.

"The lady who questions fate," she replied, "takes some hempseed, goes at midnight to the churchyard, and sows it round the belfry tower from whence peal the marriage-bells, and says:

"'Hempseeds, I sow you;
Hempseeds, I mow you;
And he that shall marry me,
Come after me and harrow ye.'"

We laughed, and O'Halloran declared that he wished some of the ladies would try it. A universal exclamation of dislike to the experiment followed, when a footman entered, and told him that a person wished to speak to him on imperative business.

I fancied that O'Halloran changed countenance a little, but he laughed still, and hoping that somebody would prove heroic and try the hempseed sowing, he left the room.

The conversation continued on the same subject, till, in playful daring, I offered to sow hempseed myself. For a moment Miss Langham hesitated, then she replied:

"So you shall, Sophy! Only I stipulate that you shall wrap yourself in a large shawl, and sow your hempseed running to keep yourself warm. The church is so close at hand and so private that there is no real cause for fear."

"Surely you won't go, Miss Sophy!" was the general cry, and Mrs. Moore, approaching me, remonstrated in a low tone; but I persisted in it.

About ten minutes or a quarter to twelve I left the hall alone, wrapt in a heavy shawl, which I drew over my head.

It was a bright moonlight night, and my shadow was cast on the gravel carriage road almost as distinctly as in the sunshine. The wind sighed mournfully through the trees that waved their large arms above my head; and I confess when I turned down the steps leading to the churchyard, a thrill of awe—I would not allow it to be fear—passed through me.

As I approached the church more closely, this feeling of reverential reluctance to perform my foolish task increased. But it was combated by the fear of ridicule, and of the doubts my companions might feel as to my real motive. So I took the basket, and scattered the hempseed, whispering the formula, as I ran round the tower. Suddenly, I heard the sound of footsteps. I darted into an embrasure, and crouched breathless behind a large buttress. The next moment I heard voices as well as footsteps.

"I tell you," said one voice, "It is of no use to make a fool of yourself. You must get the property at once, or you will be found out. Here's the dose, if you like to give it to her."

"No," replied the voice of O'Halloran. "I can't do it. She is very old. I will wait and see what will come of it; if I am found out, why even then we shall have a good booty. We are sure of the plate, if we don't get the estates. But we are all right, and shan't fail of success. Having taken in the lawyer hitherto, as well as the old woman, we have no real cause to fear at present; it's nothing but your impatience to share the property that makes you urge such haste, uncle Ned."

"Uncle Ned!" the voice of the speaker thus named, was that of a tall, fine-looking footman, whom Miss Langham had engaged soon after her sister's death, when she resumed her long interrupted intercourse with the world.

"Well, you have heard what John Green said. He wouldn't have come down to-night to warn us for nothing. Give her this dose," continued the voice of the footman, "and you will be master here by to-morrow."

"I have said I won't, and I won't," replied O'Halloran, doggedly. "You may do it yourself, if you like; but mind, I don't consent to it."

The footman laughed, and said, "A precious bull that! but I am too old a bird to be took with chaff. I ain't going to put my head in an 'alter for any one; but I advise you to take Jack's advice and warning. Now I must go; I shall be missed."

They moved on. The next minute O'Halloran's foot crushed something, quite audibly in the stillness.

"Hilloa!" said he, with an oath, "what's this? Hempseed all along the path!" Another oath. "Some of those confounded gals have been strewing them! Can we have been overheard?"

"Nobody was here a minute or two ago," replied Ned; "I looked behind every buttress before we began our talk."

"They may have come since. Follow the track of the seed," said O'Halloran.

And they did follow it with fatal accuracy, and drew me, shivering with fear and horror, from my hiding-place.

"Miss Sophy!" cried uncle Ned, in a tone of dismay. Then, with fearful oaths, which even now ring in my ears, he drew a large claspknife from his pocket. I saw the blade glitter in the moonlight.

"Ned," said O'Halloran, in a whisper, "it won't do! Detection would be certain. Go home and wait, for fear you should be missed; I will take care of the gal."

Ned loosed his hold, but O'Halloran held my other arm.

"Now, Miss Sophy," he said, as we were left alone, "you have learned your fate, and no mistake. Die you must, and that this instant, unless you swear that you will never tell a word of what you've heard this blessed night."

I hesitated; surely death would be preferable to even an involuntary participation in so terrible a fraud. But life seemed more precious to me than the old inheritance of our race. I weighed (with the rapidity of excited thought) my mother's and Margaret's tears against the wrong done to Anthony Langham. Besides, uncle Ned evidently feared detection. It might come without my aid. Moreover, I am ashamed to confess it, I was dreadfully afraid of being murdered! Fear confused all my perceptions.

"Come," he said, "will you swear?"

I faltered an assent, and there, under the gray shadow of the church, the impostor dictated an oath so dreadful that I shudder now at the bare recollection of it.

"And now, Miss Sophy," he said, when my pale lips had faltered it out, "we will go home. You have been sowing hempseed, and I (suspecting your intention) followed you for a joke, and frightened you greatly. Recollect that that is the story for aunt Langham."

I obeyed in stunned despair, and we left the churchyard. As we ascended the few steps from the gate to the park, we met Anthony Langham hastening toward them. He said they had been alarmed at my long absence, and Miss Langham had sent him to look for me.

O'Halloran at once related how he had followed me for a joke, and how I had been so frightened by his shadow that I had nearly fainted, and was only just able to walk home. This story my pale looks certainly confirmed. Anthony looked very vexed, I thought, and said, "Such jokes are foolish and dangerous. I feared to watch over your safety, Miss Sophy," he continued, "as I wished to have done, lest I might involuntarily alarm you, should you see me; and I did not think any one would take the liberty of really following you."

"Oh, it is nothing," I said; "nonsense appears to belong to Hallowe'en; and my fear was too absurd to be anything but ridiculous."

Everything that followed seems confused to my memory. I know that Anthony blamed Miss Langham for her folly, and said her age was her only excuse for permitting such a thing; and that O'Halloran agreed with him and (quite truthfully, I doubt not) regretted that I had undertaken the adventure. And then we reached home; and there were idle jests from the young people, upon Mr. O'Halloran's having "harrowed my hempseed!"

I fancied that both Margery and Anthony Langham were very silent, and even appeared displeased; but then my mind was too disturbed for me to be capable of clearly judging of anything. Certainly Margery's "Good-night" was colder than usual.

NOVEMBER 2.—When I woke this morning I cannot describe the acute mental pain that came with the recollection of my discovery and my oath. All the cruel wrong done to Anthony Langham, the imposition practised on Miss Langham, the horrible association with a low London thief forced upon us, rushed on my mind at once.

I scarcely know how I have got through the day.

Anthony Langham has been cold and distant. That horrid O'Halloran began by paying me great attention, but perceived my disgust, and prudently left my side.

NOVEMBER 3.—I had far better have died! far better!

He—the wretch! the monster! the possible murderer, has proposed to Margery—has been accepted!

I have kneeled at her feet; I have implored her not to marry him. She denies that it is for his wealth she accepted him; she says she loves him! She accuses me of mean jealousy. Oh, Margery, my own sister—my darling, if you could but know!

O'Halloran caught me alone for a few moments after I had learned the news. He began by urging on me the fact that he was restoring to us the inheritance of the family; that we should benefit by his crime; when I gave utterance to my agony, my disgust, my horror, and warned him that, if he persisted in seeking Margery's hand, I might be tempted to break my oath, he threatened to take my life. What shall I do? What will be the end?

I have been very ill since I wrote last in this volume, and remember nothing of many unrecorded days. A brain-fever prostrated me. They sent for my mother: she came, and at once installed herself by my bedside.

One night, while she was watching, she heard me say, "if I die, they will read my diary."

"Miss Sophy often says that, ma'am," observed the nurse, who sat up with mamma. "Her diary runs a deal in her head."

"Where is it?" asked my mother, a sudden thought darting into her mind. "Go and ask Miss Margery."

Margery had locked my book up at the beginning of my illness—she gave it to the nurse; and my mother, believing that her Sophy had no secrets from her, opened it.

The whole secret was plain now. The next morning, almost at day-dawn, my mother sought the rector and confided the tale to him. He came up and saw Miss Langham, then rode off and secured a police-inspector at once.

O'Halloran and the footman were taken into custody. O'Halloran fell on his knees and confessed everything.

They are both now enduring penal servitude for life.

It seems that Edward, the footman, was one of a gang of London thieves, who, with a false character, had got himself engaged in Miss Langham's family, for the purpose of robbing the house. Soon after his arrival, Jervis, the butler, related to him the family history, and how Mr. Anthony Langham was heir, because Miss Dorothy Langham, a great-niece of Sir Jonathan's, had never been heard of since she

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ran away with the Irish officer to America; nor could they trace her or find that she had left any children, though the lawyers had advertised for them many times. Ned had a nephew who had received a good education, and might, he thought, pass for the heir. With the aid of a low attorney employed by thieves, a plot was so ably concocted that even Miss Langham's cautious man of business was deceived, and the footman's nephew was received at Maldon Hall as its future possessor.

Doubts had, however, occurred since to the family lawyer, and he had sent a clerk to America to investigate more closely the pretender's claims. Knowledge of this had reached Green and induced him to come down to Maldon to warn his confederates.

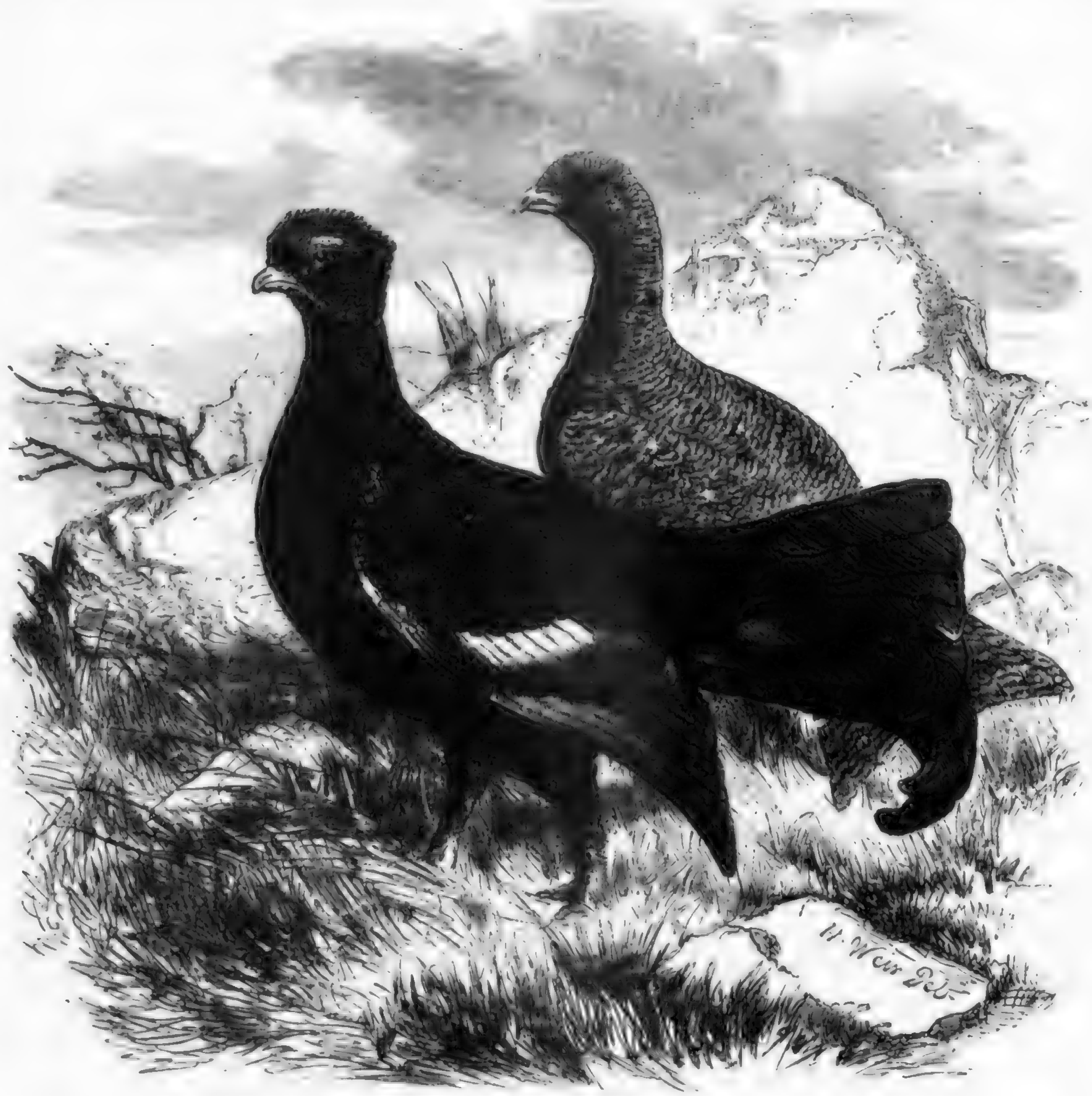
Humbly do I thank Providence which has so mercifully revealed this iniquity before it was too late. For even if it had been discovered by the lawyer the discovery would have come only after Margery's marriage, and would have overwhelmed us all with disgrace. But my happy illness and this dear book saved her from such a fate, and she has just now implored me to forgive her. Poor dear Margery! I could only draw her to my bosom and weep over her.

Anthony, whose despair at my danger touched my mother, has won from her the second secret of my diary, and refuses to accept the refusal I gave him while I believed my silence so cruelly wronged him.

We are, therefore, to Miss Langham's great joy, betrothed, and are to be married early in the Spring.

THE BLACK GROUSE.

The grouse are the nearest approach in game-birds to our domestic fowl. They are robust, round-bodied, frequenting heathy woods, feeding on young shoots, tender buds, and berries, in pine and spruce forests and cedar swamps, in the northern regions of Europe, Asia and America. The black grouse shown in our illustration is about two feet long, the female being somewhat smaller; the general color is steel-blue, with brown breast and sides; the wing coverts deep brown, with delicate yellowish waves; the tail beautifully forked, the upper coverts black, the under tipped with white.



THE BLACK GROUSE.

The black grouse, or black cock, is still found on the moors in Scotland, and in some parts of England, and, together with the red grouse, tempts innumerable sportsmen annually to spend their leisure months on the moors.

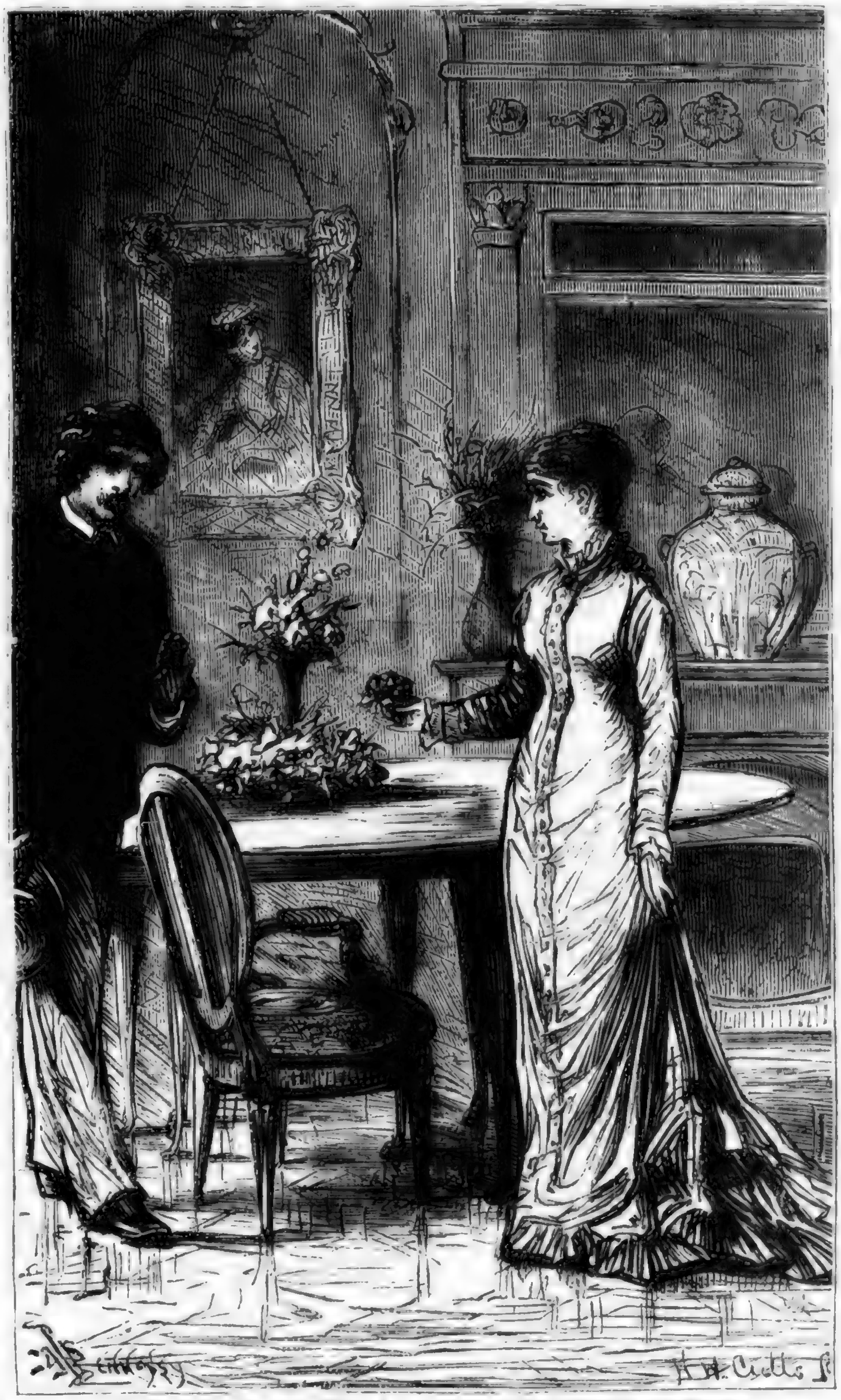
The nests of the grouse family are generally in the ground, loosely put together.

THE DREAMLAND OF LOVE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHATEAU DE CARILLON.

It was the day after this *éclaircissement* that Frank Wyatt put his sketching materials in his pocket and strolled off to Carillon, to pay his visit to Mme. d'Yves. The happy natural life at the château was sadly interfered with. Marie avoided him as much as possible, and was cross to everybody else, so that a cloud seemed to have come over the bright sky of Les Sapinières. Frank thought that no doubt this would soon pass away, but at the time it was disagreeable. Johnny went off immediately after breakfast for another day's shooting with the Maire; Mme. de St. Hilaire hurried away to a consultation with her vigneron; Marie went up-stairs to her own room; and Agnes came out to her elder brother, who was smoking on the terrace.



"WILL YOU HAVE THEM?" SHE SAID, HOLDING THEM SUDDENLY OUT TO HIM.

"Frank, have you and Marie been quarreling?" she said. "She seems very much upset about something. It was the same last night, but her little tempers are generally gone in the morning."

"Poor little mortal!" said Frank. "Quarreling? No: we are the best of friends."

Agnes looked up curiously into her brother's face. In his voice, at any rate, there was a touch of real feeling, which was rather strange in Frank. At least, if he had any feeling, he seldom condescended to show it to his sister. Now he was gazing down the avenue with a far-away dream in his eyes, which might have belonged to Johnny.

"Then what is it, I wonder?" said Agnes. "Can she be unhappy over that——"

"I thought you women were always so sharp-sighted. Have you lived with Marie all this time, and fancied she was happy? Perhaps it is as well for her, for you never have any mercy on each other."

"What do you mean, Frank?"

"Well, I wonder what you would do in her place? If you were dragged into an engagement which was misery to you, and could not escape, would you be as brave and as cheerful as she is, poor little thing! and as determined to live up to your principles and keep your word, whatever it might cost you?"

"But is she so unhappy about that, do you think?" said Agnes, anxiously. "She does not seem so to me. She likes going to Rochemar, and one night when we were talking, she told me that she meant to be happy, that they would agree very well, and be always amiable to each other, and that she wanted nothing better. In fact," Agnes added, smiling, "she thought that too much love would be rather a bore than otherwise."

"I believe she has changed her mind," said Frank. "I am rather sorry we came to France this Autumn," he went on, after a pause. "It is not pleasant to see this kind of thing—a dear, charming little girl like Marie sacrificed in this way, and feeling herself bound by a false idea of honor to keep to the arrangement that other people have made for her. Of course such things are happening every day, but it is only personal experience that shows one how monstrous they are."

Agnes looked and listened in great surprise, for her brother in these words was giving her a totally new view of his own character. Frank so deeply concerned in another person's troubles; Frank speaking earnestly and with a slight tremulousness in his voice, forsaking all his cool philosophy, and influenced by the same winds of human sympathy which drive ordinary mortals to and fro in the world! What could it all mean? That was only too clear. She laid her hand gently on his arm, and looked up into the handsome face under its changed aspect, her own full of a feeling which could seldom venture to show itself.

"I wish we had not come, indeed," she said, "if you are to be made unhappy. Oh, what a pity! I had no idea of this!"

"Whatever your ideas may be, you had better keep them to yourself," said Frank.

"Of course. But is there nothing that can be done?"

"Don't be absurd. One must bear it. But I wish it was only myself."

"But are you sure—are you certain that she——"

"Yes," said Frank.

He threw his cigar over the wall, and began pacing up and down the terrace, with his hands in his pockets, and a sad, discontented face bent toward the ground.

"How did you find out?" said Agnes, walking along beside him.

"Don't ask stupid questions. Could we live in the same house without finding each other out?"

"How dreadfully unfortunate!" said Agnes.

Marie, in the room above, peeped through her shutters and saw the brother and sister walking up and down in the sun. She watched them for a minute and then turned away. Instinct told her that they were talking about her, the poor little imprisoned bird, who began to feel that she should die if she might not fly away with them to freedom over the sea.

Agnes, though shocked, was very much touched and interested by all her brother said. He began talking about their English home, and making her fancy Marie there among all their friends, the idol and darling of every one, throwing all the English girls into the shade with her grace and refinement, her cleverness, and the delicate beauty which was part of her inheritance. This sort of talk went on for about a quarter of an hour, and Agnes entered into it in spite of her own misgivings. But they suddenly became too strong for her. She pulled herself up, and came back with a sudden rebound to reality, when Frank observed that Mme. de Saint-Hilaire would have no right to complain if her granddaughter chose to do what her own first cousin had done.

"Oh, Frank, we let ourselves talk like this, but we are forgetting," Agnes said. "It really is not right. We must remember her engagement. It is impossible to interfere now. I am very, very sorry about it all, but I can only give you one piece of advice."

"What is it?"

"I'm sure you will see that it is the only thing you can do. We can easily think of some excuse. You must go away. Perhaps Johnny and I need not—he has this engagement with M. de Valmont; but you——"

Frank began to laugh.

"Go away? Thank you. Your ideas always are original. What would be the use of running away now?"

"It would be much better and happier both for you and for Marie if you were to see no more of each other."

"It would not make the slightest difference to either of us, and would give rise to all sorts of remarks. Absurd! As if we were two babies who could not control our feelings. Marie would despise the idea. I thought you were a sensible woman."

"As to that," said Agnes, "one has one's instincts; and I believe Marie would agree with me."

"You may ask her, if you have the face to do it. If you and she unite in driving me away, you may possibly succeed. Women can always do those things if they choose. But I shall never forgive *you*. I thought you meant to be friendly."

"I am sure your best friend could not give any other advice."

"I hate that cant. However," said Frank, "as no doubt you are aware, nothing that any one can do could possibly make the affair anything but hopeless. So you may do as you please. If you think I shall make a fool of myself, do your best to drive me away. I think you may trust Marie in her own hands. She is surrounded with high walls enough."

"Frank, don't be angry with me. I am most heartily sorry for you. It is only that I can't bear to see you suffering from disappointment like this——"

"Yes, I know," said Frank. "All right. You are a good old girl. But I can tell you that absence would be anything but a cure. Be as kind to Marie as you can, without saying a word of this. I shall be out of the way this afternoon. I am going down to Carillon to look at the château."

He left his sister in a state of puzzled misery, and walked off alone. He avoided the town, taking a short cut by lanes and the river-side, and was soon close to the old gray château. As he approached he saw M. and Mme. d'Yves in the garden. He wore a white jacket and a curly Panama hat. She was dressed like an Arcadian shepherdess, with bunches of flowers all over her gown, and a wreath round her hat, and a light cane in her hand. Two poodles and several pugs were disporting themselves about her. She saw Frank as he came up, and immediately went forward to meet him.

"Monsieur, I am charmed to see you. Allow me to present my husband—M. le Baron d'Yves. Come in, I beg. The sun is really too hot outside."

M. d'Yves flourished his hat and seconded his wife's courtesies. He was a man with a yellow complexion, and a thick, black mustache, and large, fine eyes, which had not much speculation in them. Neither was it a very agreeable smile which showed his teeth so plainly.

But Frank was ready to be pleased, and these people were determined to make themselves pleasant to him. They took him through a little arched door into the stone courtyard of the château, where flowering plants stood in pots and tubs against the brown, crumbling walls. Outside lay the garden shining in the sun, and then the dancing river. A flight of steps in the thick old wall led up to madame's *salon*, a long, narrow room, which might have been in Paris, so crammed was it with furniture and ornaments—a soft carpet on the floor, tropical plants spreading out their luxuriance of leaf and color and scent in the windows and all the recesses, glass and ormolu and china of all countries, two great lustre chandeliers shimmering from the ceiling; every modern luxury that could help the owners to bear their isolation.

Mme. d'Yves was quite pleased that the stranger should admire all her pretty things, and the three went round the room from one new ornament to another. Then she led the way along a passage and down some steps to a *salle-à-manger*, all corners, in one of which a small table was laid out with "goûter," and here Frank had to refresh himself after his walk. In other rooms M. d'Yves had to show his walls hung with curious old pictures, on which the opinion of an English amateur seemed to be invaluable. Then there were a collection of Roman coins, some old Gobelin tapestry, Celtic weapons found in the neighborhood, and more modern ones found in or near the château itself. M. d'Yves grew very animated among all these things, and he and Frank were deep in an antiquarian discussion, in which his visitor was surprised at the depth and accuracy of his knowledge, when Mme. d'Yves came back from speaking to a servant at the door.

"Mon ami, somebody is asking for you. I think it is one of your friends from Tours."

"But what shall I do?" exclaimed M. d'Yves; "this gentleman has not yet seen half the château. We have not even finished our talk on these coins. They must wait."

"No, no; they are in a hurry. Monsieur will excuse you, I feel sure. I will do my best to entertain him till you return."

On this M. d'Yves took himself off, with many bows and apologies. The lady led the way back to the *salon*, where she made Frank establish himself in a low, satin-covered chair, which he found extremely comfortable, and sat down herself on one opposite.

It was more difficult to talk to her than to her husband. She was very self-conscious, arranging herself in attitudes, tossing her ribbons, laughing affectedly, and talking in a high, strained voice, with an accent which seemed like an attempt at the Parisian, with a strong flavor of something very provincial. Still, with her wealth and all her pretty things about her, Frank could not help thinking that in an English country neighborhood people would have contrived to swallow these defects, and he did not himself see why those ladies who had once made her acquaintance should have been unkind enough to drop it. But just then he felt impatient of good French society and all its ways, and thus was not disinclined to stand up for Mme. d'Yves against such people as the Rochemar family.

"Your château is certainly very beautiful, madame," said Frank, "but you must find it dull sometimes. I dare say you are always glad to return to Paris."

"Sometimes I am glad enough," nodded Mme. d'Yves; "when the weather is bad, and there is nothing to do but to look out of the window. And sometimes my husband is away, and then it is dull enough. No visitors here, monsieur. You are the first who has entered our doors for a fortnight. Allons, c'est assez triste. But France is a cheerful country, and no doubt you are very happy at Les Sapinières?"

"Yes," said Frank; but there was a shade of doubt in his tone.

"Are you not?" said Mme. d'Yves; "oh, yes, you must be perfectly happy. Madame your aunt, the good comtesse—no one can be *triste* in her house, there is life enough there. And mademoiselle—who should be happy if she is not?"

Frank began to feel rather uncomfortable, with Mme. d'Yves sitting upright on her chair close to him, and staring into his face, with a curious sort of laugh in her black eyes.

"You are quite right, madame; who, indeed?" he said.

"Ah, *ma foi*, I am glad to hear you say so. I was presumptuous enough to have my little fears, my slight doubts. But you set my mind at rest, monsieur. When I hear of marriages being arranged all round me, I sometimes dare to wonder if these arrangements are quite pleasing to the young people themselves. And Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire is so pretty, so *gentille*, that I am very glad to hear she is happy."

"Then you do not approve of these arrangements, madame?"

"They are the fashion," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "But one should speak from experience, and I have none. My own was a marriage of a very different sort."

"But I suppose," said Frank, talking on quite calmly, "that every inquiry is made by the parents to insure happiness. M. de Rochemar bears the highest character, I believe?"

Another shrug of those eloquent shoulders, and a rather more amused stare in the black eyes.

"What should I know about his character?"

"But you do know something, madame?" said Frank, rather eagerly.

"Nothing bad enough to break the engagement. He is proud, poor man, and stupid too. Nobody admires him but his own family, and they, you see, are bound to it. I have heard that they hate him in the army—but what are these reports? Less than nothing."

"They are something, though, when one considers who is to be married to him," said Frank, half to himself.

"Monsieur," said Mme. d'Yves, gravely, "when you are as old as I am, you will see that it is useless to dream of interfering in affairs like these. M. le Marquis will treat his wife very well, no doubt. You English are so sentimental!"

She put her head on one side, and looked at Frank as if she was studying the character. He thought, prudently, that it might be as well to change the conversation.

"I hope you like the English, madame," he said.

Mme. d'Yves had seen very little of them, but of course had plenty to say. Her husband knew more of them than she did. Some of them she thought must be charming; others, perhaps, a little "brusques," but true, honest, affectionate.

"I have always heard that they make the best husbands," she said, smiling. "You are, perhaps, married, monsieur?"

"Not at all, madame."

Frank had been rather sleepy and indifferent for the last few minutes, but this question roused him and made him laugh. Mme. d'Yves began to laugh too.

"*Tiens!*" said she, lifting her eyebrows, and opening her eyes very wide; "I thought it was quite a paternal interest that you took in the affairs of mademoiselle."

"The interest of a cousin and a friend," said Frank. What was he to do if this woman would persist in going back to the subject? After all, no harm could come of listening to her remarks, and perhaps a ray of light might flash out somewhere.

"Ah, I see very well," said Mme. d'Yves. "I am slightly acquainted, both with M. de Rochemar and yourself, and all I can venture to say is, that I am sorry for Mdlle. de Saint-Hilaire."

"You have no cause, madame, though I suppose I must thank you for your goodness. I have neither the fortune nor the position which would have enabled me, even if I had been here in time, to make myself a rival of M. de Rochemar."

"*C'est dommage,*" said Mme. d'Yves, looking at him approvingly.

Frank was not sure that those penetrating eyes of hers did not see a great deal more than he wished to show. He was

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half glad and half sorry that M. d'Yves came hurrying in, and that they all set out at once to wander through the intricacies of the curious old mass of buildings.

"There are marvelous stories of people having been hidden here in the great Revolution," said M. d'Yves, as they went poking up a staircase in the thickness of the wall, leading to a suite of wonderful little, cell-like rooms which could not possibly be discerned from outside. "And in later days, too, they have been found useful. You are English, monsieur, and if I ask you to keep a secret I know it is safe. Four years ago the gendarmes were searching all over France for an unfortunate friend of mine who had got himself into a scrape in Paris. For three months we kept him here, and then I dressed him up as a servant and took him across the country to Saint-Malo. He is now safe in California."

"He must have been very grateful to you and your old château," said Frank.

"Without doubt, monsieur. And there is no action of my life on which I look back with greater pleasure. Allons! what is there more delightful than to help one's friends in a difficulty?"

"You are very generous, monsieur," said Frank. "When I get into my next scrape, I shall wish I was one of your friends."

"Then, cher monsieur, do me the honor to accept my friendship," exclaimed M. d'Yves, advancing the tips of his fingers, which Frank immediately seized and shook.

They all laughed, and Mme. d'Yves made him a little, smiling bow.

"We shall not forget, monsieur," she said. "Your next scrape—when is it likely to be?"

"That indeed I cannot tell you, madame," said Frank. "But it is as well to be prepared beforehand."

He lingered so long among the curiosities of the château that it was too late to make a sketch that day. When he went away his hosts walked with him to the corner of the garden, and sauntered back slowly between their rows of dahlias.

Frank little thought, as he walked home, and tried to see a clear path for himself through the misty chaos of the future, that he was the subject of an interesting conversation between the *soi-disant* baron and his wife, whose quick wits had not been long in taking measure of the young Anglais and his half-developed ideas.

"I tell you I am right," said Mme. d'Yves, shaking her cane in the air. "Now we shall see. For my part I perceive a prospect of revenge on ces maudits de Rochemar. When I have seen the young man again I will tell you more. Tais-toi; laisse-moi faire. Nous verrons."

Frank was inclined to be dull and silent at Les Sapinières that evening, but he brightened up presently, finding that that strange little person, Marie, was herself again.

On the terrace after dinner they were all laughing and talking together, as if nothing had ever happened to disturb their tranquillity. Agnes was the gravest among them. She could not understand Marie, and wondered at Frank, who had left her that morning in such an unhappy frame of mind.

It was a very dark night, still and sultry. The lamp burned steadily on the little table in the middle of the group, as they drank their coffee, chatted, and played with Peloton. All the figures were brightly relieved against a black background, and among them Marie seemed to stand out the clearest; her pale face was full of the restless life of her country.

"A bas, Peloton!" said she, putting down her cup, and leaning back in her chair. "Allons! let us sing a little."

She did not look at Frank or address him; but his voice was ready to join in, and the low, sweet harmony went ringing along the terrace and stealing softly down into the open country:

"Combien j'ai douce souvenance
Du joli lieu de ma naissance!
Ma sœur, qu'ils étaient beaux, ces jours
De France!
O mon pays, sois mes amours
Toujours!"

"'Leur souvenir fait tous les jours ma peine,'" repeated Frank, when the song was done. "That is what we shall be saying this time next year."

There was a moment's pause, and then Mme. de Saint-Hilaire leaned forward, and laid her hand kindly on his.

"No, mon ami, the remembrance must be pleasant, not painful. Besides, I shall want you here again. I shall be alone—Marie will be gone; you must come and cheer me."

"You are very kind," said Frank; "but I have a superstition that no experience can be like the first. And whatever pain there may be in the remembrance, it is still 'douce souvenance.'"

CHAPTER XV.

SOME NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

AGNES still thought that if her brother did the right thing he would find some excuse for going away from Les Sapinières, even if it was only to make an excursion and come back again. But this idea found no favor with him. A day or two after his visit to Carillon she ventured to speak to him again, this time dropping down on him in the meadows, as he was making a sketch of the southwest side of the château.

"Do you want anything?" said Frank, as she lingered near him, picking Autumn crocuses.

"Yes. I want to know how all this is going to end," said Agnes, sitting down on the grass. "What is going to become of you—and Marie?"

"What should you imagine?" said Frank, looking up at the roof he was drawing.

"Well, you are both cheerful enough outside, certainly. I know you have a great deal of self-command; but Marie does rather surprise me."

"Her great-grandmother went smiling to the guillotine."

"That is true. There is something very wonderful about these Frenchwomen; I have felt that for some time. Then poor Marie is also—going smiling to the guillotine?"

"If you choose to call it so. I can't compliment you on your consistency."

"You have both made up your minds that things must remain as they are. Well, I suppose you are quite right, and you certainly behave like two Spartans; but I think it must be very painful for both of you."

"There is little enough pleasure in this life," said Frank. "One can't spare any of it, even if it is mixed with a strong dose of pain."

"This visit is, of course, very delightful," said Agnes, after a long pause; "but I almost wish it was over."

"Do you? Here's Johnny; what brings him down at such a pace?"

"Look here!" said Johnny, running into the meadow, and throwing himself down beside them, "here's a black-edged letter from home. Make haste and open it, Agnes."

Agnes glanced down the first page of her letter, with an exclamation of distress:

"Oh, dear! Poor Uncle Francis! Such sad news—Walter is dead!"

"Dead! Impossible!" exclaimed Frank, throwing down his drawing. "When—how did it happen?"

"At Maudsley, of fever. He was only ill a few days; he died last Sunday. What will Francis do?"

The dead Walter's three cousins remained together for a little time reading their mother's letter, saying a word or two now and then. To them all there was something awe-striking in the sudden news. The rich, fortunate, happy young fellow whom they had seen last in London, on their way to Paris only a few weeks ago, who had been full of his plans for the Autumn, telling Frank and Johnny that French sport was good for nothing, and they must make haste back to shoot with him! Poor Walter! They had not cared for him much; he was almost too well contented with himself and all his belongings. His lonely old father had taught him to think himself perfection; but no one could say that he was not always good-natured and generous, and ready to help other people out of his abundance of worldly goods. And now he was gone; a wet day's shooting had brought on cold and fever, and in his youth and strength he had passed away out of their sight—wiser now, than foolish, light-hearted Walter, than the deepest philosopher left on earth—a citizen of the undiscovered country. Oh, how strange to sit in this meadow in Anjou, under the shade of those old white towers, and to hear this news, which carried the wanderers so abruptly back to the square, red English house, trim gravel, smooth lawns, and flaming flower-beds, and then a screen of elms, and then, a little beyond, a gray church-tower, from which the bell might even now be tolling for their cousin's funeral; for the letter said that he was to be buried on Friday, and this was the day.

Presently Frank got up and walked away, taking the letter with him. Johnny, leaning on his elbows in the grass, twisted himself round and looked after him. Then he turned to Agnes, who was sitting with her hands before her, pale and silent. She wondered what Johnny meant by motioning toward Frank and looking at her so oddly.

"Have you thought of it?" said Johnny, after a minute.

"Of what?"

"Well, you may be cleverer in that way than I am; but I can't hear a thing without thinking of the consequences. I suppose this means a wonderful change for Frank."

"A change? What do you mean?"

"I suppose he will have Maudsley. Uncle Francis is not likely to leave it to any one else; he has always been good to Frank. It really is hard on the poor old fellow."

"Johnny, I wish you would not talk so queerly. You really should not speak of Uncle Francis like that—especially now."

"I was not calling him a poor old fellow," said Johnny, quietly. "Don't you understand? I mean Frank. Think of this chance in life coming to him just when he won't care for it. I say it is a dreadful misfortune that he did not come down here a few days sooner. If that little girl had seen Frank first, she would have thought twice about accepting that Marquis de Rochemar. Of course she is too well brought up to think about Frank now. I wonder whether she sees how fond he is of her?"

"Who has been talking to you about it, Johnny?" said Agnes.

"Do you think every one is blind but yourself?"

"Well, no; but the less you say about it the better."

"I am not going to say anything. There is nothing to be said, except, 'What an awful pity!' Don't you think so yourself? Do you really believe she likes De Rochemar?"

"I suppose she does; I hope so," said Agnes.

"He would not quite have cared to see her carrying on with Frank sometimes," Johnny went on. "She is a little flirt. I'll tell you what, I don't believe that the very nicest girls, even in France, marry a man because they are told he is a good match."

"Oh, I don't know that," said Agnes. Her head felt confused, and she could not quite tell what Johnny was driving at. His hat was lying on the grass; he looked at her, smiling, and pushing back his curly hair. An irresistible impulse made Agnes stretch out her hand and stroke the soft, bright, sunshiny mass.

"What should you say if I told you I was in love with a French girl?" said Johnny.

"My dear old boy, I should have to be dreadfully sorry," Agnes answered, quite roused to interest by this question. "It really would be hard on me to have both you and Frank made miserable."

"You must not think of yourself, but of me. However, this is quite a different case from Frank's; she is not engaged to some fellow she has never seen in her life."

"Perhaps not. But are you really in earnest, Johnny? Of course I know who you mean, and I can't say I am surprised; but you must know that it is not the smallest use dreaming of such a thing. Good gracious! as if it would ever be listened to for a moment!"

"Did I say it would? Oh, of course," said Johnny, philosophically. "Frank and I were talking one day, and I quite understood that the Great Mogul would have a better chance than I should."

"Certainly; he has a title, at least."

"But you confess that you are not surprised. Now, was I ever, to your knowledge, in love with anybody before?"

"Not since you were sixteen, and adored Lizzie Macdonald. But who is to answer for a sailor?"

"Oh, I remember Lizzie Macdonald; she was four-and-twenty; she had large eyes, and wore lemon-colored gloves. She gave me a locket with her hair in it, and then went and married Dr. Stephens. Why do you make me talk about her now? I have never cared for anybody since till this month; and now I shall never care for anybody again."

"Oh, what a pity it is we ever came here!"

"Don't talk that nonsense. I am telling you this that you may not be surprised if you hear of it from anybody else. Because I mean to find out whether it is really hopeless or not. I mean to ask."

"To ask her?"

"No; not her. Her mother."

"That will be very good of you," said Agnes, rejoicing at the thought that Mme. de Valmont was quite capable of taking care of her daughter's future, and that all she herself had to fear was Johnny's disappointment.

But somehow she thought that worse things than this might happen to her sailor-boy. She was sure that the probable refusal would not sour his temper or spoil his character; its worst effect would be to make an old bachelor of him. She scarcely knew how it was that his affairs were always so much less disturbing than Frank's; yet Frank was older, cleverer, more worldly-wise, more calculating and cool in his judgments, and far more self-confident. She stopped herself, as if it was an involuntary reproach to Frank, when the words, "I can trust Johnny," would thrust themselves into her mind.

They both sat quite silent among the crocuses for several minutes. Then they saw the tall figure of Frank returning, wandering slowly past the slim, white stems of the poplars. They got up at the same moment; and Johnny began to whistle, but silenced himself, remembering the bad news.

"Will it be soon?" said Agnes.

"No. Not till after we come back from Brittany," said Johnny; and then he walked off toward the château.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A CONFESSION.

JOHNNY went off to Vitré with M. de Valmont and Max sooner than was at first intended. Agnes had been rather in despair at the thought of being left alone with two such dangerous young people as Frank and Marie, but was very much comforted by finding that they were both on their best behavior. Perhaps something of the former ease was gone, but they were studiously polite to each other and every one else. Marie seemed to have lost her suddenly-acquired tastes for riding and drawing. She sat working at her great piece of tapestry, or played her old, favorite polkas, or went into the village and bestowed a great deal of her time on the Sisters and their work.

Frank, when he was at home, read French books and newspapers in the library window. But he was out a great deal. He made expeditions to all the churches and châteaux within a day's journey, and brought back books full of wonderfully pretty sketches. He had the Château de Carillon under several different aspects, and if his relatives at Les Sapinières had had second sight, they would have seen many an hour spent in its quaint old recesses or lounging in the garden with Mme. d'Yves and her dogs. She and her husband always made him welcome, and there was a flavor of forbidden fruit about this amusement, which no doubt added to its attraction.

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was very busy all this time with her farming affairs; there were so many different crops to be gathered in that she had to be driving her people hither and thither all day. Walnut-trees were being beaten, horse-chestnuts collected for the cows, potatoes dug, apples gathered, all the other fruits of the earth looked after day by day. Then plowing was going on, and now the red grapes were ripe, and the vintage must begin at once; two or three days of soft showers forwarded it wonderfully.

So the barrels and the pressoir were made ready, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire walked up into her largest vineyard one Sunday afternoon, to take a last look at the grapes, which were to be cut the next morning. Marie and Agnes were gone to vespers, but Frank and her faithful Peloton went with her. The poodle, knowing very well that he must not run in among the vines, kept close behind his mistress, and only cast longing looks at the purple bunches that hung so temptingly among their leaves along the wires.

"That dog looks almost as if he liked grapes," said Frank, noticing the hungry yet virtuous expression of Peloton's beautiful eyes.

"So he does," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but I have never yet known him take them off the vines. If he once did that—ah, Peloton, what would become of you!" She turned round and shook her stick at him, but the dog trotted on in conscious virtue.

This vineyard sloped to the southwest, and lay just above the château, looking over to a thickly wooded bank, in the foreground of which the church-spire rose white among the trees. The vines did not run straggling about the ground, after the common fashion of the country, but were planted in regular rows and trained on iron wires, following in this and their whole cultivation the system of M. Peccault, of Tours, a name well known to every one who is interested in the vineyards of that part of France.

The grapes were abundant that year, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who was in very good spirits, discoursed to Frank on the mysteries of vine-growing and wine-making.

"I cannot imagine a pleasanter life," Frank said, "than to be naturalized here, and to spend the rest of one's days growing vines. Life here would never be monotonous—hunting, shooting, the pleasantest society, glorious roads, good peasants, buried treasures—I think you are very fortunate to live in such a country."

"Yes; I dare say you find it all very attractive," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire; "but there is the danger and uncertainty. Those dreadful Red Republicans are scattered all round us. No one knows when there may be another Revolution, or whether his own château will be the first burnt down. From what you told me the other day, my dear Frank, of your future prospects, I should say that your position will be more to be envied than mine."

"As to that, I would willingly change," said Frank. "Maudsley is not mine yet, to be sure; but you might have it, under some circumstances, for Les Sapinières."

"*Merci bien!* What should I do with my ways, as an English proprietor?"

"You would be an ornament to the country, my dear aunt."

"Ah, you are very amiable! I sometimes think a good deal of the future. I hope Marie and M. de Rochemar will live here sometimes. I should be sorry to believe that the old place would be deserted after my death."

"I would rather live here than at Rochemar," said Frank. "It is like a great prison. Now this is the freest place I ever was in. M. de Rochemar seems to be in no hurry to come home to claim his bride."

"He will be here soon, no doubt," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "In fact, his mother told me that he might appear any day. He has returned from Algeria, you know; he is now in Paris, and no doubt he will be at Rochemar as soon as possible. It is a very good match for my little Marie."

"So it seems," said Frank. "I am rather curious to see this favored hero. I think he is the most fortunate man in the world."

"You admire Marie, then? Ah, that is very amiable of you. I must say that you have shown her every kind of friendly attention. M. de Rochemar ought to be grateful to you; and I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to him. You will like him, I am sure. He has the best possible manners, and is full of intelligence. You must be a good judge, as you have educated yourself so successfully."

Frank bowed.

"After that," he said, "I think I must make a confession, which I hope will not lower your opinion of me. Of course, as things are, my new prospects can make no difference whatever. But I think I must tell you that if Marie had been free, I might now have said something which, as merely a poor soldier, I could never have dreamed of saying."

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire stopped and looked at him, leaning on her stick. Her handsome old face softened suddenly.

"Why did you tell me this?" she said, after a moment's silence, while Frank was gazing across the emerald lines of the vineyard.

"I do not know," he said. "I believe I wanted to know what answer you would have given me if these obstacles had not existed."

"*Mon ami,*" said the comtesse, "you grieve me very much. What is the use of speaking of it at all?"

"Do you mean, *ma tante,*" said Frank, gently, "that if Marie herself had wished it, you would have let her marry an Englishman?"

"Certainly not an ordinary Englishman," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "I think it is far happier and better to remain in one's own country. Ideas, education, everything is different; and under such circumstances it is very hard for people to agree. But all this is changed when one meets a person of your character. Then national differences pass into the shade. If you married a Frenchwoman she would never feel the loss of her country. Provided that you were in a suitable position, there is no one in the world to whom I could trust my granddaughter with more confidence."

"Thank you," said Frank. "Your opinion of me is much too good. I wish I deserved it. But it is rather cruel of you to say all this now—when it is too late."

"You asked me," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, "and so I told you the truth. But I am very sorry for you. It cannot exactly be called a disappointment, for I told you of the engagement, I think, the day after you arrived. I hope you have not been very unhappy all this time. Certainly you have not seemed so."

"One allows one's self to forget the future in the present," said Frank.

"You have behaved very well, and like a gentleman. I am most grateful to you; for Marie is, perhaps, a little fanciful, and if it had occurred to you to set her against this marriage, you probably might have done so. As it is, she has only received benefit from the time spent with such cultivated and accomplished people as you and Agnes. I have the highest esteem for you," said the old lady, emphatically, "though I fear that is but a poor consolation."

Frank thanked her again. All these praises were unnecessary, and jarred upon him a good deal. There probably is nothing so stinging to the conscience as praise undeserved.

"Then I have nothing to do," he said, "but to wish my cousin every happiness in her married life. You say M. de Rochemar is worthy of her, and I hope he is. And now that I have told you all this, I think it may possibly occur to you that I should be better away. If you have any doubt about it, I can go at once."

"And why should you go, my dear?"

"Now that you know what I cannot help feeling for Marie, you may think that she would be safer at a distance from such a foolish fellow," said Frank, smiling sadly.

"On the contrary," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, "I beg that you will stay here as long as you possibly can. Marie would say the same, if she knew—what she had better not know, *mon cher ami*."

Frank smiled, and Mme. de Saint-Hilaire hurried on, rather ashamed of her last words, which seemed to have a breath in them of want of confidence.

"Do you understand? You must make no change in your plans. I know what an Englishman's affection is, and I am truly sorry that you should have wasted yours. But I would not deprive you of one moment of happiness, such as it is. Things arrange themselves strangely in this world. If only Mme. de Rochemar had delayed proposing for Marie till her son returned!"

"I suppose, when these things are once settled, no alteration is possible? A French lady never breaks off her engagement, if something she likes better presents itself?"

"Never! Impossible!" cried Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, "unless there was some tremendous reason; and in this match everything is perfection. Where can you have picked up such an idea? Ah, you do such things in England. But the idea would be as horrifying to Marie as it is to me."

"So I imagine," said Frank, very calmly. "Pardon, *ma tante;* I asked the question thoughtlessly."

He changed the conversation, as if he thought that his own affairs had been talked of long enough, and felt comfortably assured that he stood higher than ever in his aunt's esteem and confidence. He felt also that he had every reason to be satisfied with himself. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire was now made aware of his affection for Marie. If she was wise she would keep a sharp look-out upon her; if she was foolish, and did not take the timely warning, who knew what might happen?

One or two facts stood out prominently. His new prospects did not make the slightest difference in his position with Marie. If there were ten Maudsleys waiting for him in England, her engagement to M. de Rochemar would still stand, as grim and immovable a thing as the Château de Rochemar itself. But yet these English estates had their *rôle* to play. Supposing that anything *did* happen, the heir of Maudsley might expect forgiveness when Lieutenant Frank Wyatt would hope for it in vain.

Marie came into the *salon* that evening, when they were all waiting in the dusk for dinner. She glided in like a gentle little ghost, and seated herself on a footstool in front of Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, who was in one of the large armchairs by the fireplace.

"Grand'mère," she said, "I do not believe that poor Mme. d'Yves is a bad woman."

"Allons! I never said so," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. "One may be bourgeoise without being méchante, I hope!"

"On the contrary, she is very charitable. Do you know, she was at vespers this afternoon, and when we came out she waited to speak to me. I was surprised at first—was I not, Agnes? But I believe she is a good Christian, for she spoke with so much kindness of that poor woman Robert. She told me that she had been to visit her, and that she felt sure she would never get well unless she went to the hospital. And then she said she would offer to pay for her there, only she was not sure whether you would consider it an intrusion."

"What did you say to her?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"You know you told me the other day that you could not pay for any more at present. I thanked her, and said that you would be much pleased at any kindness she liked to show the poor woman. That was all. Afterward I talked to Sœur Lucie, and she told me that Mme. d'Yves is very charitable, both to the Carillon people and to all the communes round about. She has been twice to visit *cette pauvre* Robert. Sœur Lucie thinks her a very good woman."

"I am glad to hear it," said the comtesse, but she did not seem inclined to enter very warmly into the praises of Mme. d'Yves.

She might be a perfect saint of charity, but that did not place her on a proper footing in society, or make her a desirable acquaintance for Marie, especially as that little demoiselle was before long to be one of the first ladies in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER XVII.

LA VENDANGE.

ONE of the most spiteful tricks of Fate is that in which she so arranges circumstances as to drive people into action before they are ready for it, destroying plans and preparations, nipping prudent counsels in the bud, obliging the most careful and considerate of mankind to do one of two things: either to make a desperate plunge, and trust to its boldness and suddenness for success; or to draw ignominiously back, "fling away ambition," give up the dream of months or years, and try vainly and absurdly to persuade themselves that the grapes are sour.

Frank Wyatt found himself brought to this strait on Monday morning, not four-and-twenty hours after his talk with Mme. de Saint-Hilaire in the vineyard. She came into the *salon* after breakfast with a letter in her hand. Frank was reading the *Union*, which Jacques had just brought in; Agnes was deep in a letter from home; and Marie was giving her fingers a little morning exercise by running them up and down the piano.

"This letter concerns you, Marie," said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire.

"What is it, grand'mère?"

"Come and read."

Marie came forward at once. Her grandmother stood waiting with her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Well, what do you say?" she said, when Marie had finished.

"Tuesday evening! To-morrow evening! That is soon, indeed. Mme. de Rochemar seems very happy," said Marie, leaning her elbows on the piano, with her chin in her hands, and turning her back on the others.

"And you, ma petite?" said Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, gently stroking her dark hair.

"Of course I am charmed," said Marie.

"That is quite right. Agnes, Frank, you will be interested to hear that Mme. de Rochemar expects her son home to-morrow evening. She has written at once to tell me. She well knew that we were waiting for him almost as anxiously as herself. No doubt we shall have him here on Wednesday. She invites us all to dine at Rochemar on Thursday."

Mme. de Saint-Hilaire paused, as if she expected a response.

"I am sure Mme. de Rochemar is very kind, and we shall have great pleasure in going," said Agnes.

"You were saying only yesterday," said Frank, looking up quite pleasantly from behind his paper, "that you hoped to introduce me to M. le Marquis. I am very anxious to see him, for my part."

"Merci, mon ami. Your sentiments are so good that I am sure you and he will be friends at once," said the comtesse. "For the present, *au revoir*. I must write to Mme. de Rochemar, and then I must go to my vendangeurs. You must come into the vineyard presently, Frank, and you too, my dear Agnes. It is a pretty sight enough."

Agnes very soon acted on her aunt's invitation. She did not see Marie anywhere about, and Frank seemed disinclined to move from his favorite window seat in the library, where he sat surrounded with books of all shades. So she put on her hat and went out by herself, going through the farmyards, across the shady lane at the top, and into the great vineyard on the side of the hill. On her way she stopped in the yard to look at the vintage work actively going on: two men with bare legs and crimson sabots treading the grapes in the great stone pressoir; a constant stream of red juice flowing down into the cellar beneath; a man carrying it up again by foaming pailfuls, mounting a short ladder, and pouring it into the deep vat, where it was to ferment and make itself into wine. Carts laden with barrels of freshly-cut grapes came rolling into the yard; their contents were emptied into the pressoir, and they set off again, climbing slowly up the hill.

Agnes followed one of the carts, and found her aunt in the upper part of the vineyard, looking on at the work there. About five-and-twenty people were busy in the rows between the vines, cutting off the purple bunches into wooden pails, and emptying these when full into great baskets on the backs of two men, who trudged continually up and down between the grape-cutters and the cart. There were men, women and girls of all ages, dressed chiefly in blue, the women with spotless caps. They talked a little among themselves as they worked, but very quietly; their manners were grave and gentle, and their brown faces lighted up with pleasant smiles whenever Mme. la Comtesse spoke to them. The great white cart-horse, waiting patiently, nibbled at the tops of the vines, and very much enjoyed one or two bunches of grapes given it by the men. Agnes brought out a knife and began cutting grapes with the others. It was a soft, gray day, without any hot sun to tire the vendangeurs. She found it pleasant work, and thought this was indeed a realization of Arcadia. She thought of her friends, and how some of them would enjoy such a change as this from their humdrum every-day life; and if she thought of her cousin Marie at all, it was with a feeling of something like envy, and a momentary forgetfulness of M. de Rochemar.

Meanwhile the old château on its terrace lay very empty and still. All the servants but the cook had come out to the vineyard, and were busy à vendanger. Frank was alone in the library, and Marie alone up-stairs. And perhaps neither of them was in a frame of mind to make one's own reflections very pleasant company.

Frank presently left his books in a heap on the cushion, and began walking up and down the shining boards, round and round the old billiard-table, stopping now and then to stare up at the bookcase, as if he thought some friendly volume might suddenly leap down and offer him advice and assistance. I dare say he might have found both in this library collected by M. de Saint-Hilaire, who was of a philosophical turn of mind, and had prided himself especially on his splendid editions of Voltaire and Rousseau. Frank went back to his window and sat down again, without invoking these or any other great masters.

Presently he heard a very gentle rustle descending the stairs, and as he sat still in his corner he saw Marie, through the half-open door, crossing the hall and going out on the terrace. Frank instantly went out, took his hat, and followed her, overtaking her just as she reached the steps. Marie turned round and looked up at him. Her dark eyes were sad and pensive, and she had a book in her hand, "La Femme Sainte," one of those faithful old companions which had been neglected of late, since English ideas began to make their way at the château.

"I thought you were gone out," said Marie, after a moment's silence, looking down at her book.

"I have been in the library. What are you going to do?"

"I was going to walk in the avenue and read a little."

"Let me come with you. You will not want your book. Leave it here on the bench."

"No," said Marie; "I shall keep my book. I think you had better not come."

"Do not be so very cruel, Marie," said Frank, gently. "You cannot say that I have been troublesome to you lately. I must speak to you, and this may be my last opportunity. This is not the way that an English girl behaves to her friends," he said, as his cousin turned away from him with an impatient little sigh.

"Ah, then go back to your English girls. They may listen to you. I must not—I cannot."

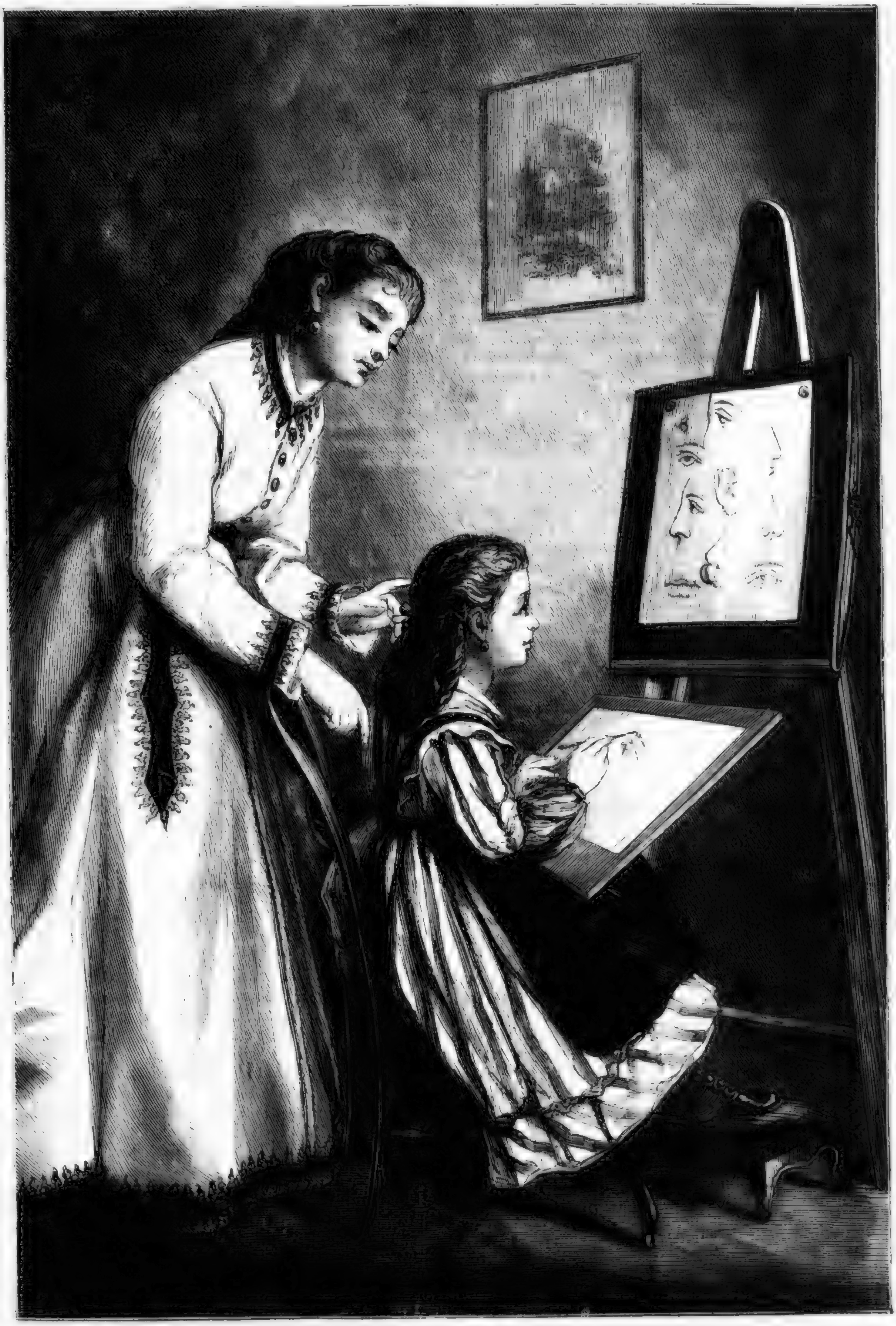
"Marie! where is all our old friendship gone?"

"I do not know. You drove it away yourself. I thought you were good and true and sincere, and I found I had made a mistake. It does not matter. I wish you would leave me in peace."

"You do not mean what you are saying."

"Si! Allez-vous-en."

"Very well," said Frank. "If I must go, I must. And no doubt you will be much happier when I am not here to tell you how a woman with any true greatness would despise such books as that you hold in your hand, and would die sooner than marry herself for the sake of title and riches and 'convenance' to a man whom in her heart she detests."



THE DRAWING LESSON.

XUM

"I do not detest him," said Marie; but her voice trembled, and the tears sprang to her eyes.

"No," said Frank. "You have not courage or strength of mind enough. But if I were he, I would sooner have your hatred than your cold indifference. Nobody can love who cannot hate. And you suppose yourself to be proud. A strange pride that condescends to be sold like a piece of furniture! No one ever spoke to you like this before? No; there never was any one who loved you well enough—who would risk your anger for the chance of saving you from a lifelong death."

Marie did not quite know how it happened, but "La Femme Sainte" was lying on the terrace wall, and she and Frank had descended the steps, and were walking slowly toward the avenue. She clasped her hands together in a little agony; every word of his thrilled like an arrow in her poor, sensitive brain. She did not know how to answer him, but she must. It was no use being angry and telling him to go away; he would not care for that; he would take no notice. Ah, and was it not true? No one who did not really care for her would dare to interfere with such words as these. Of course he must be made to understand that any change was impossible—but she must try and speak to him gently. While her thoughts were confusing each other, he was going on, more quietly than at first. She scarcely heard all he said, but at last she looked up, stretching out her hands, and beginning to speak quickly and eagerly:

"Frank, it is all very well what you say—that you care for me, and that I shall be unhappy all my life—that I am a wretch to give myself away like this. Ah, but it is cruel of you to tell me all these things, when you know that anything else is impossible. I have always been intended to make this marriage. I have given my word. I cannot draw back. I cannot set myself free, even if I would; and if I had never known you, I should never have wished it. Ah, what am I saying? I mean that you are very good to me, but I wish with all my heart that I had never seen you. Because, you know, we could under no circumstances——"

"Pardon," said Frank, quickly. "Listen to me for a moment, and I will tell you what your grandmother said to me yesterday. You know that since my cousin's death I have a prospect of a large estate in England. Well, my dearest, I told your grandmother yesterday what I should have dared to hope for if you had not been already engaged. I even asked her if the breaking-off an engagement was a possible thing. Of course she said no. I also ventured to ask what her answer would have been if I with my present prospects had come forward before the other. She said, Marie, that there was no one in the world to whom she would trust you with more confidence."

"Poor grandmother!" said Marie, sighing. "She does not know you as I do. She thinks too well of you."

"That is possible. But it is a fact that she does think well of me. And I believe she would not be sorry if anything happened unexpectedly to render your marriage with M. de Rochemar impossible."

"Ah, yes, indeed she would. But what in the world could happen? You would be much happier if your brains were not so active," said Marie. "Allons! you must learn to be patient and resigned, like me."

The changeable little lady looked up and smiled, with still tearful eyes. Frank saw that he was regaining all his former influence. He went on quietly, smiling too:

"I was not born with that frame of mind. It may do very well for monks and nuns, but scarcely for people who have to fight their way in the world. I never give up as long as there is a spark of hope remaining."

"You must have very clever eyes if you can see a spark here."

"Something more than a spark. At present it is a large flame. Whether it is to remain steady and triumphant, or to die away at once and go out, depends on one person."

Frank stopped, and looked up and down the avenue in which they were walking. Marie's eyes followed his mechanically.

"I do not understand," she said, in a low, tired voice.

"It depends on you," said Frank, standing still, and looking at her earnestly. "On your courage, resolution, and strength of mind. A kind of strength that none of your favorite books have taught you, but which I think a girl of such a race as yours ought to have by nature—strength to rebel against all the "convenances," and to follow the instinct that nature gives you. And one other thing: trust in me. If you will make use of all these, no one shall ever hear another word of your marriage with M. de Rochemar."

"What do you mean! What am I to do?" said Marie. "Ah, you frighten me. It is impossible."

"Then I had better not say any more," said Frank.

"Ah!" was the sad little gasp in answer. Marie threw up her hands, and then wrung them together. She frowned, and looked at Frank with piteous eyes. "Well, whatever happens, I must be miserable. Tell me what you mean."

"Then hear me to the end," said Frank, taking the two poor little hands in his. "It is the best plan that can be made in such a short time, for whatever is done must be done to-morrow. I dare say it may seem to you a very rash, wild thing, and you may be unhappy about it at the time, and persuade yourself that you are doing wrong. But when it is once done you will be thankful. You will be saved from what you are dreading, and you will be sure of a free, peaceful life. I will answer for your happiness, when it is once in my hands. And you know you belong to me already."

"No! how can I?"

"But you do, and I do not mean to give you up. You know very well that no one has the right to dispose of you except yourself. However, that is all settled, and we have not time to talk about it now. Let me tell you my plan. I must go to Paris to-morrow evening, my dearest, to make arrangements for our being married as soon as possible. Patience—listen. You must go with me to-morrow to Carillon, and I shall leave you at the château there with Mme. d'Yves. She is going to Paris, I know, by the late train on Wednesday. You will go with her, and be with her till you belong to me. Will you be brave and good enough to go through with this plan, Marie?"

"Mme. d'Yves!" repeated Marie, gazing at him with astonished eyes. "But how can I go to her house?"

"It might seem impossible under ordinary circumstances; but at such a time as this one must forget one's prejudices," said Frank. "Besides, no one can say anything against her. You say yourself that she is good and charitable. I believe that she can also be a firm friend. Do you suppose I should ask you to go to her if I could not trust her?"

"But how should I get there?"

"Leave that to me. Only do as I ask you."

"But it is such a dreadful thing. What will my grandmother say? What will every one think of me? Indeed, Frank, I do not think I can do anything so wicked."

"There is nothing wicked in it," said Frank, confidently. "Your grandmother will of course forgive you. I am only sorry, my very dear Marie, to ask you to do anything so unpleasant. But you must see yourself that it is the only alternative. We must do this, or lose each other for ever. You have our two lives in your hands. Will you join them together, as your heart tells you, or part them and sacrifice them both ? You have to decide. In any case I shall go away to-morrow. I would not stay to throw a shadow on your meeting with M. de Rochemar."

"Ah, what shall I do ?" sighed Marie.

Never had she known or even imagined such perplexity as this which was dragging her in two directions. Frank had done his best to uproot all the ideas in which she had been educated, and at the same time had made himself almost necessary to her, so that in these last few days, since his words had put a barrier between them, she had known her first real unhappiness. It was not very surprising. People with twice as much knowledge of the world as this little Frenchwoman had pronounced him charming, even when he made none of those special efforts to please them that all this time had been heaped on her. The other prospect had lost all its attractions, though she now began to feel sorry for that poor Louis who had given her the *bonbonnière*, and for so many years had hoped to make her his wife some day. But Frank had set before her, among other things, that, whatever the world might say, she could not do M. de Rochemar a greater wrong than to marry him when she cared for some one else. That must be misery, both for him and her, Frank said, and certainly he seemed to be right. As for breaking off the engagement, that would never be heard of. So that this plan of Frank's, wild and horrible as it seemed, was, perhaps, the only way of escape. M. de Rochemar would be thankful some day, when he got over his first indignation. Mme. de Saint-Hilaire would no doubt forgive ; she adored her granddaughter, and was very fond of Frank. And, after all, there was something strange and delightful in disposing of one's future for one's self, in making an English marriage in spite of everybody ; and, of course, there was no one to compare with Frank. Oh dear! the weary struggle must end—these tiresome fears and doubts must be pushed out of sight. What seemed wrong was often right, if one only had the courage to believe it.

And so, walking up and down in the quiet avenue, with arguments and persuasions, of which few people had a better store in reserve than Frank Wyatt, Marie at last consented to go against her former life and all the world around her ; to give up all her friends for the sake of this English lover.

The fairy tales are always repeating themselves in real life. Not all the bolts and bars and walls of brass can keep the princess in.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MADAME DE VALMONT.

Mme. de Valmont set out from Lauron that afternoon to pay a visit to Mme. de Saint-Hilaire. As her carriage reached the foot of the last hill, and was turning into the avenue, she saw a carriage standing on the road a little further on toward Sonnay, and a gayly-dressed woman leaning out of it, talking to Mr. Frank Wyatt, who stood in his light-gray clothes with his hand on the door, looking down toward the village. Both these people looked round at the noise of Mme. de Valmont's wheels. Frank took off his hat, and the lady stared. Mme. de Valmont immediately recognized her as the generally disapproved-of Mme. d'Yves.

A little way up the avenue, Marie de Saint-Hilaire was walking slowly toward the house, with drooped head and clasped hands.

She looked up as the carriage passed, and Mme. de Valmont stopped it and opened the door.

"Bon jour, ma chère Marie," said she. "Shall I find madame your grandmother at home ?"

"She is in the vineyard," said Marie. "The vintage has begun to-day; but I will send somebody to call her, madame, if you will go on to the house."

"Get into the carriage, I beg," said Mme. de Valmont. "I am alone to-day. Cécile is very busy finishing a drawing for her father. I came to tell you that we expect them back to-morrow evening—that is to say, your cousin and M. de Valmont. Max is staying at the Château de Pontmercy. Ma petite, you look very ill. What is the matter with you ?"

Marie had got into the carriage, and the marquise kindly took her hand as she sat beside her.

"Nothing at all, madame, thank you," said Marie. "I am quite well."

"Cécile and I have not thought you looking well for some time past. However, I hope something will happen soon to brighten you up. I was at Rochemar yesterday, and heard the good news."

"We heard this morning," said Marie.

She spoke very gently, but Mme. de Valmont was quite aware that she avoided her eyes. She did not take any notice of this, but went on talking with a pleasant smile.

"Dear Mme. de Rochemar must be very happy. She is truly attached to her son, and I am sure he deserves it."

"No doubt he does," said Marie.

The cold answer made her friend more and more uneasy. Was there anything really serious to justify her own and Cécile's doubts ? Was it possible that Marie, well brought up as she had been, could forget herself so far ? What a misfortune! Mme. de Valmont was silent for a moment or two, occupied with these unpleasant thoughts.

The carriage stopped at the front of the house.

"I will send for my grandmother," said Marie, as she helped Mme. de Valmont out.

"No, indeed, my dear. She shall not trouble herself to come and see me. You shall take me to her in the vineyard—if you can walk so far."

"Yes ; I can walk very well now."

"I hope your cousins are well," said Mme. de Valmont. "By-the-by, as I turned into the avenue just now, I saw M. Frank in the road, talking to that very strange person, Mme. d'Yves."

Marie, as she walked by the marquise's side through the yards, would very gladly have turned the conversation and avoided these subjects altogether ; but her old sprightliness and spirit seemed to have left her, her brain felt deadened, and she could only take refuge in giving the barest answers possible.

"Yes," she said. "I saw her carriage stop."

"I thought your grandmother was not acquainted with her."

"She is not," said Marie. "Frank has made some sketches of the château ; and one day she showed him her curiosities."

"But you have not been there ? You do not know her ?"

"I have never been there. I have spoken to her twice, by accident. And you, madame ?"

"I remember meeting her some time ago at Rochemar, before they found out that she and her husband were impossible," said Mme. de Valmont, laughing a little.

"But nobody has anything to say against her," said Marie.

"My dear child, what odd things you say ! A very vulgar bourgeoise, without too much education or principle. Is not that enough to satisfy you ? Surely you have no wish for her acquaintance ? Your cousin may admire her house, but certainly not herself. And every one knows that M. le Baron, as they call him, is quite good for nothing."

"She may be vulgar, and she may be without education," said Marie, "but, madame, she is really a good woman. Her charity to the poor is immense. She gives away thousands of francs every year."

"So much the better for the poor," said Mme. de Valmont. "But there are sins that charity does not cover, and it cannot by itself establish a person in society. However, poor Mme. d'Yves, she must be pretty well used to her position by this time, and if she found it unbearable, I suppose she would not remain at Carillon. It is very kind of your cousin to make himself agreeable to her. I wonder he has not overtaken us, for he saw me turn into the avenue."

"Yes," said Marie; and she looked back from the upper gate of the yard, where they were standing under the great walnut-tree. It was a relief just then that Frank was not in sight.

Mme. de Valmont, though she talked on without ceasing, instantly going off from the châtelaine of Carillon to some other subject, was troubled by an instinct of danger. All was not right with Marie, she felt sure. She had known the girl all her life, and she felt strongly inclined to turn upon her, and insist strongly and kindly on hearing the truth; to treat her, in fact, as if she were her own daughter. With some girls she would have done this without a moment's hesitation; but Marie was odd: quick-tempered, proud, and sensitive, and likely to resent very bitterly any attempt at interference. Mme. de Valmont feared that any leading questions, or even a word of kind advice, such as might well come from an old friend, would do more harm than good in this case. She suspected Frank, and yet her suspicions were vague; indeed, they were not likely to go near the truth. She thought that M. de Rochemar's return was the best thing that could happen for everybody. This foolish little girl, if she had any wandering fancies, would be obliged to give them up, and return to her duty. And after all, whatever her discontents might be, a girl so well brought up could never carry them into action. An idea had floated through Mme. de Valmont's mind of warning the comtesse; but she dismissed that also; it would be officious, and would make Marie even more angry than a remonstrance addressed to herself.

"It all depends on M. de Rochemar," she thought. "And Marie is certainly too good to give her friends any real trouble. The English cousin is the one that I mistrust."

"You are very happy, Marie," she said, as they turned into the vineyard. "No one was ever received into a family with more joy than you will be. You have gained the strongest affection from that dear Mme. de Rochemar. When she was speaking of you to me yesterday afternoon, I found myself wishing that Cécile might be equally fortunate."

"Ah!" sighed Marie.

Mme. de Valmont looked round in terror at the sound, as one does when the worst forebodings are suddenly proved true.

"Madame, for heaven's sake, do not look at me like that!" said Marie, in such hurried, passionate tones that the marquise could hardly believe her ears. "I wish, with all my heart, that Cécile had my good fortune, as you call it."

"Dear child, what do you mean?" said Mme. de Valmont, standing still, and gazing with kind eyes at the girl's troubled face. "Marie, speak to me as if I was your mother."

"What did I say? I meant nothing," said Marie, hastily. "Only Mme. de Rochemar is so much too good to me. Ah, madame," she went on after a moment, "I hope you will let Cécile choose for herself. Let her be quite sure—" She turned half away, with a little gesture of wringing her hands. "Dear madame, you are very kind. You must forget what I have said."

"Do you think I can forget it?" said Mme. de Valmont.

"Well, then, you must tell it to no one. You will not say a word to my grandmother?"

"I suppose it would be no use," said Mme. de Valmont. "But, ma chérie, this is a sad state of mind of yours. I should have said that I never knew a young woman with a better prospect of happiness."

"Yes," said Marie, "I am very wicked. But do not say anything more."

"I wonder whose fault this is!" exclaimed Mme. de Valmont.

"It is mine."

"Entirely yours? I do not believe that——"

But Mme. de Valmont was suddenly obliged to break off, for Mme. de Saint-Hilaire had seen her visitor in the distance, and was approaching down one of the vine-rows.

Marie lingered a few minutes with the two ladies as they talked, slowly mounting the slope. She looked up with her eager eyes to Mme. de Valmont, and the look said, very plainly, "I have given you my confidence; you must not betray me to my grandmother. It is too late; it can do no good." And Mme. de Valmont could do nothing but sadly assent.

Marie walked on and joined Agnes, who was tired by this time of her vintage work, and was coming to meet her along the cart-road.

"You are come out at last," she said. "I have been enjoying myself so much among all these nice, picturesque people."

"I am glad you like it," said Marie. "Mme. de Valmont has brought some news that will please you. Johnny is coming back to Lauron to-morrow evening."

"Oh, I am delighted to hear that! Look at the sun coming over the woods. I thought we should have a glimpse of him before we had done."

The two young women stood and silently watched the gradual brightening of the landscape, as the golden sunset light broke out from under the clouds. They seemed to break away suddenly, and all the west was gold and blue. The wooded valley beneath was bathed in a dream-like glory. The vines shone out in brilliant emerald-green; the figures of the vendangeurs stood out clear against their glowing background. It was all like an old Italian picture. The peaceful glory shone on the faces of the tired people, and seemed to transfigure them.

Little Marie de Saint-Hilaire stood with her hands folded, and an unusual flush on her pale cheeks, a sad, plaintive, distrait look about her dark eyes and tight-shut lips.

"I remember the last vintage," she said, speaking so suddenly that Agnes started from one of her Arcadian dreams. "I wonder if I shall ever see another."

CHAPTER XIX.

A RUINED CASTLE.

It seemed to Johnny like a real home-coming, when he drove up in the dusk of that evening, sitting beside M. de Valmont in his favorite dog-cart, with the high-stepping English horse. The leaves rustled in the chestnut avenue, dogs were barking away in the yards—solemn old Lauron was alive with voices and lights.

"Voilà ces dames qui nous attendent," said M. de Valmont. "Well, we have had a pleasant time of it in Brittany, and you must believe, mon cher, that my pleasure has been doubled by having you with me. I like the English, and I am happy to have made friends with a very good specimen of that nation."

"You are too good, monsieur," said Johnny. "I don't know how to be grateful enough for all the kindness you have shown me."

"Bah! the gratitude should be on the other side," said the marquis.

Two white figures were waiting at the foot of the steps, and the travelers were most cordially welcomed home. They went slowly up the steps into the house, the elders first, talking as fast as possible, and Johnny and Cécile following more silently.

He felt as if it was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to find himself actually near Cécile again. How she had reigned in his thoughts all through the time of absence! How every day as it passed, whatever might be its own amusements and attractions, had been only valuable because it brought the return a little nearer! Had Cécile herself any idea of this? Did she care to see him again? Ah, if he dared only ask her, perhaps—he was almost certain of it—her eyes would smile him an answer not to be mistaken. But that was not to be thought of.

"Better look the truth in the face," Johnny told himself. "This is the last happy day you will ever have at Lauron, old fellow. The faster the time goes, the sooner it will be all over with you."

That evening at dinner he fell into several fits of silence and absence, lost a great deal of his hosts' agreeable conversation, and made one or two frightfully random answers when they addressed him. He was definitely roused when Cécile spoke to him suddenly across the table.

"And what do you think of our French ships?" she said.

A most innocent little question, asked with her usual frank sweetness. But as Johnny's eyes met hers, their absent sleepiness flashed suddenly into an expressive animation which made Cécile look away after an instant, and brought a faint pink flush over her clear skin.

M. de Valmont was helping himself at the moment, and saw nothing; but his wife glanced from one to the other with a sudden shock of anxiety. Surely it could not be possible that her friend Johnny had deceived her—that there was some secret understanding between him and Cécile! These English were terrible people. But no; she could not distrust Cécile. It was very likely that a weak, self-willed little thing like Marie de Saint-Hilaire might be drawn into something wrong and foolish of this kind; but Cécile—impossible! To be sure it was likely enough that Johnny admired her. After all, it was a good thing that he was going away soon, and that if he ever came back again, it would most likely be after Cécile was married to a suitable person, and everything comfortably and reasonably settled.

In the *salon* that evening they were talking a little of M. de Rochemar's return, but presently M. de Valmont called Cécile away to the library to find some book for him, and the marquise and Johnny were left alone together. It was a chilly evening, early in October, and a wood fire was burning behind the great old-fashioned dogs. Mme. de Valmont was sitting in the shade of the stately mantelpiece, which went up from floor to ceiling, carved, painted and gilded, with the arms of all the branches of the family blazoned on its projecting front. A shaded lamp on a table in the background seemed to flicker and glimmer with the firelight on the bright floor, the tall, ghostly figures that almost moved on the walls, the heavy curtains, the unoccupied fauteuils that stood about the room, and Johnny's hair as he sat in front of the fire, and stooped to caress Cécile's rescued pug, which lay basking in the warmth at his feet—these formed a picture of more than ordinary interest.

Mme. de Valmont did not show Johnny by any word or sign that her feeling toward him had changed a little. In fact, she told herself with great justice that she had only herself to blame. An English mother would, no doubt, have been more prudent. But in France young people were not supposed to fall in love with each other in this spontaneous way. Such things only happen when they had been arranged and sanctioned beforehand by the respective relations.

Mme. de Valmont listened to the history Johnny was telling her of his brother Frank's new prospects.

"You see, my uncle must leave it all to him," said Johnny. "There is no one else."

"You, for instance," said Mme. de Valmont, gently waving her fan.

"Me!" and Johnny laughed. "Oh, he would never think of me. He knows much more of Frank. I am afraid I have no chance of ever being left anything. And as to myself, I don't much care. One has money to spend on shore, and then one goes to sea again. And I should never know how to spend a large fortune. Frank would."

"I can believe that," said Mme. de Valmont. "What will he do? Marry, I suppose—travel about, buy a great many pictures."

"The last two," said Johnny; "I don't know about the first. He has had a disappointment, and I don't suppose he will get over it for some time."

"Indeed! Poor M. Frank!" said Mme. de Valmont.

"Yes," said John, deliberately, looking into the fire. "But I ought not to say anything about it. Things that are hopeless are best left alone altogether. Do you not think so, madame?"

"Certainly. I guess what you mean, however. I can understand that you are sorry for your brother, but I think it is a great pity that people should indulge themselves in such fancies at all. Yes, indeed," said Mme. de Valmont, bending suddenly forward, and tapping Johnny on the arm with her long, black fan, "it is my opinion that people should never dream of marrying out of their own country. I think I have said the same to you before. Do you not agree with me?"

"No; I don't. I beg your pardon—but if people care for each other, I cannot see that country makes any difference."

"Ah, but indeed you are mistaken. When two people come to live together, after being brought up with different ideas on every possible subject, it must be very sad for them both. How can they understaind each other? Both may be very good, and wish to do all that is right, but they will differ even in their ideas of right and wrong. All the love in the world, mon cher Johnny, and all the good intentions, could not make two such lives run smoothly together."

Johnny bent his head rather lower, and went on stroking the little dog at his feet. Mme. de Valmont was half angry with herself for the liking she could not help feeling for this troublesome young Englishman. She smiled as she looked at him, and for a few moments they were both quite silent. Johnny at last raised his head slowly, and met her eyes. One would have thought that it must be a hopeful fate which lay in the hands of any one so fair, so pleasant and happy-looking.

"You know," Johnny began suddenly, "we shall be going back very soon now. I can't go away without asking you something, madame. It seems a bad sort of return for all your kindness—and I don't exactly mean to ask, so much as to tell you. You will be very much surprised, but I hope you won't be angry."

"Are you sure that I do not know already?"

"It is impossible, unless—if Mdlle. Cécile told you those few words, I can only beg your pardon for saying them. I never have said and I never would say anything more to her without your leave. I am willing to be quite French as far as that goes." Johnny paused, for Mme. de Valmont's face had changed visibly. But she controlled herself, and spoke with her usual calmness.

"I must interrupt you for a moment. I have heard nothing. Will you have the goodness to tell me what you said?"

"To be sure," said Johnny, eagerly; "it was nothing that she could have told you. I dare say she forgot it directly. It was just after I went into the river for her dog. She said I might have been drowned, and I said perhaps it would have been the best thing for me. And I asked her if she did not know why. And then she asked me to say nothing more; and indeed, madame, I did not, except 'if you were English,' or something of that kind. You see there was nothing for her to tell you. Only I thought she must have mentioned it, because you seemed to have some notion."

"Mon ami," said Mme. de Valmont, smiling very kindly, "forgive me if I tell you that you are not clever in hiding your feelings. Did you really imagine that Cécile's mother could not see that you admired Cécile? But do you see?—one does not trouble one's self much about manifest impossibilities."

People sometimes do not know that they had any hope till it is taken away from them. And the cup of disappointment does not really lose any of its bitterness when it is offered to our lips by a kind and gentle hand.

"No, madame," said Johnny, after a moment, with a strange shining in his eyes. "But, at least, you are sorry for me? Because, you know, she is—and I could not believe it was impossible till I had asked you."

"I am sorry for you indeed, mon ami," said Mme. de Valmont. "But I really wonder at your allowing yourself to think of it at all."

"So do I. But Englishmen are great fools in that way. We never know when we are beaten. I think I feel pretty conscious of it now, though."

Johnny sighed, pushed back his chair, and got up. Mme. de Valmont rose at the same moment, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Listen to me for a moment," she said. "This seems a strange way of showing gratitude to the person who saved our lives, and who, whatever he may now think of us, will never lose his place among our most valued friends. But the duty to one's children must come first. Should I be doing my duty by Cécile if I gave her to you? Be reasonable and generous. But I am sure you are both; and because I cannot grant your wish you will not turn away from the place you now hold, dear Johnny, next to our sons in our affection."

"Thank you, madame," said the soft-hearted sailor; and once more he took and kissed the pretty white hand, which had so quietly and easily tumbled his castle into hopeless ruins.

Cécile and her father came back, and the rest of the evening passed quickly away. Johnny played a game of tric-trac with the marquis. Mme. de Valmont and Cécile worked and talked, and at last they wished each other good-night. A very peaceful evening, though Mme. de Valmont, for one, was glad it was over. She kissed Cécile even more affectionately than usual, and gave her hand to Johnny with a smiling "A demain."

Johnny went to bed, thinking himself the most miserable fellow in the universe, and quite ready to change places with anybody. He did not find out till the next morning that there were two people, rich and prosperous, with a thousand chances in the world to his one, who made him thankful for his own melancholy lot. For at least he had a good conscience, and a lady-love worthy of his devotion, though the one might be anything but a paying concern, and the other far out of his reach.

When the valet-de-chambre brought him his coffee in the morning, there was a note lying on the tray.

"When did this come?" said Johnny, seeing Agnes's handwriting.

"This morning, monsieur. A woman brought it from Les Sapinières."

Johnny read the note, and then dressed himself as fast as possible, and went down-stairs to wait for a glimpse of Mme. de Valmont. His first impulse was to show it to her and ask her advice, for he was himself so thunderstruck that he did not know what to say or think. Agnes had scribbled it off in a great hurry; it was blotted and blurred, but the contents were plain enough:

"LES SAPINIÈRES, 10 P.M.

"MY DEAR JOHNNY—A most terrible thing has happened. My aunt was very busy to-day, and dinner was put off till half-past six. When that time came, neither Frank nor Marie was to be found. They had both disappeared, and no one knew anything about them. Inquiries were made, and half an hour ago the shepherdess came and said that she had met them in the old avenue about half-past five. We do not know what to do. Auguste is gone to Carillon, to ask at the station. You will have this early in the morning; and do come to us as soon as you possibly can. I am so miserable. Ever your affectionate

, WYATT."

CHAPTER XX.

VIOLETS.

"AH, what a misfortune!" said Mme. de Valmont, nodding her head over the note. "La pauvre petite! I knew something was wrong, but this is indeed terrible. We must not stay to talk about it, but do our best at once. *Mon ami*," to her husband, "pray order the carriage. You and I must go with M. Johnny to Les Sapinières."

"But what is to be done?" said M. de Valmont.

"We shall see: I have an idea. But, in heaven's name, do not let us talk about it. It is too sad. That poor Mme. de Saint-Hilaire, what will she do!"

The marquise went away to prepare for her drive. M. de Valmont also disappeared; and Johnny found himself left alone in the pretty *salle* with all the pictures hanging round. He sat down by a table, and buried his face in his arms.

Presently Cécile came in at another door, paused a moment at the sight of him, and moved on again with a gentle rustle across the floor. She looked hard as she passed him, at Johnny in his depressed attitude; it spoke his feeling very plainly, that Frank by this action had disgraced every one belonging to him, and most of all his brother. Cécile's kind heart ached for him. She crossed the hall slowly, lingered at the opposite door, and finally came back and stood by the table.

"Monsieur," she said, in a low voice; but Johnny's face was still hidden.

"Do not be so sad," said Cécile, very gently; "this is no fault of yours."

Johnny raised his face an inch, but without looking.

"Mademoiselle, his relations must share his disgrace. At any rate, we can never show our faces in this country again."

"Ah, si——" began Cécile, faintly.

"My brother and I have made a fine mess of it between us," said Johnny; "and all we can hope is that our friends here will forget us as soon as possible."

"Then you must be disappointed. We never forget. We De Valmonts are celebrated for our good memory."

"I know," said Johnny—"I knew what you were when I met you coming into that church. I am a very bad hand at forgetting, too. These weeks have been the happiest and the wretchedest time in all my life. It does not do to stay among the angels too long, for it makes one discontented. But, anyhow, it is over now. There's the carriage; and I have only to wish you good-by, mademoiselle. I shall never see you again."

Johnny had got up by this time, and was staring at a bunch of Autumn violets which Cécile had gathered that morning, and was holding loosely in her left hand.

"Will you have them?" she said, holding them suddenly out to him. But Johnny did not take them. He looked at her for the first time, and saw that her cheeks were pale and her eyes still heavy with tears, which no doubt had been falling for her poor friend Marie.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he said, bowing gravely; "they will be happier with you."

Mdlle. de Valmont blushed vividly enough then. Her eyes seemed to dry up suddenly, and to flash a glance of momentary contempt on poor Johnny.

"Adieu, monsieur," she said, with an air which no marquise could have excelled, and making him an astounding courtesy.

"Adieu, mademoiselle," said Johnny, bowing very low.

She had turned away and was gone, while he stood still in the same place, and heard, as if in a dream, Mme. de Valmont talking on her way down-stairs. What concerned him more was the sight of the unfortunate violets, thrown in a little heap on the first chair Cécile had passed in her exit. His presence of mind returning, he went forward quickly, knelt on one knee, and kissed them. Then he took up one in his fingers and looked at it.

"Yes; there is no harm in taking it. She will never know."

So he drove away from Lauron with M. and Mme. de Valmont. It looked like an enchanted castle, shining in the morning sun, with its great background of dark-green forest, just beginning to be varied with red and brown. After all, Johnny thought, it was not a good thing to make one's self too happy with these imprisoned princesses. It must come to a bad end some day, in one way or another. Was it possible that when Frank talked jokingly of running away he had any formed idea in his head of what he had now done? Better give up a thousand loves, Johnny told himself, than behave like a rascal, and make such a return as this for hospitality.

(To be continued.)

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

Schweinfurth, one of the recent travelers who, like Livingstone, has tried amid a thousand perils from a deadly climate, and men and beasts as deadly, to lay open to the civilized world the long-closed book of the heart of Africa, had his scores of adventures.

One will give an idea of many.

The traveler was in the country of the Baggaras, and pushing on toward the Peaks of Nyemati.

"The fourteenth day of January was our first unlucky one, and indirectly through my own fault. A boat had overtaken us in the morning, and my men, wishing to avail themselves of the opportunity, asked to halt. As the place was of absolutely no interest to me, I made them go a little further on, so as to disembark on an island which offered greater attractions, to my eye at least. Here the accident happened. Mohamed Amin, one of my two attendants, inadvertently stumbled upon a buffalo which was taking its ease in the tall grass. None of us had a suspicion of the presence of any wild animals, and we were all utterly unprepared. But the buffalo did not relish the presumptuous intrusion on his siesta.

"To give one bound and hurl the intruder into the air was the work of a second.

"The next moment my faithful companion lay before me senseless and bleeding; and, with tail erect, bellowing with rage, the buffalo prepared to trample him down, when, fortunately, the attention of the brute was, for the first time, attracted to ourselves.

"There we stood, silently staring at the scene, as though petrified. I was unarmed. My rifle, which Mohamed had been carrying, hung from the left horn of the furious creature. My other attendant had my carbine; but, though he twice tried to fire, it missed both times.

There was no time to think. We had to act. My man jerked his battle-hatchet from his belt and hurled it at the buffalo's head. It was full twenty paces, but, like the red men, these Africans hurl their tomahawks skillfully. His nerves were stout and his aim true.

"With a tremendous leap, the animal sprang into the reeds, crushing the stalks with his immense weight, and fairly making the ground quiver. Bellowing and muttering, but still leaping, it tore away.

"When the noise ceased, we raised Mohamed. Sharp reeds had pierced his ears, pinning him to the ground; but, fortunately, none of his injuries were very serious. Three weeks set him up, and ten dollars paid for four teeth lost on the occasion, and made him supremely happy.

"We took care not to disturb any more such gentry while taking their repose, and to be ready to talk to them if we did."

ORIGIN OF "IRELAND."

Ledwich, the Irish historian and antiquary, supplies the following annals as evidence of the origin of the much-disputed, though never finally settled, derivation of the word "Ireland."

A. D. 870. King Alfred, in his Anglo-Saxon translation of "Orosius," styles Ireland "Ira-land."

A. D. 891. Three Irishmen, says the Saxon Chronicle, came in a boat from Yr-lande; so the Cotton MS. has it.

A. D. 918. The same Chronicle calls Ireland "Yr-lande."

A. D. 1048. Harold flies to Yr-lande.

A. D. 1077. The Danes were shipwrecked on "Yr-lande."

A. D. 1080. Adam Bremensis names Ireland "Ir-land."

A. D. 1098. Odericus Vitalis calls the Irish "Irenses."

A. D. 1105. Ælnoth, in his "Life of St. Canute," styles them "Iros."

Ledwich labored hard to deduce that from the original Celtic Ir-in came the Ira, Iros, Irenses, and Yr-land of the Icelanders, Danes, Anglo-Saxons and Germans, and the Iris of Diodorus Siculus, and by a tranposition of inne, the Ierne of the other Greeks. Ledwich, however, though he proved the derivation to his own satisfaction, did not satisfy his contemporaries or successors. The Petries, Donovans, O'Currys, D'Altons, and a host of others, pulverized the poor doctor's hypothesis into powder, without, however, succeeding in establishing a more accepted theory.

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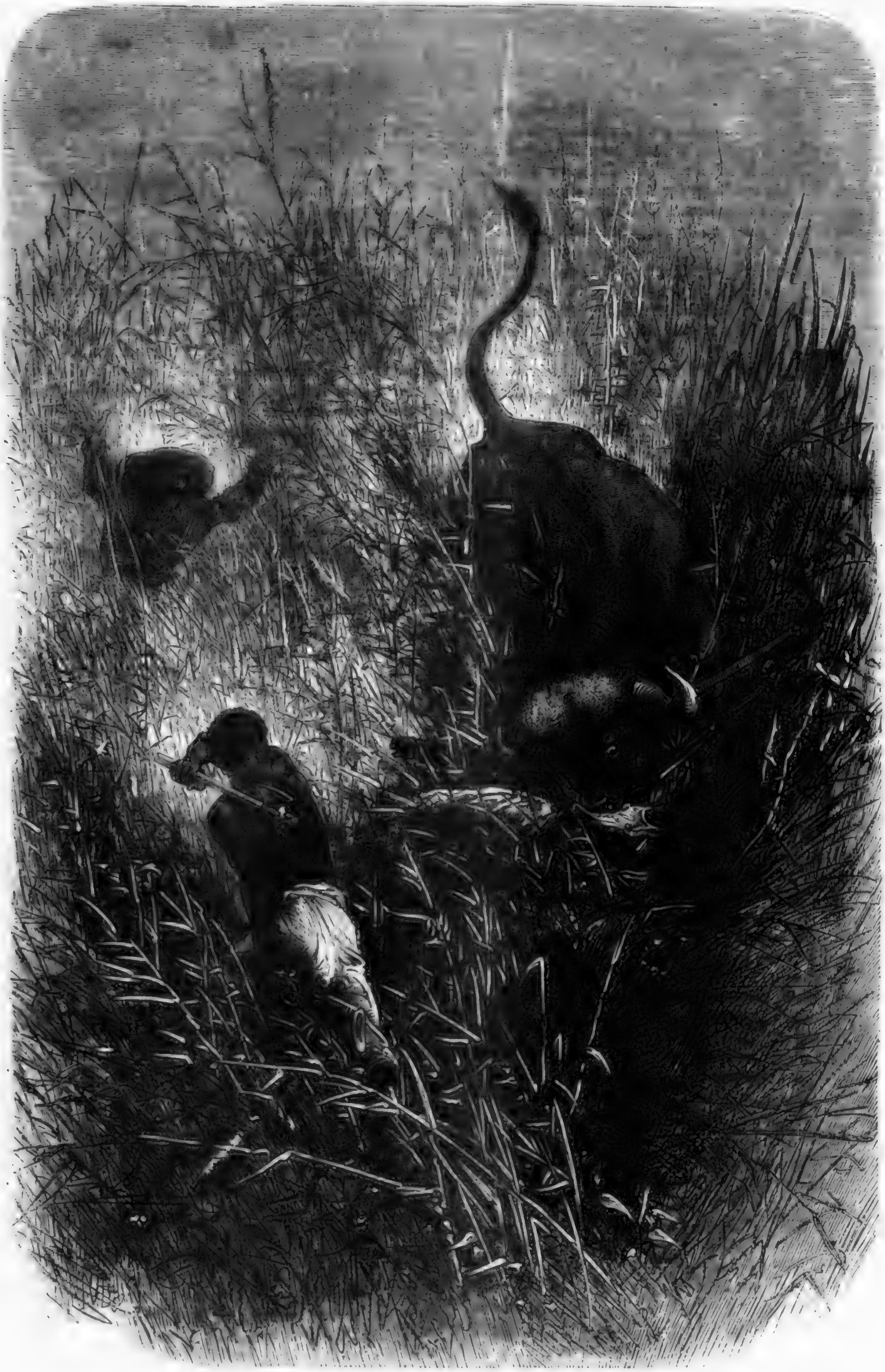
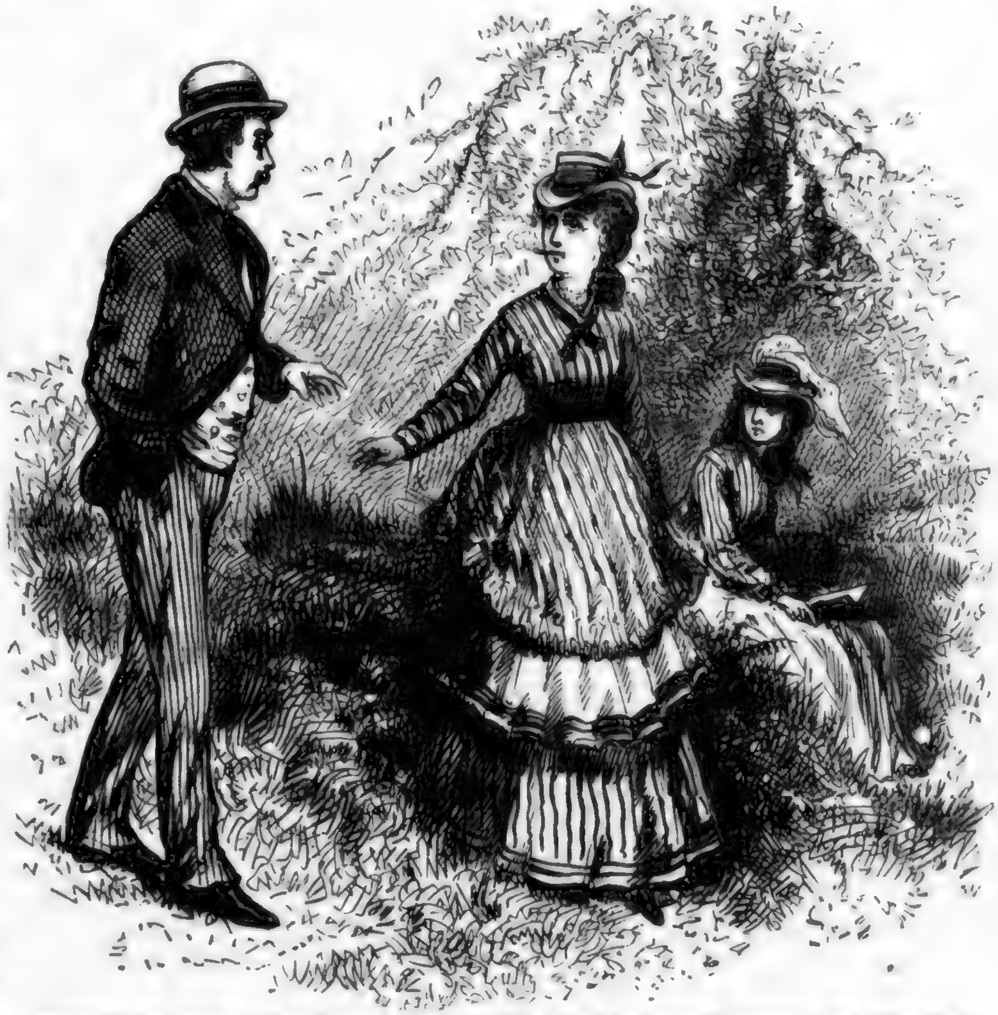


AN ADVENTURE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.—SEE PAGE 591

POPPET'S CIGARETTE.

On one of the brightest days of a bright June, two of the fairest of fair company, at a seaside resort, sat beneath a luxurious tree in a pine grove, engaged in that richest of sweet employments, discussing the personal qualities of Mr. Dick Redfern, who, lucky dog, was engaged to be married to one of the jewels, whose name was Agnes Catherine Preston, but who was familiarly called “Poppet” by her friends.

“My love,” said she, addressing her companion, who lay with her head resting upon her hands, observing her through her half-shut eyes—“my love, I am not above admitting to you that I think I've got a pretty good sort of a fellow on the whole. I admit that he has a few blemishes; who has not? There are a few points in which I could correct him, but, taking him all in all, I think that, with a firm hand and resolute will, I can bring him into tolerable subjection. I do not feel sure that a girl of your easy temperament would succeed with him, but I, being possessed of considerable vim and fire, am convinced that the task will occupy me but a few hours; and so I think I am safe in permitting you to congratulate me on my acquisition. In one week after our marriage, we shall be the happiest couple in the State.”



POPPET'S CIGARETTE.—“SHE NODDED, AND, PLACING THE CIGARETTE BETWEEN HER LIPS, SHE PUT OUT HER HAND TO HIM.”

“But suppose he kicks?”

“Kicks!” (this with surprised emphasis.)

“Yes, kicks. It seems reasonable enough that a young fellow, who is enticed out of bachelorhood by a pretty fair sort of a girl, will not entirely relinquish his independence without a fight. And even at the risk of making a sworn foe of you, I should like to suggest something that has probably never entered your head.”

“What is it?”

“Will you promise not to fly at me?”

“Nonsense; I'm not a fury.”

“Very well, then. I should like just to hint, in the most amicable way, that you have a few slight faults of your own.”

“I—faults!”

“You have some decided faults.”

“Such as what, pray?”

“Oh, now, that's another thing. I don't profess to be able to point out the beams in your eye, when I am conscious there are plenty of motes in my own.”

“Now, please—please, Molly!”

“Do you really want me to tell? Truly and honestly?”

“Certainly,” was the faint response, uttered with an apprehensive look.

“Well, included among the rest,” proceeded the indomitable critic, “I perceive a foolish obstinacy, a belief in your own self, an inability to look beyond your own desires. If you were asked, for instance, to give up a pleasure for the good of your husband, or for the benefit of any one else, you would never consent with a good grace. It is clear selfishness, mixed with a good proportion of pride, which is, if you will permit a dear friend to say so, extremely silly.”

‘‘Well—well!”

“And——”

“Oh, wait a moment; let me comprehend this first. Obstinate, foolishly proud, selfish—I think I have it—go on.”

“No. On the whole, I think I won't. You've got it all there. All the rest of the flaws in your style of mind and temper are subordinate to those. Correct these radical faults, and you will be an angel!”

“Oh, but I don't admit a word of it!”

“Indeed!”

“Certainly not. On the contrary, I am sure you have made a mistake. I am generous, confiding, yielding, and amiable; but—oh, Molly, have you got a cigarette in your pocket? I feel that I cannot continue the course of my remarks without a stimulant.”

I am ashamed to say that the blonde-haired Molly thrust her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a little bunch of Honradas, from which her companion extracted a dainty, white paper tube, and lighted it with a practiced hand. She placed it between her lips, and enjoyingly drew in a volume of smoke; then emitted it in a slender stream, until it was nearly exhausted; and then she heard a step in the grass behind her, and being startled, she puffed out the rest through her nostrils, after the manner of the Cubans, and looked around.

She saw her sweetheart, Dick, towering above her, with a curious expression upon his face. He said nothing. She nodded, and placing the cigarette between her lips, she put out her hand to him. He took it, and sat down.

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"By George !" exclaimed he, first bowing to Molly.

"What is the matter ?" cried Poppet.

"I am surprised—confounded !"

"At what ?"

"At you."

"An excellent subject."

"That's a fact. I thought you agreed with me the other night that this woman-smoking is a bad habit ?"

"Yes, certainly. If it *is* a habit. It is dreadful."

"Then it isn't the smoking, it's only the habit you refer to, is it ?"

Poppet looked puzzled. There was a silence, a long one, meanwhile Poppet smoked vigorously, her little clouds puffed into the two faces beside her, and Dick began to grow red. Finally he got up.

"Poppet, I'd like to speak to you a moment."

"Oh, dear ! What's it about, Dick ? I can't get up.

"Very well, then."

He looked moody.

"Is it about smoking ?—is it ?"

"Why, yes."

"Oh, then, if you are going to scold, why do you want to take me aside ? If it is sensible, why not give Molly the benefit of it ?"

Dick looked volumes. He half laughed and half swore. This was a terrible sort of girl.

"Well, then, I tell you flatly I do not approve of it."

"That isn't much of an argument."

"But I hoped you would consider it a reason. I would quit any habit that offended you, and feel glad of the chance of pleasing you."

"If I adopted that principle, mercy knows what there would be left for me to do. You always object."

"I beg your pardon."

"Which, I fancy, is your polite way of telling me that I fib."

"As you please." Dick's eyes began to light up. "Poppet, I remember distinctly that you agreed with me that it is an unpleasant sight to see a woman smoke. It is useless, hoydenish, fast, and you know it. I expressly ask you to throw away that cigarette."

"And I say expressly that I shall do no such thing. To *dare* to come here, before my best friend, and ask me to give up one of the few pleasures I have, simply because your highness has come to the conclusion that I do not show off to advantage in a cloud of smoke ! It is preposterous ! absurd ! idiotic !"

"Poppet !"

"And I wish you to understand, sir, that I shall retain as many of my habits as pleases me. It so happens that I enjoy smoking, therefore I shall smoke on all occasions, and what I like, whether it is a cigarette, or a cigar, or a meerschaum or a clay pipe—it is all the same to me."

Mr. Dick Redfern arose easily to his feet, took off his hat, made a low bow, and went away; leaving his sweetheart fuming and glaring and smoking, while in her friend's eyes there was a faint trace of tears.

"I believe it is you who are the idiot !" said she.

"At any rate, I shall now enjoy my cigarette without interruption," replied the other, "and so show him how little I care for what he says, I shall go this evening and smoke a good Havana under his window. He will smell it, look out, see me and come down, and I shall forgive him."

But Dick was savage. It was the middle of the afternoon, and it was hot, and so he brought a jug of lemonade, and sat down in a corner of his room, upon a Japanese fauteuil, to think over his situation.

He sat until the hotel bell rang for tea. He felt neither like eating nor drinking. A man who feels he must give up his sweetheart rarely does. He sat until dusk. He heard them dancing, and he knew that Miss Preston was in the middle of the rout. He grew more and more indignant, and more sure that he was right and that she was wrong. He nursed his troubled mind, and recalled all her words. It was not the miserable cigarette, but it was the disposition she showed. If she would act thus in the delicious moments of their courtship, what would she not be capable of doing when in the midst of the humdrum of married life ? He reasoned with himself that there was nothing to do but to surrender her—to send back her letters and pictures, and then to go away on a sea-voyage.

It grew dark. His room was but a few feet from the ground, and they began to take down the Chinese lanterns from the trees outside. Then it grew very dark. A little breeze sprang up, but still he kept his three windows wide open, and sat looking out at the lonely picture.

He began to feel miserable, wretched, deserted. To be suddenly bereft of that thing that gave his life a motive and an object, was to make his heart sink and his spirit fail him.

It grew to be eleven o'clock. The notes of the huge bell sounded frightfully loud. As its last stroke sounded, he thought he heard a noise in the room. He looked about cautiously. By the faint glow of the stars, which came down through the overarching trees, he perceived a man's head rise cautiously above the sill of the furthest window. The body followed. Then it sank back again. Presently he heard footsteps in the grass just outside the window close beside him. Then whispers. It seemed that there were three men.

One said : "Are you sure she isn't in there ?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I saw her in the grove, not a minute ago."

"Then go ahead. Get in, you two ; you'll find the box in the top drawer of her bureau, on the right-hand side."

Dick then remembered that Poppet, or, rather, Miss Preston, had once occupied this room, and that she always carried a great deal of jewelry about with her at the watering-places.

Dick began to remember his boxing-lessons. He slipped off his shoes, and took a position behind a tall chair in the corner.

Slowly and noiselessly two men entered the room through the first window, and in a moment the third followed. Dick heard them at his bureaus.

"Gad, they won't find much there, though," reflected he.

The men fumbled everything, and ransacked every drawer, meanwhile uttering half-suppressed sounds of anger.

Dick thought he had better commence operations. He crept out silently, and approached them slowly. He got behind them, and, with a savage blow, knocked one fellow into the fire-place, and another toward the window; but before he could recover to attack the third, the thief, who was as good a boxer as himself, dealt him a tremendous blow, and Dick staggered and fell. In an instant all three were upon him, and a handkerchief was forced between his teeth, and he was gagged, and his hands and arms pinioned.

Then one struck a match, and while secreting their own faces, they examined him, and took possession of his watch and wallet, and then made the complete tour of the apartment. Dick heard them at his ring-box, and he knew his diamond studs were on the way to the pawnbroker's.

Suddenly one of the men whispered an alarm.

"Hist ! hist !"

"What is it ?"

"There's a man outside the window, sitting on a bench."

There was a pause.

'It's a woman."

"A woman! don't you see the light of his cigar, you fool?"

"By George, let's get out of this!"

The smell of a Havana floated in at the window.

"Leave everything. If we're caught with this stuff, it'll be ten years in quod at least."

In a moment Dick was alone. He rolled about, and tried to kick.

Presently he heard a voice; a woman's voice. It was Poppet. She was calling him faintly, as if she were in pain.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! come and help me! I'm so sick—so dreadfully ill! I'm afraid I'm going to die!"

"It's that Havana the little stupid has been trying to provoke me with. I'll let her suffer a little," thought Dick.

For ten minutes he lay still, until he knew she was in the proper agony; then he raised his heels, and beat a tremendous tattoo upon the floor, which raised the house in a minute.

When he was released, he explained matters, and before he could get the wondering crowd out of his chamber, Poppet appeared at the door, white and haggard.

Dick ran to her, and led her away.

She put her aching head upon his shoulder, and whispered.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! I'll never—never be such a fool again. Is there anything else you'd like to have me give up—is there? Oh, Dick, did those wretches hurt you? Poor boy — poor — Oh, how my head goes around just like a t-o-p!"

"You saved my trinkets for me."

"But did he think he lost his *Jewel?*"

She opened her eyes, and, by the light of the gas, she gave him a heavenly look and a smile.

"Never, never!" cried Dick.

He then led her home to a pretty cottage on the top of some mighty rocks, where they found her father going about swinging a watchman's rattle, and raising a hue and cry for his lost one.

"Never mind, pa," cried Poppet, airily.

"Never mind, indeed!" echoed the old gentleman. "Oh, you're there, Dick, are you? All right, then!"

The author feels, with this model man, that it is time to retire. One does little good by penetrating too far into mystery. The two brewed some lemonade without sugar, and then went and lolled upon the wicket-gate, and gazed at the moon and the illuminated waters, and decided that life was pleasant.

THE FORTRESS OF GWALIOR.

High above the minarets, domes, and towers of the ancient city of the same name, in Northeast India, stands the famous fortress of Gwalior, perched upon an almost inaccessible rock, one and a half miles in length by three hundred yards in width, and three hundred and forty-two feet high.

The fortress was built by Swya Sena, rajah of the adjacent territory, A.D. 773. After being many times unsuccessfully besieged, it was taken by stratagem by Baber in 1526. It fell into the hands of the English in 1780, was several times restored to the native rulers and again retaken, and was finally permanently occupied by the English in 1844, since which time it has remained in their hands.

On the east face of the rock on which it stands are several colossal figures, sculptured in bold relief.

The entrance to the fortress is at the north end of the east side, and consists, first, of a steep road, and higher up of steps cut in the face of the rock, of such a size and inclination that elephants can ascend them. This difficult ascent is protected on the other side by a massive stone wall, and is swept by several cannon pointing down it. Seven successive gates, of great strength, bar the passage to the interior. Within the fort are a palace and two remarkable pyramidal buildings of red-stone in the most ancient style of Hindoo architecture.

The city of Gwalior, lying at the base of the fortress-crowned rock, has a population of about thirty thousand, and is famous for containing the tomb of Mohammed Ghous, a renowned saint of the time of the Emperor Akbar, a very beautiful building of white sandstone, with a cupola covered with blue porcelain tiles.

Gwalior is also noted for its manufactories of gunpowder and fireworks, and for its very ancient cannon foundries.

A YEAR AGO.

I HAD been a sort of social free-lance for five years, ever since my father's death, in fact. I was his heir, his only child, and he had left me full power of enjoying myself quite independently of my mother's supervision during my minority. To her he left the rule and control of Hazeldean (my property) until I was of age. But he left me to myself, that I might become a man the sooner, he said.

My mother meanwhile managed Hazeldean to the best of her ability in my interests.

I was her only child as well as her only son, and she almost idolized me. It never entered into my mind to imagine that she could care for any one else. Therefore, the shock was very great when, one day, I was roused from my dreamy contemplation of the beauties of a certain Florentine gallery, by a letter from her, announcing that she wanted to see me at once, to consult me about her marriage!

The same hour I started for England.

I reached Hazeldean at nine o'clock on the night of the first of July. The doors were thrown open, and in a moment more I was in the hall, and then, in another moment, the peculiar rustling of a rich silk smote upon my ears, and I was wreathed about by the arms of my dear, beautiful mother.

"My own Frank! what a man you have come back to me!" she said, putting her slender, white hand up to my face with all the old fondness that had made me idolize her as a boy. Then she held me off and looked at me, and I noticed that a faint flush crept over her classically cut, rather pale face, as she said:

"Such a man, that I feel indeed I now have some one to lean upon, and to take counsel of. Come in here, my boy, and listen to the few words that I must speak before I introduce my friends to you."

She led me into the room that had always been her boudoir, and I noticed at once, with a jealous pang, that the portrait of a fine, handsome, middle-aged man hung upon the wall. Over the fireplace my father's likeness was placed, and on one side, just above her writing-table, *I* was suspended in a light frame that was attached to the wall with blue ribbons.

I sat down, and she stood over me, fondly stroking my hair.

"Dear boy, you are twenty-one now; it is time you came back to reign in the old place."

"You have reigned here well in my behalf."

"But it is time I abdicated in favor of the rightful

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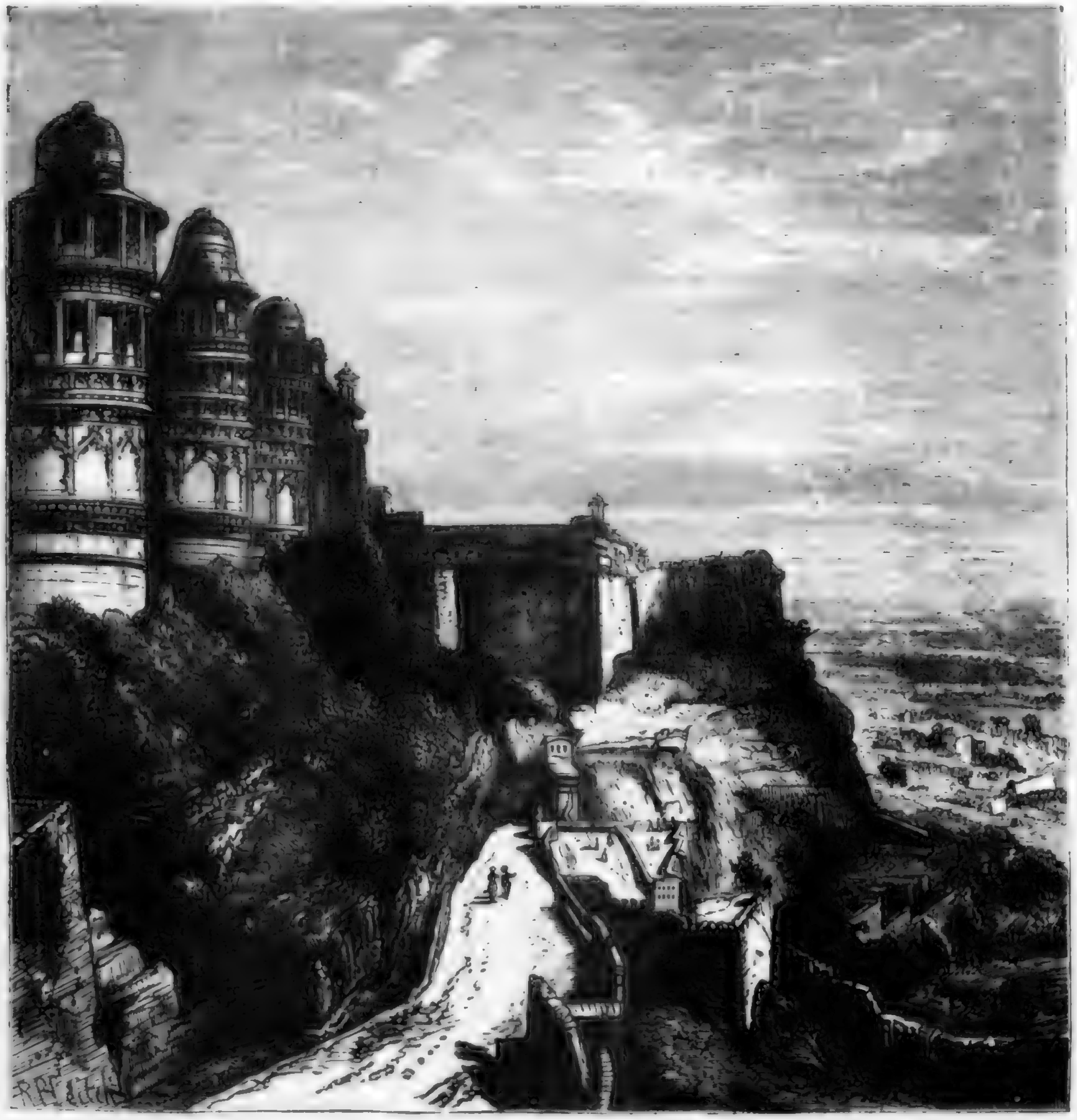
sovereign, Frank," she said. "And it is about my abdication that I want to speak to you. Can you forgive your old mother for cutting out a new path of contentment in life, independent of you? Can you meet Mr. Egerton kindly as my future husband?"

Involuntarily I glanced athwart the room at the portrait on the wall.

"Yes," she said, "that is Mr. Egerton. "You will like him, I am sure, if you will allow yourself to do so. He is good and generous to a rare degree——"

"He has grown-up children, hasn't he?" I interrupted.



THE FORTRESS OF GWALIOR.—SEE PAGE 595.

"Only one child, a daughter, Ada. You will have in her what you used to sigh for as a boy—a sister."

"The marriage is quite settled, mother?" I interrupted.

"Yes, unless you can find some valid objection to it. Mr. Egerton is a man of large property and greater worth." She paused, and then she added, with a little effort: "He is no stranger to me, Frank. I know him to be tried and true."

"How long have you known him, mother? *I* never heard his name before."

"I knew him before I married your father. Before the fact of my engagement to your father was public property, Mr. Egerton asked me to be his wife. He left England then, and I have never seen or heard anything of him from that day, until, three months ago, he came back a widower, and renewed his offer."

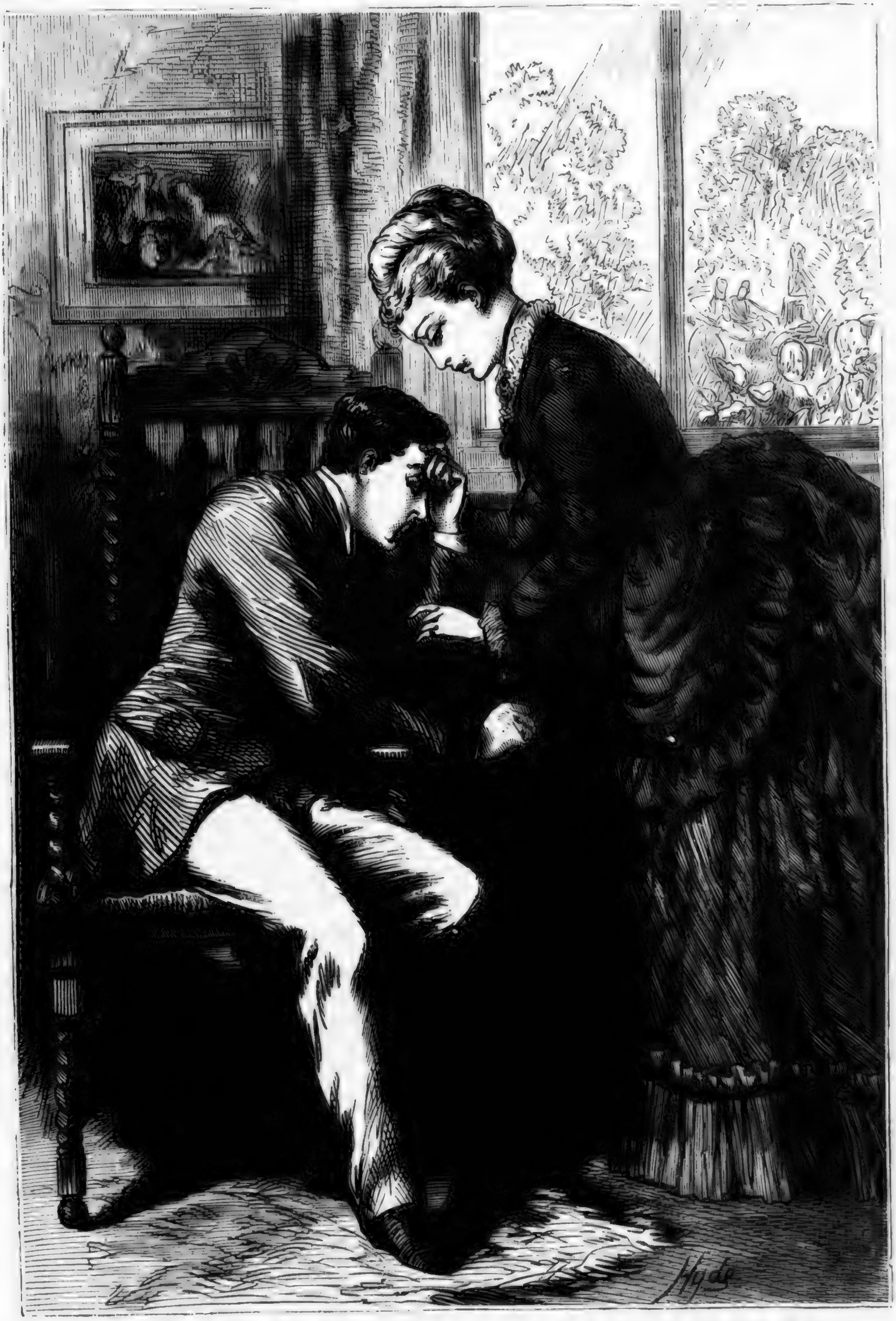
"Quite a romance," I said, trying to speak lightly. "Let me go now, and see the hero of it."

We went into the drawing-room then, and I was introduced to the pair—to the father, a fine, portly, middle-aged gentleman, jovial and honest, handsome and good-tempered; and to the daughter, who bewildered me very much at once, by rising up, holding out her hand to me, and asking: "Is it to be peace or war between us, Mr. Umpire? Have you given your consent to your mother's marriage as heartily as I have given mine to my father's?"

"Peace—peace, by all means!" I said, with an effort that was not too successful at being as debonair as the young lady herself.

She was a very pretty girl. But I have seen hundreds of women whose beauty very far surpassed hers. So, it was not her beauty that possessed me at once. It was the charm about her—the charm of way and manners and mind, that caused her to become, on the instant, the one woman in the world for me.

Like a very young man, I fell in love, ardently, at once, without pausing to consider whether the doing so was



A YEAR AGO.—"'BUT ADA!' I COULD SAY NO MORE. I COULD ONLY DROOP MY HEAD, IN ORDER TO HIDE THE TEARS THAT I MISTAKENLY SUPPOSED WERE A DISGRACE TO MY MANHOOD.'"

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judicious or not. I would have given my gracious consent to my mother marrying fifteen of Ada's fathers, could she by any possibility have had that number, if the doing so would in aught have furthered my acquaintance with Ada.

As it was, I contented myself with being absurdly delighted with the new arrangement, and absurdly eager to cement the bonds of friendship already established between us, by hurrying on the wedding.

But Mr. Egerton was very particular about the preliminaries. He was a man of such a nice sense of honor, that he was apt "to carry his consideration for others to an almost tedious point," I felt, sometimes.

Now, in this case he was bent on having every detail of the new household he had organized in his newly bought home, "The Elms," as perfect as were my mother's surroundings in time-refined and custom-chastened ancestral Hazeldean. Until such could be the case—until the wheels of the new domestic vehicle were thoroughly oiled, and in unexceptionable working order, he would not hurry on his nuptials—a circumstance for which I bless him now, though then, in my blind, impatient, boyish ardor, I cursed him by my gods; for I fancied that, when my mother was his wife, I should have a fairer opportunity of winning his daughter.

They were our guests at Hazeldean for three weeks after my return, and then they moved to The Elms—a fine old estate, adjacent to mine, which he had recently purchased.

The day they left us, my mother, who had been unaccountably depressed, as unaccountably cheered up, in a way that was almost obnoxious to me, suffering as I was from the first pangs of the first separation from my first love.

She seemed singularly cheerful and light-hearted, too; and when she expressed an evidently heartfelt pleasure in being alone with me once more, I was nearly beside myself with surprise and annoyance.

"She is beginning to repent of her infatuation," I tried to tell myself; but I felt all the while that it was not her infatuation that was causing the variableness in her moods.

We said very little about the Egertons. I know, when I tried effusively to congratulate my mother anew on being about to form an alliance with a family in every way so enchanting, she checked me rather coldly.

"He is a right honorable gentleman, of that I am sure, Frank. It will be through much tribulation that we resign the hope of being nearer to each other than we are now, if we ever *do* resign it."

"Why should you resign it—who's to interfere? Come, mother, dear, this is too much of a joke! No one can say you nay in this matter; your own children are delighted at the prospect."

"Our own children scarcely know their own minds," she said, sweetly, but very seriously, I thought

"I shall go over there to-morrow, and see how they are settling down," I said, ignoring the full meaning of her remark.

"Why not wait till you see him, as you will to-morrow at dinner?" she said, hastily.

"To-morrow at dinner! Delightful! You didn't tell me they were coming, mother."

"Ada will not be here," my mother said, trying to speak with calm indifference. "She is very anxious to put the drawing-room into more tasteful order than the upholsterer has left it in, so she will stay at home all day to-morrow."

"What perfect taste Ada has about arranging a house, as well as about everything else!" I said, enthusiastically; and then I felt happy that my mother did not respond to my enthusiasm other than by the words:

"Yes; until she marries, she will be a dear sister and friend to you, Frank; she is sure to exert a refining influence over a man."

"Sister! That is stubbing the bands of relationship that will exist between her father and myself with a vengeance, mother; and who is she going to marry?" I asked the question with an eager petulance that did not escape her observation.

"I don't know that there is any thought of her marriage at present; but I must look forward to losing my daughter, and you to losing your sister, some time or other, Frank."

"It's evident my mother doesn't want me to fall in love with Ada," I said to myself. And I puzzled my brains for an hour or two before I went to sleep, in vain efforts to discover the cause of this lukewarmness on her part toward a girl who had such influence over her (my mother) before I came home. "It's feminine caprice," I decided at length; and having arrived at that satisfactory conclusion, I fell asleep and dreamed that I was forbidding the banns of marriage between Mr. Egerton and my mother.

In real life—out of the region of dreamland—the preparations for that marriage were moving on apace.

It is a difficult thing to depict the gradual growth of a passion. I was speedily completely absorbed in my thoughts of Ada, and before very long I knew that the feeling was reciprocal. We had been strolling about together one afternoon for a couple of hours among the shrubberies at The Elms, when I suddenly resolved to put my fate to the touch without any further hesitation. I am not going to say in what words I did this, but at any rate they were sufficiently eloquent words for the purpose, if I may judge by the result. Ada first accepted me, and then suggested a doubt of its being possible for her to do so, in these words:

"Oh, Frank, dear Frank! what is the use of my saying 'Yes,' when I feel that your mother will say 'No'?"

"Why, Ada," I cried, unwilling to admit that I, too, foresaw opposition from my mother, "she is devoted to you; she loves you as her daughter already."

"But does not wish for me as her son's wife, unless I am very much mistaken," she said. "Now, don't be hasty and intemperate, Frank; if she has objections, depend upon it they are such as we shall both respect when we hear them——"

"I should scatter any objections that intervened between us, as chaff is scattered before the wind!" I said, foolishly.

"No, you wouldn't," she said, gravely; "you will listen to them; meet them, if possible, like a man; succumb to them, if it must be so." Her voice faltered, and for a few moments I was almost tempted to think harshly of my mother.

We communicated the step we had taken to our parents that same night. I pleaded my cause and my right to love her ardently, passionately, volubly. Ada said little more than—

"I love Frank, papa, and if you will let me marry him, I shall be a very happy girl."

And when she had said this, a portentous silence fell upon us all, and I began to tremble.

My mother was the first to speak.

"My boy and I will talk over this as we are driving home to-night," she said, gently. Then she laid her hand on Mr. Egerton's arm, and added, "I know your feelings on this subject as well as you know mine. You may safely trust me."

Then there came a hurried and confused leave-taking, and presently I found myself driving my mother home in her own phaeton at a fast trot.

"Pull up and walk the ponies, Frank; what we have to speak about can't be spoken about too soon," she said, at last; and I pulled up in obedience to her request, but uttered never a word. My sense of injustice being dealt out to me was too young as yet.

"Frank, I have feared this for some weeks; it is not an unexpected blow to me."

"Why should it be a blow at all?" I asked. "You seemed fond enough of Ada at one time."

"I love her dearly."

"Then, why don't you like my marrying her? My whole heart is wrapped up in her. Mother, she is all the world to me; it will kill me if she is worked upon to refuse me."

"She shall not be worked upon to refuse you."

"Mother, are you crying?"

She was sobbing bitterly; but she checked her sobs presently, and said:

"I am glad I have had this talk with you alone, dear, before you met Mr. Egerton again. Frank, there is nothing I would not do for you, my own child, my *only* child; any sacrifice I can make seems poor and meagre to myself."

She was speaking in a quick, agitated manner, and I interrupted her to ask:

"What sacrifice are you called upon to make?"

"One that I shall have strength given me to make for you, Frank. I thought to be a good man's cherished wife. Instead of that——"

"Good heavens, mother! what do you mean? How can my marriage with Ada interfere with your marriage with her father?" I interrupted, hastily. "This is most perverse and unkind."

"It is neither," she said, almost sternly. "I have—I have always had strong feelings on this point. To me, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is a most repulsive thing; I could never touch the hand of a man in friendship who was guilty of what I should consider to be such an offense against all purity, a sin against God and man. The alliance you propose would be little less repugnant to me if I married her father; she would be a sister-in-law to you, and I should feel that, in consenting to your wedding her, I was violating principles that have hitherto been sacred to me; therefore, Frank, I shall not carry out my own marriage engagement, and I pray to Heaven I may be rewarded by seeing you happy in yours."

"Mother, this is too much."

And then I proceeded to expostulate, and protest, and argue. But it was all of no avail. Nothing moved my mother from that stronghold of purity and delicacy and high principle on which she had taken her stand. I could not agree with her prejudices *then*, in the heat and ardor of my first avowed love. But I respected them, and I had an uneasy feeling even then that she was right.

I could not resist taking Ada into my confidence, and I saw with annoyance, as soon as the case was put before her, that she sympathized with my mother. Visibly she recoiled from the contemplation of the complications that would arise out of the double marriage.

"What a much better woman your mother is than I am, Frank!" she said, sadly. "I see it all now—but I didn't see it before. Our course is clear, dear brother!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"That we must part, and that as soon and with as little fuss as possible. We mustn't selfishly blight them, you know; and if we marry, it's clear they won't."

"But, Ada!" I could say no more. I could only drop my head on my hands, in order to hide the tears that I mistakenly supposed were a disgrace to my manhood.

"Hush, Frank! you will be rewarded," she said, solemnly; and then I tried to clasp and kiss her, but she held herself aloof, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and my mother said: "You will both be rewarded, my children. Ada, my daughter, your father consents to your marriage with Frank;" and then she drew us both within her arms, and kissed us warmly.

"And you—and you?" Ada asked, eagerly.

"I shall ask Frank to let me have the pretty old Hollow End house, as my town house," she said, lightly.

"You won't marry papa!" Ada cried; and for answer my mother put her hand on Ada's lips, and said:

"Never a word more on that subject, dear; it is easier for the old to renounce hopes that are dear to them than for the young to do it."

I believe that I had the chivalry to make offers of self-abnegation, if that would secure my mother's almost consummated plan of happiness; but they were not accepted.

My wife and I wintered abroad, hearing constantly from my noble-hearted mother, who never suffered us to gather from her letters that she was other than happy and cheerful and well. With the coming of the Summer, the desire to return to our home set in; so Hazeldean was set in order for us, and we came back to it on the 8th of July.

We had each written to our respective parents, entreating them to be at Hazeldean to receive us; and there they were, when we got out of the carriage, waiting on the doorstep, looking glad; but, oh! so much older than they had looked at this time last year. We would not let it be a tearful meeting, but it was a very emotion-producing one, nevertheless.

I think my mother was more tender to me than ever that night. Over and over again she assured me, in a hundred ways, that her life was a peaceful and happy one.

I think I must have been asleep for about three hours, when I was roused by a fierce pull at the door-bell. By-and-by I heard servants whispering excitedly, and presently I was called down to speak to Archer, my mother's groom.

I knew what was coming the moment I caught sight of the man. I held out my hands to avert the blow that seemed to be bearing down upon my head at once. But it was a blow that might not be averted. Oh! men and women, whose hearts are human, have pity upon me! My mother was dead!

She had "died very peacefully," Archer said, "of that 'ere complaint she's been subject to lately—leastwise, these last few months; missis has over and over again gone like a sheet, but she'd never tell any one else of it; she always said it didn't matter, and, above all, you was to be kept from being worried by hearing of it; but, you see, the time has come when you must hear—so now I tell you."

The poor, faithful old fellow ended with a sob, and I grasped his hand yearningly in my speechless sorrow, and then went back to my wife, who was already conscious that the shadow of sorrow had fallen upon her home.

"Tell me at once, Frank?"

"My mother is dead," I managed to say; and then my wife, my comforter, sprang to my side, and exclaimed:

"Frank, Frank! you'll believe that my grief is only one degree less keen than yours; she was almost my mother, too; she forfeited her happiness to secure *mine* as well as yours; but, in this hour of freshest agony, *I* bid you bear *this* in mind. The sudden death is due to heart-*disease*, not to heart-sorrow. My husband, my own dear husband, we are faultless in this matter; I feel it from my soul."

She was right. Ada was proved right, by the researches of science, a few hours after this pouring in of balm and oil upon my wounded conscience. My mother had been a victim to that insidious foe to humanity, which lays low so many without a moment's warning. She had not died of the disappointment which had been brought about indirectly by my love for Ada and Ada's love for me.

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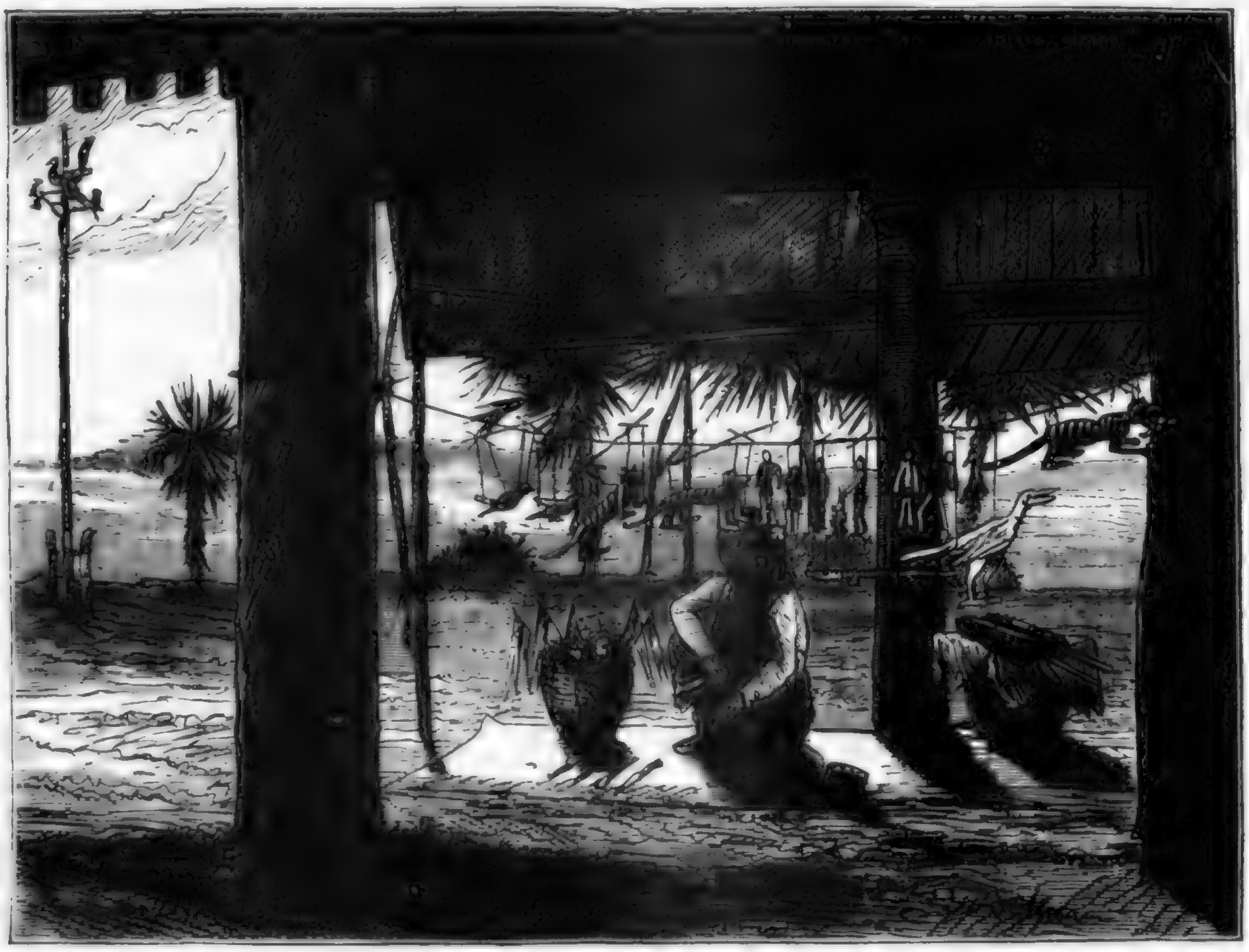


A BURMESE TOY-SHOP.

Now that her sweet, pure, patient life is over, she speaks to us still from every nook and corner of quiet, dearly loved Hazeldean. My children, if I am blessed enough to have any, will learn from me, and from their mother, at what a sacrifice the beautiful, noble-looking woman in violet velvet, who holds the honored place in our gallery of family portraits, bought their parents' happiness. And, learning this truth from our loving lips, they will also learn this truth: that there is no purer, stronger love on earth than the love of a mother for her child.

A BURMESE TOY-SHOP.

The Burmese are a simple-minded, indolent people, frank and courteous, fond of amusement and gay-colored apparel, friendly among themselves, and hospitable to strangers.

The costume of the Burmese is remarkably simple. Both sexes wear a short white jacket, called an *engie;* and the male a *putso,* a piece of silk or cotton cloth, usually the former, of gay color, red or yellow, about a yard in width, and four or five in length, which is worn round the hips; while the women wear a *temine,* which is a nearly square piece of cloth or silk, sufficiently large to wrap around the body, and fastened merely by tucking the outer end within the other. The men wear gay-colored silk bandannas—*gounboungs*—in adjusting which they sometimes entwist a thick lock of hair; the women wear no head-covering. Both men and women wear their hair long; the former gather it in a bunch, on the top of the head, and the latter comb it straight back from the forehead and tie it in a knot behind.

Burmese houses are built of teak wood, palm leaf, bamboo, rattan, and grass; and are generally raised upon piles four or five feet from the ground, as a preventive of fevers and to provide against the inundations of the rainy season. The shops or bazars are of similar construction, but often entirely open to the weather, like the toy-shop shown in our picture.

Some of the shops are two stories in height; all of them are neat and tidy in appearance. The contents of a Burmese toy-shop are of the most miscellaneous character. Images of animals and deities abound, and many of them, although rudely executed, are really faithful representations of the animals they simulate. Other toys and trinkets are shown in endless variety, and the intending purchaser may, by the expenditure of a single rupee (about forty-six cents), secure a sufficient quantity to make glad the hearts of a numerous family of little folks.

THE MOABITE STONE.

There has been discovered in the land of Moab a stone covered with writing—being the only authentic and original Biblical monument which has been found up to the present time. Indeed, according to M. Ganneau, the King of Mesha is no other than the King of Moab whose bloody wars the Bible recounts, and who was contemporary with the Kings of Israel, Ahab, Ahaziah and Jehoram.

The Rev. D. Ginsburg says that the inscription on the stone reads almost like a chapter of the Bible, this curious relic dating back 900 years before Christ, and the inscription being older than two-thirds of the Old Testament. Out of twelve or fifteen Moabite cities mentioned in the Old Testament, eleven were enumerated in that inscription. He concludes that, at the period indicated, an organized temple service existed among Jews out of Palestine, and that that service must have been very much akin to the service of the Moabites; that the inscription was far more simple than two-thirds of the Old Testament; that in military prowess they were superior to the Jews; and that the ancient Greeks and Romans, and we ourselves, had derived what had become our alphabet from them.

FRANCIS THE FIRST.

By Henry Barton Baker.

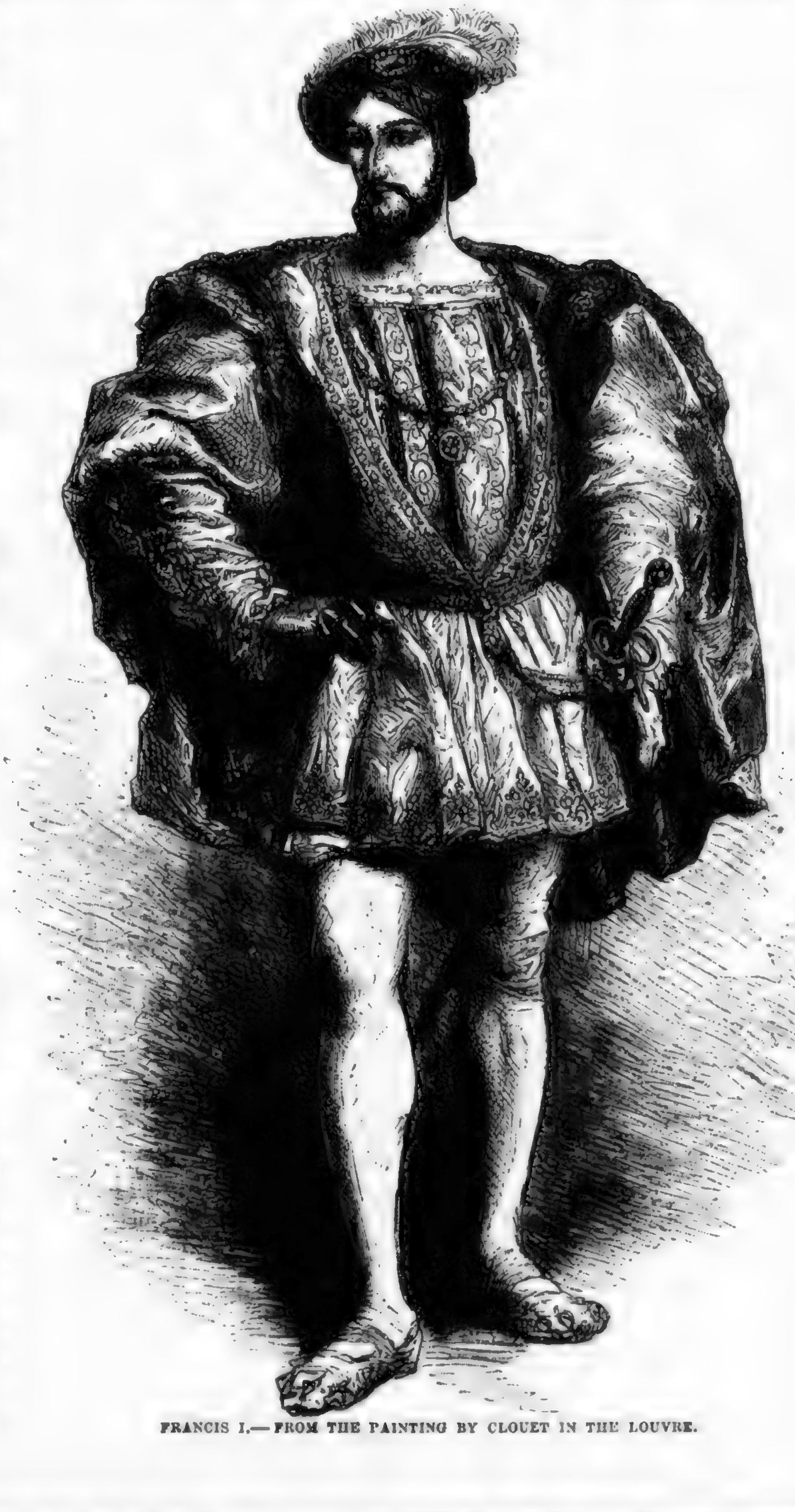
"C'est luy qui a grâce et parler de maître,
Digne d'avoir sur tous droit et puissance,
Qui, sans nommer, se peut assez connoître.
C'est luy qui a de tout la connoissance,
De sa beauté il est blanc et vermeil,
Les cheveux bruns, de grande et belle taille;
En terre il est comme au ciel le soleil,
Hardi, vaillant, sage et preux en bataille;
Il est benin, doux, humble en sa grandeur;
Fort et puissant, et plein de patience,
Soit en prison, en tristesse et malheur
Il a de Dieu la parfaite science,
Bref, luy tout seul est digne d'être roy."

Such is the glowing picture—I have omitted its extravagances—drawn by Marguerite de Navarre of her brother Francis in his youth. And it is, perhaps, little exaggerated, for he was undoubtedly the handsomest and most chivalrous prince, as well as one of the finest men, in Europe, of his time.

"The tradition of Agnès and the Court of Charles VII.," says Michelet, "set then in the form of a romantic legend, enveloped Francis I. His governor, Artus Gouffier, was the son of Charles VIII.'s governor, who in his early youth had been valet de chambre to Charles VII. Thus the child was cradled in these remembrances of *la dame de beauté* and the Court of King René, of the soft and wandering life—passing from château to château—which these kings lived. Add to this the eternal story of Italian affairs, when Gouffier had followed Charles VIII. and Louis XII., Fornoue, Agnadel and Ravenna, the beautiful women coming to meet the conquerors, the pleasures of Naples. This paradise was the King's, if he knew how to retake it. The whole adorned by Boiardo, Roland, Angélique, 'Les dames, les combats, les nobles cavaliers.' This is what the complaisant governor recounted to his pupil in those long rides among the interminable windings of the Charente, or following the eccentric course of the deceptive Loire."

Louis XII. dying without issue in 1515, the crown devolved upon young Francis, then Duc d'Angoulême, as first prince of the blood. He had just entered his twenty-first year, and the whole nation was filled with hope, and eager expectation of a glorious reign. His assumption of the title of Duc de Milan, revealed his intention of following the Italian policy of his two predecessors. To secure the alliance or neutrality of the surrounding powers was his first care. The Archduke Charles, who, although only fifteen years of age, had already assumed the government of the Netherlands, received his overtures with favor, and the renewal of the treaty with England, by which he engaged himself for the million crowns promised by the late king, secured the goodwill of Henry VIII. With the old wolf, Ferdinand, he was not so fortunate; neither, as a necessary corollary, with his adherent, the weak-minded Maximilian. To the veterans he promised the recovery of their former possessions in Lombardy; Leo X. declared his intention of remaining neutral, but almost immediately ranged himself upon the side of Spain; and soon afterward Henry showed symptoms of disaffection to his cause.

Full of ardor, burning to emulate those deeds of arms of De Foix and other great captains, over which he had pored and even wept, no obstacle nor opposition appalled him. He gathered together a large and well-disciplined army, and the most formidable train of artillery that France had ever possessed, and started on his expedition. The Swiss guarded the passes of the Alps; but he, marching



FRANCIS I.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CLOUET IN THE LOUVRE.

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by a new route, avoided them, and descended upon Milan so unexpectedly and rapidly, that Colonna, who was at table when the French arrived, demanded, in astonishment, whether they had dropped from the stars.

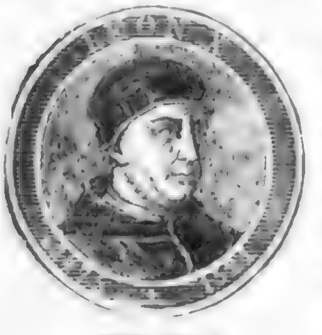
On the 13th of September, 1515, was fought the famous battle of Marignano, one of the greatest victories ever achieved by French arms. Within two hours of sundown the Swiss unexpectedly commenced the attack, with such resistless violence that the French could scarcely withstand it. Far into the darkness of the night raged the slaughter, until the confusion obliged a cessation. But with the first dawn of day it recommenced. During the interval, the French troops had been rearranged, and were now more than a match for their assailants. Francis, plunging into the very thickest of the fight, performed prodigies of valor. The Swiss mercenaries, who had won so many engagements that they were considered invulnerable, lost 12,000 of their best men. The old captain, Trivulsio, who had been through the Italian wars of the previous reign, said that all the battles he had ever witnessed had been but child's play to this, for it was a battle of giants.

After the victory, there was acted a scene that has been frequently pictured, both by romancist and painter. It was a momentary flicker of the expiring flame of chivalry. By the side of the King had fought Bayard, the last of the heroes, with all the mightiness of an ancient paladin, and all the romantic courage of a knight-errant. So impressed was Francis by his prowess, that, kneeling before him, he begged to be knighted by the sword that had performed such wonders. And there, with all the army looking on, Bayard performed the ancient ceremony, and vowed never to draw that sword again, except against the infidel.

The entire submission of the Milanese followed of necessity so overwhelming a victory; that of the Genoese quickly succeeded. And after an interview with Leo, at Bologna, in which the presentation of ecclesiastical benefices within their kingdom was formally ceded to the Kings of France—a privilege which thereafter greatly affected the social and religious life of that country—Francis returned to Paris, crowned with laurels.

Peace being now established for several years, and his ambition and love of glory being satisfied for a time, he was free to indulge in that love of magnificence and that patronage of art with which posterity has chiefly associated his reign.

It is a strange contradiction that under this monarch, who was above all *the* king of the Renaissance, much of the ancient spirit of chivalry, which had been dormant during three reigns, should have revived so brilliantly, although, like the Gothic of the preceding generation, a little overweighted with ornament. Never was fabled knight of King Arthur's Court more deeply imbued with its fantastic poetry than this Francis; but the subtle and resistless spirit of the age was yet more potent, and carried him in an opposite direction. Nor was he the only *preux chevalier* of his time; Bayard, that model of knighthood, who might have held an honored place at the-Round Table, still lived. There was the gallant De Lorges, whose bravery was put to such a cruel test. Francis kept lions at Fontainebleau, and loved to see them fight. One day De Lorges and his mistress were present at one of these combats; she let fall her glove, purposely, into the arena when the beasts were at their greatest fury. Without a moment's hesitation he rolled his cloak about his left arm, brandishing his sword with the right, sprang in and showed so determined a countenance to the lions that they dared not attack him, picked up the glove, and restored it to the lady amidst the applause of the spectators. But she was justly punished for her barbarity, for he took leave of her upon the spot; saying he wished no longer to be counted among the gallants of one who had exposed him to such a peril for a mere caprice.


POPE LEO X.

The disruption of the feudal seigneuries and the consequent breaking up of the isolation and independence of the old *noblesse*, the increase of the central power, which gradually concentrated all favor and authority into the gift and hands of the King, brought all the ambitious young nobles to Court, since it was there alone they could now look for advancement. The splendor with which the new monarch surrounded himself, and that desire for luxury which had been growing at a prodigious rate since the first invasion of Italy, gave an intense impetus to this movement, and month after month the numbers of the old medieval castles that were given over to the owls and the winds, or to the care of a few aged domestics, not sufficiently presentable to swell the train of the seigneur, increased throughout the land. The rudely-garbed provincial was quickly transformed into the elegantly accoutred courtier with his silken coat and hat, doublet, breeches and shoes slashed in various colors, a rapier at his side, and an engraved ring upon his finger, his hair * and nails cut short and his beard worn long. If he were handsome and gallant he might hope to be taken under the protection of some noble lady and provided with employment at Court, a post in the army, or even a benefice in the Church; for since the disposal of its patronage had come into the hands of the King such was frequently bestowed upon laymen.

It was at the Château d'Amboise, which Charles VIII. had rebuilt in the Italian style, that Francis held his Court in the earlier years of his reign. He did not care for cities, but loved to blend the splendors of his palace with the natural beauties of the woods and fields. It was a court of romance, the joyous life that Boccaccio drew, with much of the wild extravagance of Ariosto, a realization of those boyish day-dreams by the Charente and Loire. But although its headquarters were at Amboise, this joyous Court was never stationary, but was always *en route:*

> "Like a moving romance," says Michelet, "a Pantagruelian pilgrimage, the whole length of the Loire, from chateau to chateau, from forest to forest. Everywhere the chase and the deafening horn. Everywhere the grand banquet beneath the trees for some thousands of guests. Then all disappeared. The poor envoys of the King of Spain never knew where or how to join the King of France. He rose very late, as did also that other king, his mother. They came in vain in the morning, the King was asleep. They re-

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* Previous to the time of Francis, the French nobles had worn their hair long; the cause of this change of fashion forms a curious chapter in the history of modes. On Twelfth Day, or *le jour des rois*, the court being then at Romorantin, the King was informed that the Comte de Saint-Paul, following an ancient custom, had made in his house a king of the bean. Upon which Francis gathered about him all his courtiers and informed them that he should place himself at their head and lay siege to the count's house to dethrone this king. Saint-Paul, made aware of his coming, prepared for his defense, and caused his people to bring within doors a large number of snowballs, and gather together all the apples, eggs, and other things that would serve for projectiles, they could find. The assault commenced, but very soon the besieged had exhausted their ammunition; in the excitement of the moment, some one snatched up a burning log from the hearth and cast it through the window. It fell upon the King's head, inflicting a severe wound. The physician found it necessary to cut his hair close to his head. From that time he allowed his beard to grow. A few weeks afterward every pretender to fashion, whether of court or town, appeared with beard and cropped head.

> turned later; the King was on horseback, far away in the forest. The evening was too pleasant; business to-morrow. The next day he was gone; the Court was *en route;* the envoys would find some belated servitors who told them hastily the King slept ten leagues from there."
>
> "King Francis," says Brantôme, "having chosen and formed a troop, which he called *la petite bande*, of the ladies of his Court, the most beautiful and gentle, and whom he loved best, often stole away from the Court and went away to other houses to hunt the stag and pass the time, and there he would dwell thus retired, eight days, ten days, sometimes more, sometimes less, as it pleased his humor."

But mingled with this Arcadian life were *fêtes* as gorgeous as those of Louis XIV. There was one of notable splendor at the baptism of the Dauphin, and the marriage of Lorenzo de Médicis, Duc d'Urbino, with Madeleine de la Tour, the heiress of the Comte d'Auvergne. Leo had been solicited to be sponsor to the prince, and had sent his nephew, Lorenzo, to represent him. The ceremonies were splendid. The great court of the palace was covered by a vast awning, under which assembled all the flower of the French nobility, all the great dignitaries of the Church, the ambassadors of all the foreign Courts, and many foreign princes. At the supper every course was brought in to a flourish of trumpets, and between each there was a ballet performed by seven companies of demoiselles dressed in the costumes of Germany, Italy and Spain, and beating time to their steps with tambourines. There were jousts on horseback and on foot, and a sham siege, for which an elaborately constructed fortress made of wood had been raised.

But all other *fêtes* were as nothing when compared with the ever-famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. Maximilian being dead, Francis became a rival candidate with Charles for the Imperial throne, and desiring the alliance of England, invited Henry to meet him near Calais. The interview between the two monarchs took place upon a great plain between Ardres and Guines which divided their territories. The ground was covered with tents, the principal of which were adorned both within and without with cloth of gold. The nobles of the two nations vied with each other in the splendor of their appointments. "Several there," says an old historian, quaintly, "carried their forests, their meadows, their mills upon their shoulders."

Henry had constructed for himself a vast palace of wood and glass, which glittered in the sunshine like a prolusion of a Crystal Palace; it was divided into four compartments, and covered with a cloth painted to represent freestone. Within was a spacious court with two fountains, from each of which flowed wine, water and hippocras. The entire edifice had been brought from England in pieces that were joined together by pegs, but neither stone nor mortar was employed. Francis's palace was no less splendid and ingenious than that of his brother monarch. He had caused to be constructed, besides, a building in the form of a Roman amphitheatre, three tiers in height, and a pavilion sixty feet square, covered on the outside with cloth of gold, and within with blue velvet embroidered with *fleur de lis;* but a high wind destroyed this last and carried it away. Midway between the two camps was erected a tent which in the richness of its ornaments surpassed all the rest, and it was here, after many diplomatic delays, mounted on horseback, the two sovereigns met and embraced one another with every demonstration of affection.

When the articles of the treaty were read and signed, Francis expressed a desire to entertain his kingly brother; but Henry, who seems to have been suspicious throughout, was not willing to confide his person to the keeping of the French without due precautions, and proposed that while he dined with the Queen of France at Ardres, Francis should be received by the Queen of England at Guines; thus they would have been hostages for each other. But Francis, full of impulsive generosity, grew impatient of these Machiavellian precautions, and resolved to put an end to them in a manner that shamed the less chivalrous monarch. One morning, accompanied by only two gentlemen and a page, he presented himself at the Château de Guines and demanded of the governor:

"Where is the chamber of my royal brother?"

"Sire, the King is not yet awake," was the reply.

"That is no matter," replied Francis.

And being conducted to the royal bedchamber, he knocked at the door, entered, and walked to the King's bedside. Greatly moved by this generous confidence, Henry exclaimed:

"Brother, you have done the noblest thing that ever one man did to another, and shown me the great confidence I ought to have in you. I am your prisoner, and I pledge you my faith."

Then they made an exchange of splendid presents, and when the English King rose the French King insisted upon acting as his valet and assisting him to dress. The next morning Henry took horse, unattended, to the Château d'Ardres, in imitation of his visitor, and performed the same attentions to his brother of France.

All this may seem very silly stuff to the nineteenth century, but nevertheless it is full of meaning as another momentary revival of dying chivalry.

Then followed jousts and tourneys, but they were mere gorgeous spectacles, bearing the same relation to the tournaments of feudalism that a stage representation does to the reality. Fighting had come to be regarded rather as a disagreeable necessity than the pleasure of life, the value of which seems ever to increase with the progress of luxury. Besides courtesies and fighting, there were feasts and entertainments of the most splendid description, which lasted many days.

But, alas, all this kingly cordiality was as evanescent as the pageant that celebrated it; the next year Henry concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the Emperor against France. Francis had so impoverished both himself and his nobles by these extravagances, that upon the breaking out of the war he found himself without the means of equipping or feeding his troops, and was obliged to resort to the most oppressive imposts to raise money.*

It was Francis who commenced that infamous institution, the royal mistress, the curse of France during so many generations. He was twice married, first to Claude, the eldest daughter of Louis XII., a *mariage de convenance;* she was a princess of religious and retired habits, who bore him three sons, Francis, Henry, and Charles, and four daughters. Her many virtues procured for her the title of *la bonne reine.* The contempt of her husband and the hatred of her mother-in-law probably shortened her life; she died in 1524. His next wife was Eleanor of Austria, the sister of Charles V., and the widow of Emmanuel of Portugal; she fell in love with him during his captivity in Madrid. This was another political marriage, and her life was no happier than that of her predecessor; the tyranny of the queen-mother, and the insolence of the favorites, drove her from the Court, while the enmity and the wars between her husband and brother were unceasing afflictions to her.

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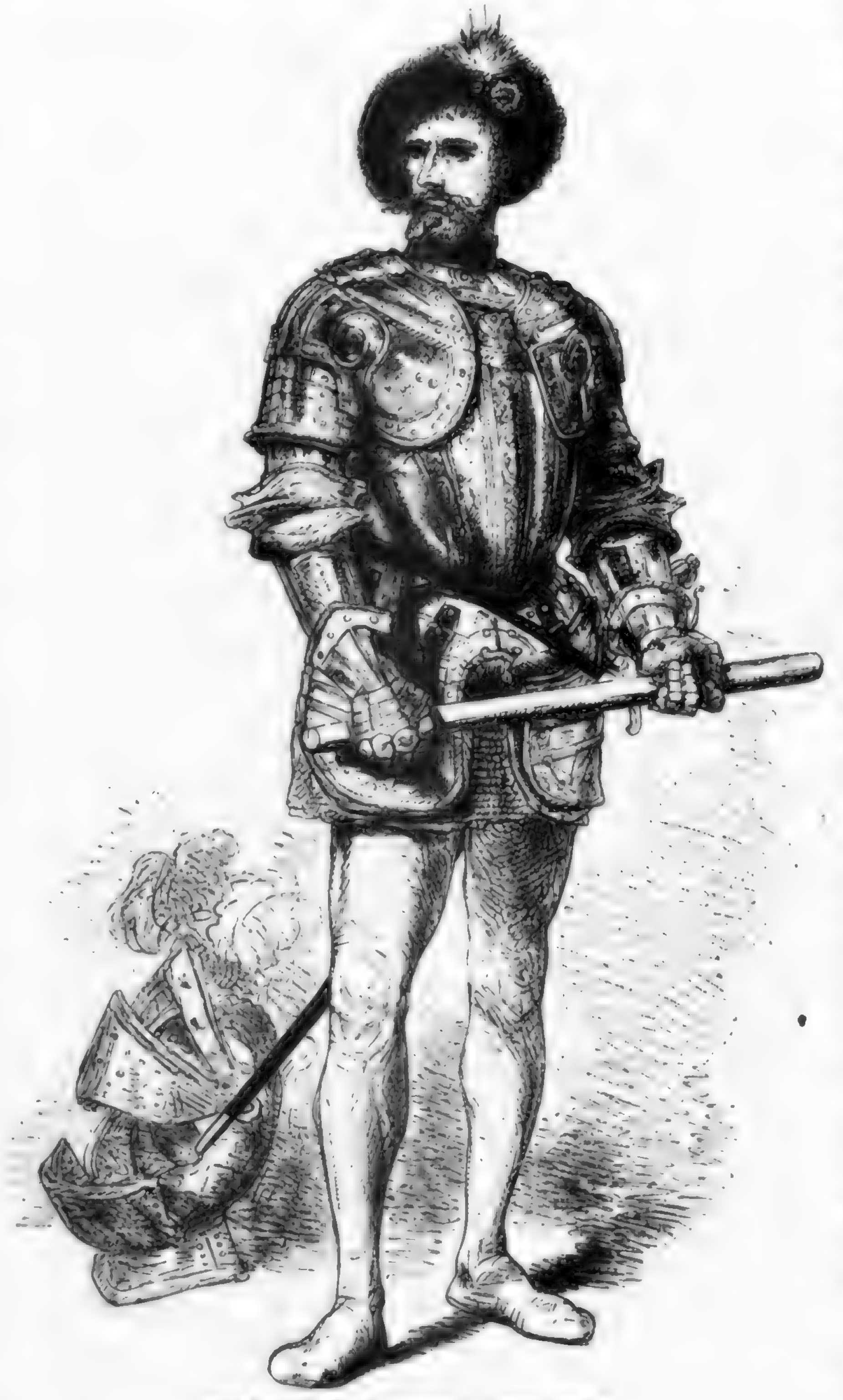
* The entire revenues of the Crown amounted, under this reign, to about 5,600,000 livres, and the expenses of his ordinary household absorbed more than one-third of this sum, and such festivities as that of the Field of the Cloth of Gold must have still further decreased the residue. The nobles, in return for exemption from taxation, were still obliged to serve the King at their own expense in time of war; but the decay of feudalism, and the employment of trained mercenaries, had rendered war an infinitely more costly business to kings than it had been in the old times.

> "It must be confessed," says Brantôme, "that before him (Francis I.) the ladies came but little to Court, and only in small numbers. It is true that Queen Anne* commenced her Court of ladies greater than other preceding queens, and without her the King, her husband, cared but little for them; but King Francis coming to reign, considering that all the decoration of a Court was the ladies, wished to increase them more than was the ancient custom." . . . "Very often have I seen our kings go into the country, into the towns and elsewhere, and there dwell and make merry for days together, without bringing any ladies with them; but we were so lost, so disconsolate, when for eight days we dwelt apart from them and their beautiful eyes, that they appeared to us a year."

Up to this period woman had been a mere "breeder of sinners," playing no part in the great business of life, since nature had unfitted her for the life of fighting and turmoil by which she was surrounded; but with the advent of luxury, and softer and more elegant manners, her influence rose; and an influence not of good, but of evil, it became for France.

To the old romantic devotion of knight-errantry now succeeded that elegant, sensual gallantry which endured until the Revolution. It was the legitimate successor of chivalry, refined of the rudeness of its progenitor — *and the heart.* Gallantry, to use an euphuistic phrase, seemed the sole employment of the Court, and those who were not inclined to it found but little favor in the King's eyes. His three sons gloried in having mistresses, and their father, far from blaming such errors, would scarcely have acknowledged them as of his race had their manners been severe.



THE CONSTABLE DE BOURBON.— FROM TITIAN.

"I have heard tell," says Brantôme, "that the King greatly desired the honorable gentlemen of his Court should never be without mistresses, and if they were, he considered them coxcombs and fools."* It was the *fashion* of the time, and before that omnipotent power, vice, virtue and decency have ever been mere names.

The King never stirred abroad without being accompanied by a train of demoiselles. Even when he went to meet the Pope at Marseilles he was accompanied by *la petite bande; les filles du joie,* as he styles them in an old document, wherein he authorizes his treasurer to pay them twenty golden crowns each. In his youth, according to the testimony of Brantôme, his amours were indiscriminate and often vulgar, but after a time a favorite sultana became paramount, influencing not only his domestic life, but every department of the State. "Women made all," says an historian of the period, "even the generals and captains." This is their first appearance in State affairs; the Countess de Châteaubriand and the Duchess d'Étampes were the mothers of Montespan and Pompadour.

But a more evil feminine influence even than that of the mistresses was exercised by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the queen-mother, a beautiful, clever, but infamous woman. Her intrigues were shameless; her furious passions wrought infinite mischief; her overbearing insolence drove both the queens from Court; her avarice was insatiable; she lost Milan to the King by appropriating the soldiers' pay, and thereby causing a revolt among the Swiss mercenaries. This was but the sequel to an even worse deed. When Lautrec, the commander, returned to France, the King overwhelmed him with wrath, and demanded the cause of the disaster. "For eighteen months," replied Lautrec, "the men-at-arms have not been paid." Francis, astounded at hearing such an assertion, called the Sieur Semblançay, the secretary of finance.

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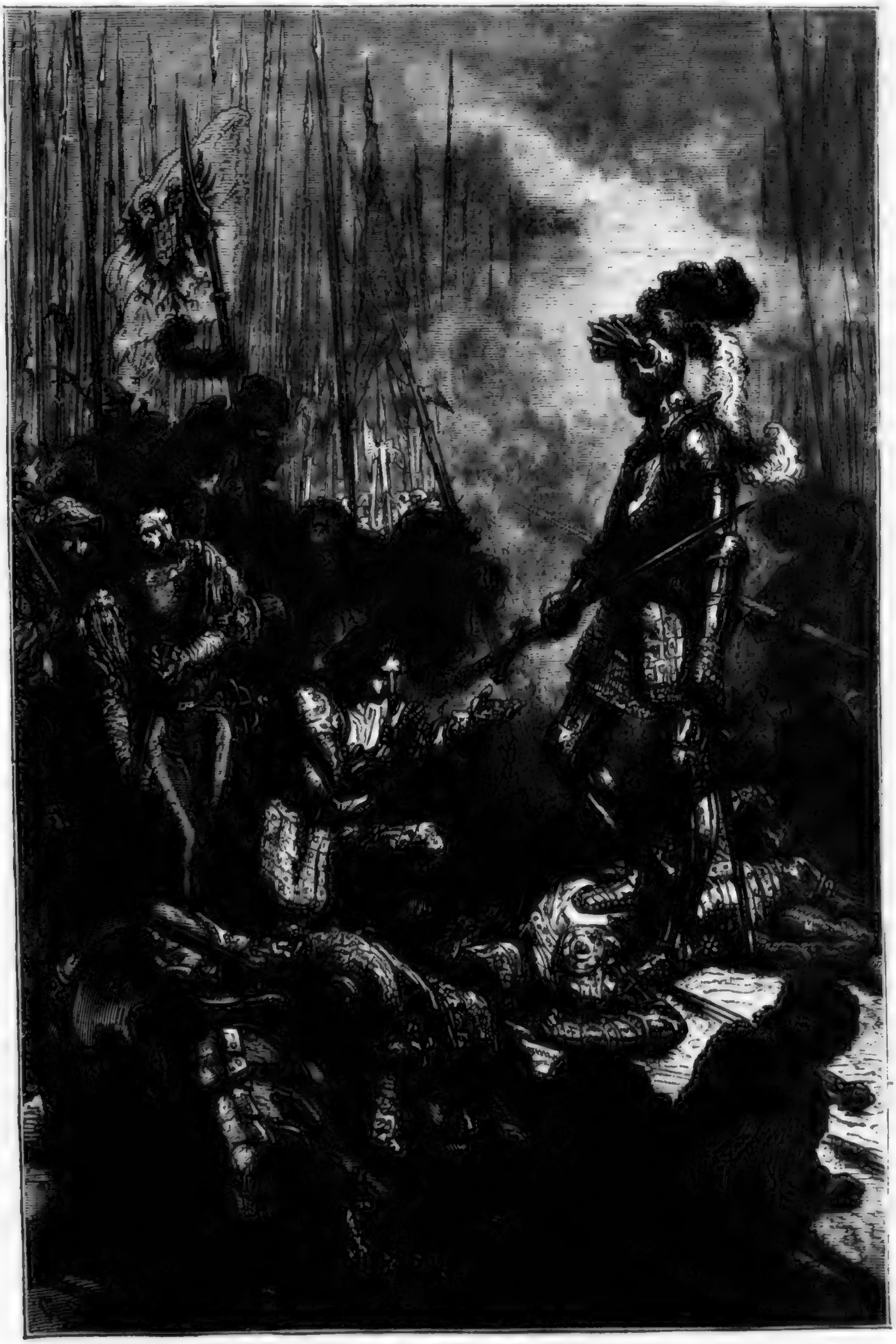
* The Queen of Louis XII.

* The following anecdote will better illustrate the shameless immorality of the age than pages of description. Bonnivet, the admiral, who was a lover of the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, dared to lift his eyes to the King's sister, the Princess Marguerite. He invited the King and the Court to his chateau. They came. In the night, by means of a trap-door, he introduced himself into the princess's chamber, and began to plead his passion in a very violent manner. Next day his face bore the marks of his reception. Yet he does not appear to have in any way lost the King's favor by this infamous attempt.



FRANCIS I. AT PAVIA.

"Did you not receive four hundred thousand ducats to send to Italy?"

"Assuredly," he replied, "but the queen-mother imperiously demanded the entire sum, and upon her acquittance I delivered it."

The acquittance, however, was not to be found; it had been stolen by a creature of the duchess's in the service of

Semblançay. The latter was thrown into prison, and a suit commenced against him which lasted two years; he was ultimately convicted of having wrongly administered the finances of the kingdom, and sentenced to death. And this man had grown gray in the service of four kings!

This affair gratified two passions of the queen-mother—her avarice and her hate. Lautrec was a brother of the Comtesse de Châteaubriand, of whose influence she was furiously jealous, and to discredit her relations was to injure her. Besides which, he had, it was said, talked too freely of the duchess's amours. He was a man of undoubted abilities, but stern and arrogant, and he had done much by his conduct to disgust the Milanese with French government. Charles and the Pontiff, both at hostilities with France, taking advantage of this sentiment, the Imperial troops, under the command of Prosper Colonna, entered the Milanese territory. But for the mutiny of the Swiss, in consequence of the non-arrival of their pay, Lautrec could have made head against them; as it was, Milan fell into their hands, and Genoa soon afterward shared the same fate. About the same period, Henry of England, actuated by the counsels of Wolsey, who was in the pay of the Empire, on some contemptible and frivolous pretext, declared war against the man to whom two years previously he had sworn eternal friendship. An army, under the command of Surrey, invaded French territory, but effected nothing. In the next year Venice, which had hitherto been Francis's ally, finding his cause in Italy desperate, entered into the league against him. Thus did the unfortunate monarch find himself alone, and encompassed by enemies. It was now the dauntlessness and power of his character shone forth, and instead of shrinking back within the defensive, he resolved to march into Italy, and attack his enemies in their strongholds.

But not even yet was the sum of his misfortune complete. He had already begun his march toward Lyons when he received intelligence that the Constable de Bourbon* was in league with Charles, and had promised to aid the Imperial troops to invade France as soon as the King had crossed the Alps. The naturally frank and generous character of Francis is admirably displayed in his mode of acting upon this warning. He at once started for Moulins, where the Constable, who had pretended illness to excuse his absence from the army, was then lying, and told him unreservedly all he had heard; upon which Bourbon protested his innocence in such solemn terms that Francis accepted his pledge, and refused to have him arrested, as more cautious councilors advised. Immediately afterward the traitor fled, and the King was doomed to bitterly expiate his too credulous trustfulness. Not considering it safe to quit his territory, he gave up the command of the invading army, thirty thousand strong, to Admiral Bonnivet, and by fortifying all frontier towns, and arresting all suspected persons, entirely defeated the conspiracy. This king certainly displayed considerable genius by the manner in which he kept all Europe, and even domestic treachery, at bay.

The brief and rapid wars of the feudal ages had been succeeded by those slow and strategic operations which made the military art until the appearance of Bonaparte. Bonnivet, who had been selected to command the army, not on account of his abilities, which were mediocre, but because of his known hatred to Bourbon, which was a pledge of his fidelity, and of the King's friendship for him, was outgeneraled and outnumbered, and at Biagrassa was totally and irretrievably defeated. It was on that field fell the Chevalier Bayard, the last of the knights of chivalry. That same year Charles invaded France, entering through Provençe. But still the masterful genius of the King was equal to the occasion, and the Imperialists, decimated by disease and famine, were compelled to retire back into Italy.

It was now that Francis's good angel deserted him, and rashness and evil counsel ruined all his glory. He had still a magnificent army under his command, and with this he resolved once more to invade Milan. To this course he is said to have been determined by the persuasions of Bonnivet, who represented conquest as certain and easy. He had become enamored of a Milanese lady, and was desirous of revisiting her; hence his assurances. Upon such trifles hang wars, the lives of thousands, and the fate of great empires.

Again Milan opened her gates, and Sforza and the Imperialists retired before the invaders. But instead of pursuing and destroying them, as he might easily have done Francis, by some strange error of judgment, sat down before Pavia, a strongly fortified and well-garrisoned town, and sent half his army to make a descent upon Naples. For three months he laid close siege to this place, and reduced it almost to the extremities of famine; the Imperialists were scarcely strong enough to attack him. But the vigor and self-sacrifice of Bourbon, now in the Imperial forces, came to their aid; he pawned his jewels, took a journey into Germany, and with the proceeds raised twelve thousand mercenaries. With these reinforcements the enemy advanced toward Pavia. The unanimous advice of the French council of war was to retire, and decline a battle. There was only one dissentient voice, that of the fatal Bonnivet, who urged the disgrace of retreat. Again the King listened, because, probably, it harmonized with his own feelings. He had sworn to take Pavia or perish, and with that romance and that strange echo of the olden time which ever and anon broke in upon the soul of this man of the Renaissance, he held that it would be an eternal shame to him to break it.

On February 24th, 1525, was fought a fatal and renowned battle. The troops on both sides were splendid. The first advantage was with the French, but the treacherous and mercenary Swiss, worthy forefathers of the brigand innkeepers of to-day, who were for ever betraying those who trusted them, and whose every vice and virtue were absorbed in the greed for gold, at the critical moment deserted their posts. The day was lost. But the King fought with the heroism of a knight-errant. Wounded severely, thrown from his horse, he fought on foot and killed seven men with his own hand. One by one the officers and nobles who had gathered round him were slain, and he stood alone, and though almost fainting with exhaustion, still wielded his terrible sword. Thus he was found by a follower of Bourbon's, who entreated him to throw down his arms, but he would have died, rather, by the hands of the Spanish soldiers who were attacking him than have yielded to his traitorous subject. And so he would have fallen, had not Lannoy, the Spanish general, come up at the time, and to him he delivered his sword. The Spaniard took it, knelt, and gave him his own, saying: "It does not become so great a monarch to remain disarmed in the presence of a mere subject of the Emperor."

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* The queen-mother, who had always been jealous of the Bourbons, on account of the partiality shown by Anne of Brittany, the Queen of Louis XII., for that branch of the royal family, had poisoned the mind of her son against the constable. His merits had never received their due reward, and he had been treated with uniform coldness and suspicion. But upon the death of his wife, the duchess, enamored of his fine person, formed the idea of marrying him. Not only did he repel her advances, but treated them with scorn and ridicule. From that hour she swore his destruction, and commenced by instituting a lawsuit to deprive him of his estates, which she claimed partly for herself, partly for the King. It was then he opened negotiations with the Imperial Court, which promised him the hand of the emperor's sister, Eleanor, who afterward became the queen of Francis, together with Provençe and Dauphiné, which he was to rule under the title of king.

Here again we hear the noble and sweet voice of the olden time, so soon to be for ever silenced in the hell-born war of creeds.

Ten thousand men fell in this engagement, and two weeks afterward there was not one French soldier within the length and breadth of Italy. "All is lost save honor," wrote Francis to his mother, whom he had appointed regent in his absence. It was now that the nobler side of the character of the woman who had been the root of all the mischief displayed itself. Spite of all she had done, she loved her son. She gathered together the remnants of the army that had found their way back, made new levies, and, assembling the nobles at Lyons, exhorted them to stand by their country in this terrible extremity. She also appealed to the Tudor, who, frightened at the prodigious success of Charles, lent a ready ear to her pleadings; and what was more important, Wolsey, disappointed of the papal throne, which the Emperor had promised him, was filled with revenge against his cajoler.

Most harshly and rigorously did Charles treat his royal captive, and the conditions of freedom he proposed, including as they did the surrender of Burgundy, Provence and Dauphine, were so monstrous, that Francis passionately drew his dagger, and pointing it at his breast, exclaimed: "It were better a king should die thus!"

While the mother was working with heart and brain within his kingdom to procure his release, the sister, afterward so famous as Marguerite de Navarre, made a journey into Spain to intercede for the captive, and bring him the comfort of her affection. There was a wondrous romantic love between this brother and sister, of which there is scarcely any parallel. He was in her eyes a god rather than a man, an idol, an incarnation of all that was physically and mentally glorious in creation. This passionate worship might be understood during the days of his youth, but even during his last years, when disease and excess had distorted his form and rendered his features coarsely repulsive, he was still her demi-god, glorious as ever; her eyes could see no change. When she arrived in Spain,

> "She found her brother," says Brantôme, "in so piteous a state that, if she had not come, he would have died; so much better she knew his constitution and complexion than did all his physicians, and treated him and caused him to be treated, as she understood him, so well that she cured him. Thus the King often said that without her he would have died, and that he owed her that obligation which he would always remember, and would love her, as he did, unto his death."

Marguerite was young, beautiful, learned and talented, and all these gifts she set to work to procure his liberation.

> "She spoke to the Emperor so bravely," to again quote Brantôme, "and so honestly, also, upon the bad treatment he had used toward the King, her brother, that he was astonished; remonstrating with him upon the ingratitude and felony he, a vassal, used toward his lord on account of Flanders,[*] then reproached him with the hardness of his heart, to be so little piteous to so great and good a king, and that using him in that fashion was not the way to gain a heart so noble and royal as that of the King, her brother, and so sovereign; and should he die of his rigorous treatment, his death would not remain unpunished, having children who, some day, would grow up and would signally avenge it."

This bravery, far from angering the gloomy and austere Charles, fascinated, enamored him. He softened the rigors of his captive's imprisonment, made love, but without result, to the fair pleader, and would have married her could he have won her consent. Yet, nevertheless, he became more moderate in his terms, moved thereto also by the alliance of England with France, and the growing jealousy of Europe of his power. Yet let us not rob sweet Marguerite of her meed, for she did more to effect her brother's liberation than all other causes.

On January 14th, 1526, after nearly one year's captivity, Francis signed the treaty of Madrid, whereby he gave up the Duchy of Burgundy to Charles, renounced all claims upon Italy, promised to restore the Constable to his estates and honors, marry the Emperor's sister, Eleanor of Portugal, etc., etc., and his two sons were to be given up as hostages for the fulfillment of the conditions. Before putting his hand to the document, he secretly, in the presence of his councilors, made a solemn protest against it as wrung from him by tyrannous and foul means, and as such it should be considered null and void. It was but a specimen of the political conscience of the day, but, nevertheless, it is the barrier which divides the chivalrous King of his youth from the debauché and tyrant of his age. The sages of Europe, however, never believed he intended to observe such stipulations, after the cruel and ungenerous treatment he had received, and they were right.

Now came "the holy league" of France, England, Venice, Florence, Milan and the Pope—who had absolved Francis from his oath—the success of the Imperialists, the sack of Rome, the death of the Constable, the rout of the French army before Naples, mutual exhaustion of both sides, and the treaty of Cambray, wherein Francis paid 2,000,000 crowns for the ransom of his sons, renounced all sovereign rights over Flanders and Artois, and all Italian claims, while Charles on his part ceded his pretensions to Burgundy. Once more during these events we hear the fierce voice of the Middle Ages rising from the tomb. Charles, by his ambassador, denounces the French King as a base violator of the public faith and a stranger to honor and integrity, upon which Francis, by his herald, gives the Emperor the lie and challenges him to single combat. Charles accepts the defiance; but the age for such summary settlements of political differences has passed away, and the meeting never takes place. Nevertheless, Robertson dates the rise of dueling, which was carried to such terrible excesses during the remainder of the sixteenth and the greater portion of the seventeenth century, from the countenance which this kingly indiscretion gave to such encounters.[*]

The sufferings he endured both in body and mind during his Spanish captivity seem to have blighted all Francis's great powers, to have extinguished his fire and energy, and, above all, that self-confidence so indispensable to success. Therefore, we find him continually violating the most solemn treaties and obligations; eternally warring against the empire, but irresolutely, shiftily, blunderingly, and quite overshadowed by the ever-expanding genius of his great rival.

But let us leave these miserable wars, minute accounts of which may be found in any history, and return to that inner life of the Court wherein lay all the springs of action. The queen-mother had conquered her old rival in the King's confidence, the Comtesse de Châteaubriand[†]—whose empire

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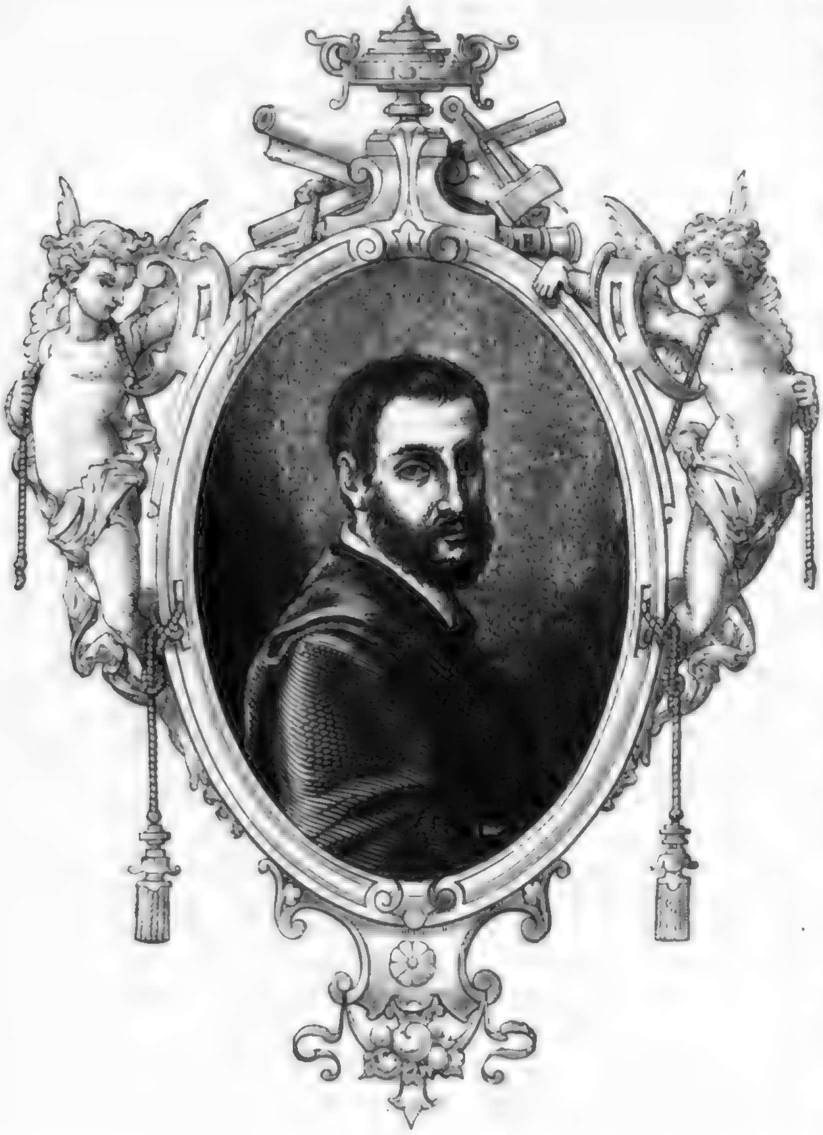
[*] The kings of France claimed seigniorial rights over Flanders.

[*] It must be borne in mind that the single combats of the Middle Ages were sanctioned by law, were solemn appeals to the god of justice, and totally differed from the private duel.

[†] The following romantic and tragic story is told by one of the old chroniclers concerning this lady. The Comte de Châteaubriand, not desiring that his wife should be seen at Court, kept her a captive in an old château in Brittany. Francis, who had heard her spoken of, brought her to Court by a stratagem. She appeared at Amboise, and everybody was dazzled by her beauty. The King no sooner beheld her than he was fascinated. But on his return from Spain he had forgotten her in the attraction of other beauties. The



BENVENUTO CELLINI.

was lost from the time of his captivity—by providing another sultana for her son's pleasure, in the person of Anne de Pisseleu, one of her maids of honor. This lady, grateful to her patroness, was content to leave politics to her greater wisdom, and to rule only the pleasures of her royal lover. She loved splendor of all kinds, she loved poetry and poets, paintings and painters, she loved the society of the learned. and inclined toward the Protestants. Francis married her to Jean de Brosse, one of the accomplices of Bourbon, who by this marriage got back his forfeited estates and a duchy into the bargain, on condition he never claimed his wife and kept away from her. It is the first example of those mock nuptials which the fourteenth and fifteenth Louis carried to such perfection. Truly this Francis was a wonderful hand at inventions. What a debt of gratitude succeeding kings owed him! So Mademoiselle de Pisseleu became Duchess d'Étampes.

The old life of *fêtes* was by no means interrupted by the costly and desolating wars; the troops were unpaid, the treasury drained, but there was always money forthcoming for splendors and pleasures. The Château d'Amboise became too small to contain the ever-swelling Court. In the depths of a wild forest was an ancient dwelling that had been occasionally used by the kings of France as far back as the twelfth century. This was Fontainebleau, and this was the spot chosen by Francis for his new palace. The old Gothic building was demolished, and with it an adjacent monastery and seventeen houses; and upon the ground they had covered, under the superintendence of an Italian architect, and by the hands of a host of Italian, Flemish and French workmen, arose a gorgeous pile of the Renaissance. Italy was ransacked for painters, sculptors, and decorators of all kinds to adorn the new palace, and among them came the great Benvenuto Cellini. It was here he executed some of his most beautiful works, his great silver statues of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, and that gold salt-cellar of which he has left so wonderful a description in his Memoirs that it is worth transcribing to give an idea of the works executed for this Court:

> "It was of an oval figure, and in size about two-thirds of a cubit, being entirely of gold, and admirably engraved by the chisel. I had represented the sea and the earth both in a sitting posture, the legs of one placed between those of the other, as certain arms of the sea enter the land, and certain necks of the land jut into the sea. I put a trident into the right hand of the figure that represented the sea, and in the left a bark of exquisite workmanship, which was to hold the salt. Under this figure were its four sea-horses, the form of which, in the breast and fore feet, resembled that of a horse, and all the hind part, from the middle, that of a fish; the fishes' tails were entwined with each other in a manner very pleasing to the eye, and the whole group was placed in a striking attitude. This figure was surrounded by a variety of fishes of different species, and other sea animals. The undulation of the water was properly exhibited, and likewise enameled with its true colors. The earth I represented by a beautiful female figure, holding a cornucopia in her hand, entirely naked, like the male figure; in her left hand she held a little temple, the architecture of the Ionic order, and the workmanship very nice; this was to put pepper in. Under this female figure I exhibited most of the finest animals which the earth produces, and the rocks I partly enameled and partly left in gold. I then fixed the work on a base of black ebony of a proper thickness; and then I placed four figures in more than mezzo-relievo; these were intended to represent Morning, Noon, Evening and Night. There were also four other figures of the four winds, of the same size, the workmanship and enamel of which were elegant to the last degree."

He also invented exquisite models for the gates and fountains, which, however, were never executed, full descriptions of which are contained in his Memoirs.

But the great Florentine, who was independent and somewhat rough in manner, offended the Duchess d'Étampes by not inviting her with the King to see these models, and from that time she gave all her favor to Rosso and Primataccio, rival artists. To appease her he wrought a golden cup of exquisite workmanship, and carrying it to her lodgings begged her waiting-woman to procure him an interview.

"Upon acquainting her lady with my arrival, and the present I had brought," to again quote "Cellini's Memoirs," "the latter answered, disdainfully, 'Tell him to wait.' Hearing this, I armed myself with patience, and continued in suspense till she was going to dinner. Perceiving that it grew late, hunger provoked me to

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countess, unable to endure this disgrace, returned to her husband, who, since her flight, had shut himself up in his château. No sooner did she return than he again made her a prisoner in a chamber hung with black; he permitted her to see no one except her daughter, a child seven years old. Soon afterward this child died, and from that hour the count gave himself up to thoughts of vengeance. One day six men, masked, and two surgeons, entered her chamber, seized her, opened her veins, and then left her to expire. Such marital executions were common occurrences in those days; but Brantôme, who gives numerous instances of such in his "Dames Galantes," makes no mention of this, and even mentions the countess as being at Court after the date assigned to her murder. The story, however, has been generally received.

such a degree that, unable to resist its cravings any longer, I gave the lady a hearty curse, and going directly to the Cardinal Lorraine, made him a present of the cup, begging him to stand my friend with the King, and prevent me from being deprived of his good graces."

Cellini soon became disgusted with the treatment he received, and went back to Italy, leaving the ornamentation of the palace to Rosso and Primataccio, artists infinitely inferior to himself.

> ‘Quand verrons-nous quelque tournoi nouveau ?
> Quand verrons-nous par tout Fontainebleau
> De chambre en chambre aller les mascarades ?
> Quand ouirons-nous, au matin, les aubades
> De divers luths mariés à la voix ?
> Et les cornets, les fifres, les hautbois,
> Les tabourins, violons, épinettes,
> Sonner ensemble avecques les trompettes ?
> Quand verrons-nous comme balles voler
> Par artifice un grand feu dedans l'air ?"

So, regretfully, wrote Ronsard when all this magnificence had passed away.

These *fétes* formed the models of those supposed to have been invented a century afterward by *le grand monarque*. In reading a description of the festivities which welcomed a visit of Charles V., we find the original of those fantastic devices given in honor of La Vallière. When the Emperor entered the forest of Fontainebleau there suddenly sprang forth from every bush and covert crowds of heathen gods and goddesses, fauns, satyrs, dryads, hamadryads, naiads, who danced around him to the sound of hautbois. Then there were masquerades in which the dancers appeared in the guise of wild beasts, vultures, eagles, griffins and sea-monsters. In all this we find a strange jumble of the old and the new, of the Gothic and the neo-classic.

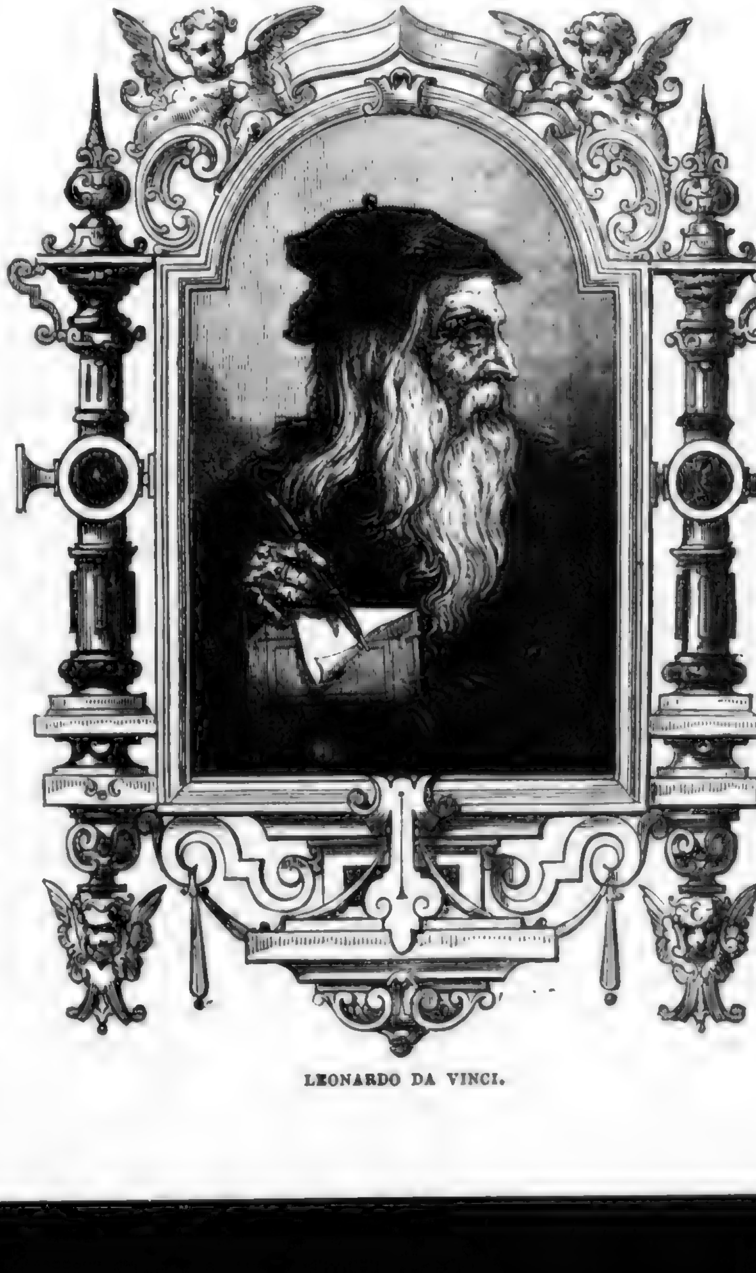
Another novelty of the reign of Francis I., which vastly influenced the society of his posterity, was the introduction of churchmen to Court. Before this bishops and abbots had resided in their bishoprics and abbeys, scarcely acknowledging any other authority than that of the Pope. But the concordat changed all that. Benefices were no longer confined to those in holy orders, and abbeys and priories were indiscriminately bestowed upon men of all conditions whom the King wished to reward. This brought the first *public* corruption into the Church. "Not that I have heard say," writes Brantôme, "nor read that before there were more good people or better livers, for in their bishoprics and abbeys they were as debauched as the military." Rabelais, who ought to have known, was decidedly of the same opinion.

Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Bayonne, who had Rabelais for secretary, was one of the gayest of ecclesiastics, the favorite of princesses and all the ladies of the Court; he visited England, and was one of the most assiduous gallants in the train of Anne Boleyn, one of the most skillful hunters in the forest of Windsor. In 1536 Francis confided to him the defense of Paris and the lieutenant-generalship of Champagne and Picardy, and he fulfilled his trust right well. There were several such prelates in this Court.

Francis was a munificent patron of art and literature, but it is possible that ostentation had as much to do as taste with this predilection. He would have gathered all the genius of the world at Fontainebleau. Leonardo da Vinci died in his arms, and some of the greatest of the Italian artists were in his pay. It was fortunate for the intellectual growth of France that she was governed at this period by such a prince, one who suffered himself to be carried forward on the crest of the great tidal wave of civilization, and did not sink beneath it; he was a worthy contemporary of Pope Leo, those two sovereigns alone—for the brutal Tudor was too deeply sunk in sensualism, the bigot Charles in blood and fanaticism, to give any help to the great work—those two alone brought the Renaissance to perfection. Those who would study and understand this epoch must turn to the pages of Rabelais, for there they will find its every aspect reflected as in a mirror; its grossness and licentiousness; its intellectual vigor, too frequently degenerating, however, into the verbosities and hair-splitting pedantries of the schools; its strange incongruities, the result of the great upheaval of ideas; its skepticism and superstition, the product of effete forms of religion.

Spite of the desolating wars that cast a shadow upon this reign, it wears an aspect of unclouded brilliance, of Arcadian peacefulness, when contrasted with the darkness that followed, the horrors of that war of creeds that raged with unmitigated ferocity during the remainder of the century, paralyzing all intellectual growth, transforming men to worse than wolves and tigers; for God has created no brute so frightful as the bigot, be he Catholic or Protestant.

Toward the close of this reign we hear the first mutterings of the storm. Francis vacillated for some time between the two religions; he was drawn toward the reform by his sister Marguerite. But the prejudice of the nobles and the mass of the people, the ties he had formed with the Médici, the example of nearly all Europe, made up an



LEONARDO DA VINCI.

XUM

overwhelming counterpoise in favor of the elder creed. Had the question come before him more prominently in his earlier days, he might have decided otherwise, but his once daring energy was gone, exhausted by reverses of fortune and by that horrible disease which for ten years slowly ate away body and mind.

The first persecutions were brought about by the offensive zeal of certain Protestants, who affixed opprobrious reflections upon the Catholic faith against the church-doors. They courted their doom: it was a terrible one—the stake. The massacre of the Vaudois, however, was a horrible act, which casts an eternal stain upon this king's name. Nevertheless, we have many instances of his toleration; he saved Louis Berquin, one of the most learned men of the age, and a Protestant, from the flames, although the Parliament had doomed him; and, among others, he protected Clement Marot and Rabelais, both enemies to the Catholic Church.

The last ten years of his life present a melancholy spectacle of decaying vigor. Upon the death of his mother and the departure of his sister for Navarre—her marriage was said to have been insisted upon by the favorite, who was jealous of her power—the Duchess d'Étampes held undisputed empire. But not to be envied, but rather to be pitied, was she, spite of her brilliant position, as companion, minister of pleasure, and nurse to this king, grown loathsome, and morose, and tyrannous in temper. In 1536, the Dauphin, Francis, a strange, melancholy, abstemious youth, died, poisoned by some water he had drunk after playing a game of tennis. Several persons were arrested and put to the torture; the deed was reported to have been committed by agents of the Emperor, but the uselessness of such a crime—which could have been instigated only by a desire to disturb the succession, the King having two other sons—quite exonerates him. The probabilities are, that it was brought about by Catherine de Médicis; she hated the prince as the obstacle which stood between her and the crown; she was jealous of his popularity, and she was well known to be on terms of close intimacy with those most deeply suspected of the deed. In fine, she and her husband were the only persons who could possibly profit by it.

Nine years afterward, he lost his third and favorite son, Charles, Duc d'Orleans, who, in his rash and chivalrous spirit, most resembled himself, and who forfeited his life by an act of stupid bravado. The plague had suddenly appeared in the camp; everybody was in consternation. To show his fearlessness, he went and lay upon the beds whence they had just removed the plague-stricken corpses. Immediately afterward the symptoms of the disease appeared in him. He died the victim of his own folly.

During the last years, the Duchess d'Étampes, especially after the death of Louise de Savoie, the queen-mother, plunged deeply into political intrigues. Finding herself without friends, and the King's dissolution approaching, she entered into a clandestine correspondence with the Emperor, and even betrayed to him the secrets of the State. Francis knew he had a traitor about him, suspected his queen, every one except the Duchess. But she gained nothing by her perfidy; after his death she sank into such obscurity that not even the date of her demise is known.

There was one loving heart, through those years of sickness, that wept and prayed for the dying King—his sister Marguerite. She had long since become the wife of the discrowned king, Henri d'Albret, and made her little Court at Navarre the home of poets and artists and learned men; it was also a refuge for the persecuted Protestants—she herself was accused of heresy because in a book of hers entitled "Le Miroir de l'âme pécheresse," she "had *not* spoken of saints and purgatory!" In such sweet companionship, and in the exercise of her own rare abilities, she might have been happy but for the ever-approaching death of her beloved brother:

> "Whoever will come to my gate," said Marguerite, "to announce the cure of the King, my brother, such a courier, be he weary, worn out, covered with mire and all unfit, I will kiss and throw my arms around his neck as the most proper prince and gentleman of France; and should he be without a bed, and not able to find one to rest upon, I would give him mine, and sleep rather upon the ground for such good news as he would bring me."

The fatal moment came at the beginning of the year 1547. Francis was but fifty-three years of age, but for the last ten years of his life he had been regarded as an old man.

Little can be added to what I have already pictured of the character of this monarch. He was a representative man of the age in which he lived, and was imbued with all its virtues and all its vices, frank, chivalrous, generous, a lover of arts and letters; politically false, ungrateful, lascivious, and sensual. Had he not been rivaled by the superior genius of Charles the Fifth, he might in all things have anticipated Louis the Fourteenth, as he did in so many. Yet, take him for all in all, there were few kings of France I should be disposed to place before him.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

It is a very ancient rite of the Roman Catholic Church that the Pope should, on the fourth Sunday in Lent, bless a golden rose, which it is a custom to send to a sovereign, to a celebrated church, or to some eminent personage. If it be not presented to any one, it receives a second benediction the year following. This pious present was substituted for the gold and silver keys, and for the pieces cut with a file from the chains which are said to have bound the hands of St. Peter, which were formerly sent.

The solemn ceremony of blessing the golden rose recently took place in the Papal Chapel of the Apostolic Palace, at Rome, of which the following are the details: A cardinal priest said mass, and the "General" of the Carmelites delivered a sermon in Latin. The golden rose was blessed by the pontiff himself, who pronounced a prayer, in which the Saviour was described as "the flower of the fields and the lily of the valleys." The Pope consecrates the rose with balm, sprinkles on it powdered musk, makes the sign of the cross over it with incense, and then deposits it on the altar, where it remains during the mass. This ceremony is very ancient.

From the beginning, the custom has been to present the rose to some Catholic prince or princess; the Pope delivering it in person, saying: "Receive this rose, the symbol of Jerusalem militant and Jerusalem triumphant, which shows to all Christians that the fairest of flowers is the joy and the crown of the saints. Receive it, beloved, noble, powerful, and virtuous son, that our Lord Jesus Christ Himself may ennoble you, like to a rose planted on the border of a running stream. May God, thrice holy throughout all eternity, grant you this grace, out of His abundant mercy and bounty. Amen."

In the fifteenth century, consecrated roses presented by the Pope were placed over the confessionals at Rome, to denote secrecy, the rose being the emblem of silence: hence the common phrase "*sub rosa.*"

A Misanthrope.—He enjoys the corruption of human nature, as an epicure enjoys venison long, long kept, and to his nose and palate all the more fragrant, succulent.

THE ASHES OF LOVE.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
SHAKESPEARE—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

WHEN rivers reclimb the mountain side;
When Time puts back for a thousand years;
When the moon and the sea refuse the tide
Shall Love grow sleek on a diet of tears.

When the butterfly mourns o'er the shed cocoon;
When the corpse is a care to the soul above;
When the world learns to pray for night at noon—
Shall Love be stayed with the husks of love.

Bred up together from childhood's time,
Fair was the girl and fearless the boy;
And each loved other as buds the prime,
And Love rained kisses and was not coy.

How happy their dream they scarce could know!
Scarce could they tell why a sigh was bliss;
Till years, bringing sternness sweet to her brow,
Gave a glance for words and a blush for a kiss.

And their parents smiled as they saw the signs;
And the course of their love ran smooth and bright;
And its stream flowed soft as a breeze in the pines,
Till it babbled its vows in the pale moonlight.

Now hath he left her to win him a name;
More hath he left her to win her a home;
And his letters tell of his constant flame,
And her heart keeps tune with, "Ah, would he come!"

His love-words anon seem like echoes of love;
Of love that was first to a rival spoke:
Ah! who is faithful, if false he prove;
Or true, if his plighted faith be broke?

'Tis the first night of Winter, and Nature dies;
Dies with her hope as she sits and grieves;
Tears flee the settled despair of her eyes,
While the blast pelts her window with withered leaves.

Hark! nay, we shall listen for sobs in vain.
She burns her past treasures one by one;
And, mindful of joys that shall ne'er be again,
This torrent breaks forth from her heart of stone:

"If to the darksome halls of the dead,
On the eve of our nuptials sworn, he had gone,
There should my heart have pillowed my head—
A bridegroom lost were an angel won.

"Were it death only, one life had died—
All but my all; but now doth he live
To murder the honor of all beside,
Since his truth and faith no more survive.

"Stands he revealed as a bloodless lie;
He left me, and going, he backward threw—
Swearing, 'All faithless, all false as I—'
A vail over faces brave and true.

"Ah, Parthian! making his cursed retreat
With slander-shafts from a recreant bow!
Not yet can my heart the 'no" repeat;
Though well I wis that it be not so.

"And his leprous hand my vision anoints
With a wizard's oil; then points mine eye;
And yet I see only just as he points,
Though I know him a cheat and his art a lie.

"He hath left me; and islets shall join their hands
To fish up forgotten continents;
Tritons shall blow their shells o'er the lands,
And the sea-gods shall quit their settlements;

"The old-world comets shall reappear,
The south with the north its clime shall change,
Systems be blithe for their cyclic year;
But we through the ages, for ever, be strange!"

BEARSKIN JO'S INDIAN.

NO, sir, I cannot properly be called an Indian hunter, for I have never shot but one redskin, and even he killed himself in the end. It was a strange affair," and the old man passed his hand slowly through the white and glistening locks that crossed his noble-looking head.

"A strange affair? I beg that you will relate it, sir. Nothing has more interest for me than tales of the earlier days, of the stirring times upon the border ere I was born;" and anxiously I awaited my companion's reply.

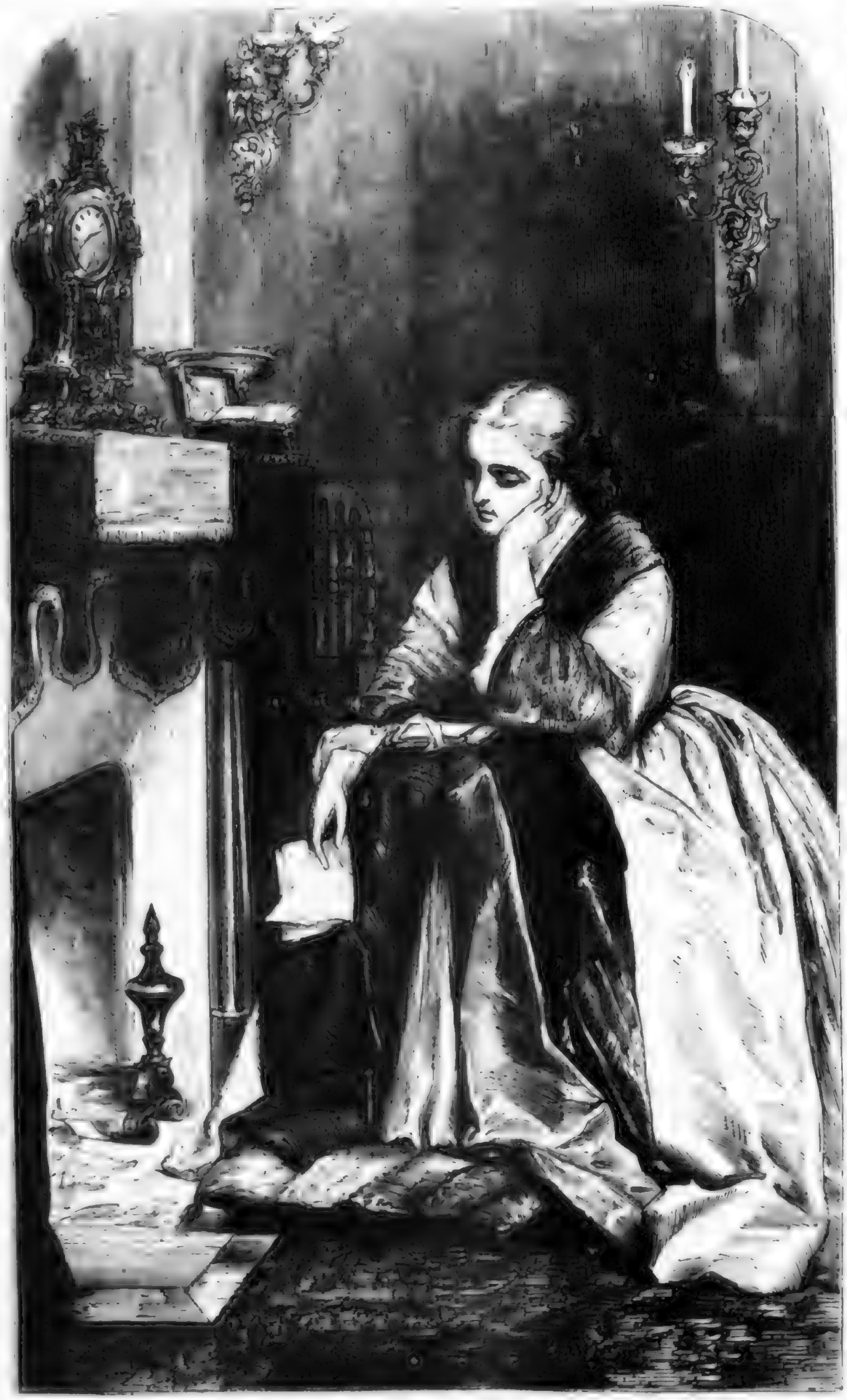
Among the army of brave men who led the advance of civilization upon our Western frontier, and with strong arms, stout hearts, and a steady purpose, overcame the obstacles of a naturally wild country and defeated the rage of wilder men, none was more conspicuous in his own region, nor better known among the class of frontiersmen, than Bearskin Jo, the trapper.

The man was by birth a Vermonter, but emigrating, while yet a child, with his parents, he had been brought up amid the hardships and dangers of a life in the wilderness; his home, for more than twenty years, being upon the eastern bank of the muddy Missouri, in the State of the same name. From his earliest memory, the rifle and hunting-knife had been his companions, and the chase his chiefest sport. At the age of eighteen, there was no truer marksman nor braver hunter in all the river bottom, and at twenty-one he achieved the feat of killing a bear with only his knife and hatchet, which won for him, from his admiring and generous rivals, the *sobriquet* of Bearskin Jo.

In the year 1870 it was my good fortune, in traveling through Western Missouri, to become acquainted with this notable man, now grown old and decrepit, and unable longer to sight his rifle or track the wandering game as of yore; and it was from his own lips, sitting one cool evening before the open fireplace of his little cabin, that I listened to the following story. My readers must accept it in everyday English, for I am utterly unable to render the *patois* of the hunter understandingly:

"It was in the Winter of '37," began Jo, yielding to my urgent request, "if I remember rightly, that, while camping with a party of seven others upon the Little Nemaha, we became annoyed and greatly troubled by constantly losing otter and beaver from our traps. For several days we were unable to decide whether the stealing was being done by men or animals, but one morning old man Johnson discovered a moccasin-track in the damp snow along the bottom, and at once it became plain that we were the victims of Indian treachery.

"I say treachery, for at that time the tribes along the river had entered into a compact with the white men, whereby the latter were allowed to hunt and trap unmolested, in return for certain quantities of powder and ball supplied by them to the savages. Consequently, this thieving was in direct violation of the treaty, and we determined, if possible, not only to secure the rascal who was troubling us, but to make an example of him that would deter others of his tribe from following in his footsteps. Our first plan was to set a large bear-trap near the smaller beaver-traps that he had visited, hiding it so effectually as to deceive even an Indian, hoping thus to capture him as we would take a wild animal. But it seemed as though instinct warned him from the danger, and for three days there were no signs of his having attempted another robbery; when, unexpectedly enough, the report was brought in that the traps two miles lower down stream had been emptied, and that the same moccasin-track was visible near them. We changed the position of our "bear-clog," as the boys called it; still without success. Then old man Johnson arranged a spring-gun, loaded with fine shot, so as to cover the path along the river-bank for a dozen rods or more; but for two days it remained undisturbed, and on the morning of the third, Bill Jennings carelessly ran against the spring and filled his own legs with lead, disabling him for nearly a month.



THE ASHES OF LOVE.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 611.

"This, of course, made us but the more eager to catch the one who was the cause of all the trouble, and daily and even hourly our vigilance was increased. We watched for him with men's eyes and dog's eyes; we traced him with hound and mastiff; we set snares and dug pitfalls; but all to no purpose. We never came nearer to our game than to see his footsteps, while almost every night he stole from one to half a dozen otter, beaver, or mink. The river was open at this point, and several times had the idea been advanced that the Indian passed up and down it in his canoe, thus avoiding either leaving a trail or falling into our traps. At first this was deemed impossible, for daily we scoured the banks of the stream for miles, and a canoe could not have been hidden from us, while at night our fire shone brightly across the water, and no object passed it without our scrutiny; and the stealing had been going on both above and below our camp.

"But as the time passed on, and we were constantly baffled upon land, it became the accepted opinion among the boys that the thief must use the river for his pathway, taking advantage of the old Indian maxim that 'running water leaves no trail.'

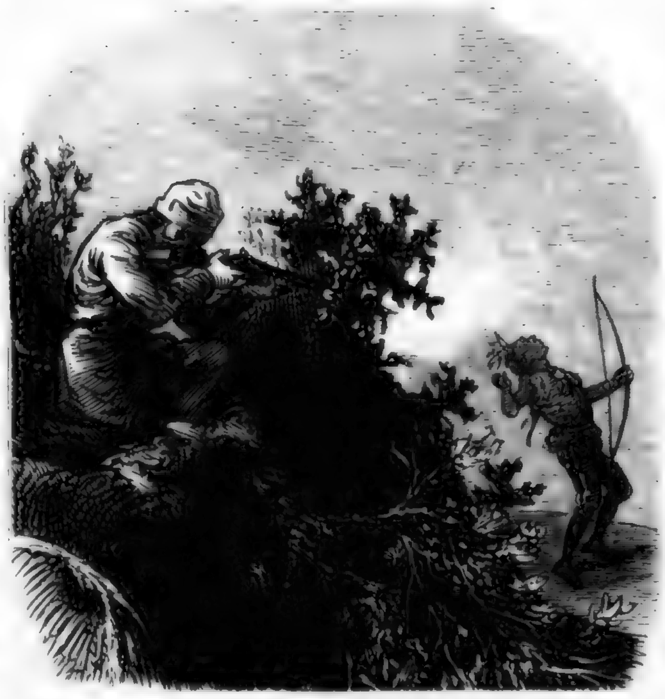
"'But the falls,' said old man Johnson, as we discussed the question; 'how dare the red rascal run so near them? Our lower traps lie along the river, where the current is so swift that even a beaver can scarcely stem it, you know, much less a light canoe, for the rapids and falls are not forty rods below; and yet these very places have suffered as much as any.'

"'Yes, that they have,' answered Ned Fleming. 'However, I imagine the redskin leaves his canoe above the point that juts out there by Dead Man's Rock, you remember, and wades close along the shore to the traps. Be that as it may, I am satisfied that the thief comes and goes by water; and I, for one, will agree to take my turn in watching for him at night.'

"And to that plan we all agreed. Each man was to watch by the river-bank with his rifle, night and night about, until we captured the Indian.

"'Alive if you can, dead if you must,' said old man Johnson to Fleming, who had chosen the first place. 'Call him to shore, and if he won't come, send something to bring him.'

"'That I will,' answered Ned, with a grim smile; 'unless my eye has lost its sharpness, and my hand its cunning. If the rascal attempts to come down the river, he is our prisoner before the morning.'



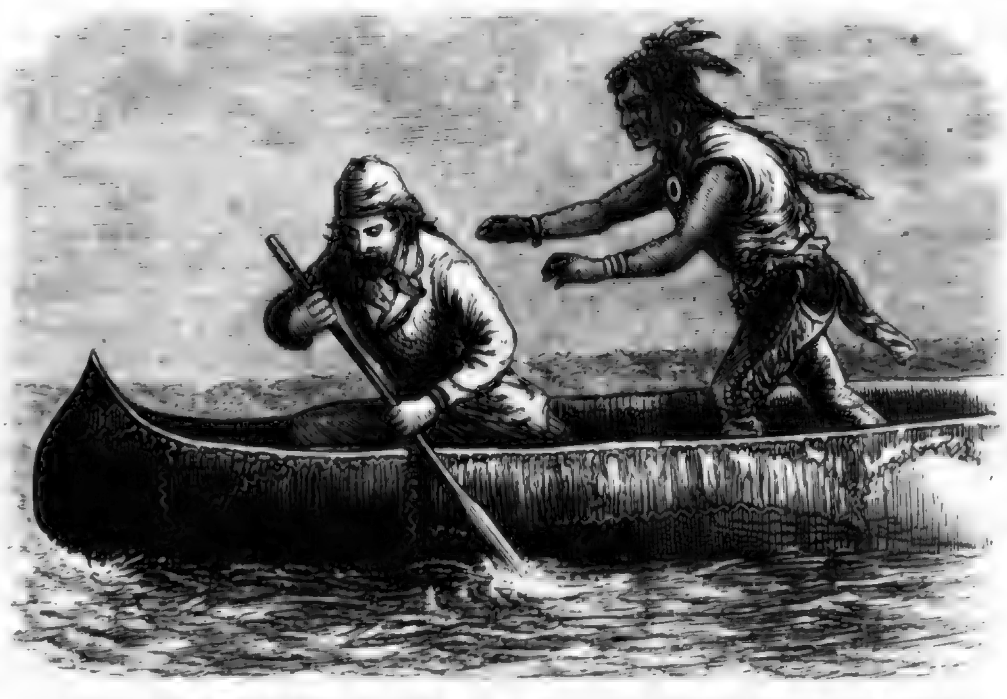
BEARSKIN JOE'S INDIAN.—"I AGAIN RAISED MY WEAPON, DREW A LONG AND CAREFUL SIGHT UPON THE VILLAIN'S VERY HEAD, AND FIRED."—SEE PAGE 611.

"We all felt confident that night that our troubles were over. Fleming was a crack shot, and several of the boys expressed the hope that the Indian would not obey his summons to turn shoreward.

"'Then,' said Bill Jennings, from his blanket—'then we shall be saved the job of hanging him here in camp; for hang him we must, if Ned brings him in.'

"Stern justice, do you think it, stranger?" remarked Jo. "Well, those were days when a man carried his life in his right hand, and his traps and peltries in his left; if one was taken, the other could but pay for it.

"There was no rifle-shot all night, and as the dawn came slowly down the river cañon, we all watched eagerly for Fleming's return. But he did not come. Breakfast was cooked and eaten, our blankets hung away, and in a body we moved up-stream toward the point where we knew that our comrade had taken his position. No sound greeted our ears as we drew near the little thicket, and it was with hesitation and an indefinite dread of something that we pushed aside the bushes and looked within. A cry of horror burst from the entire party! Fleming lay before us dead, an Indian arrow driven half way through him, scalped, and a bloody cross cut upon his forehead. The sight was fearful!



"WITHOUT A MOMENT'S WARNING, WITHOUT A SOUND, I WAS SUDDENLY SEIZED FROM BEHIND IN A PAIR OF NAKED ARMS."

"I cannot tell all that we did that morning. Sad as was the time, curses were constantly muttering through the air, hands clutched convulsively at knife-hilts, and over the poor fellow's grave I fear that we forgot the prayer.

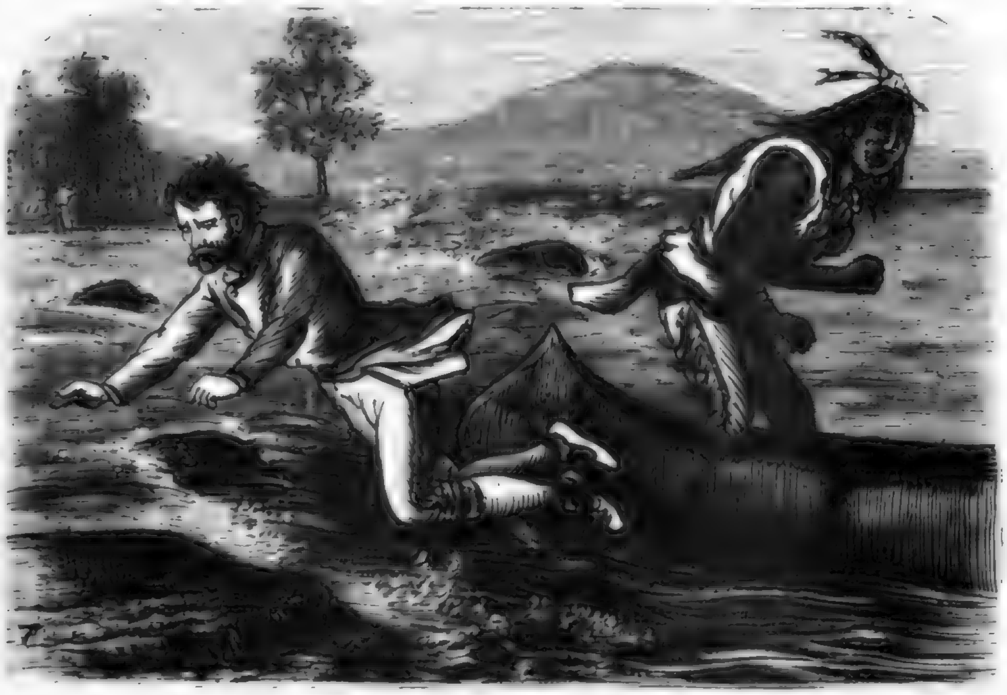
"As we turned sadly campward again, I silently raised my hand and signaled a halt.

"'Boys, I bid you good-by. Fleming was my partner, and by that sign I demand the right to avenge his death. Until either his murderer is taken or I give up my life in the watch, I shall stay here. Good-by; and if another grave is dug, you will not forget us both—you will not leave our blood unaccounted for?'

"'Never! never!' and the fierce half-yell with which my comrades answered me was all that I asked. No power on earth could save that Indian from them, should I fail in my attempt to deal out justice to him.

"It was about noon when the boys left me. I was armed with knife and rifle only, for but few of the common trappers carried revolvers in those early days. My first action was to remove hat and coat, and with them to dress a log of wood, and half conceal it in the thicket where but the night before poor Fleming had lain. Then, with great care, I chose my own position, half way up the rocky bluff, in a clump of quaking aspens, from whence my eye could cover the thicket beneath, the shore and the narrow river, for more than a hundred rods above and below, and waited.

"The short Winter's day drew toward its close. The sun dipped behind the western mountains, the shadows along the valley grew thick and chill, and one by one the little stars gleamed out from overhead, keeping me company upon my lonely watch. When the daylight had at last entirely departed, and no lingering rays remained to disturb the solitude and darkness of the night, my eyes became gradually accustomed to the faint phosphorescent light which earth and rocks seemed to emit, and, bending my gaze upon the river, I found that nothing as large as a canoe could pass my point of observation without being seen. Then I felt certain that the game was mine, and, with eyes



"I SUDDENLY SPRANG FAR OUT WITH ALL MY STRENGTH."

fixed upon the stream and gun at a half-ready, I sat motionless, while the hours flitted slowly by.

"At about midnight the cold became intense, even for one as inured to Winter winds and weather as myself; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I managed to keep awake, notwithstanding that I knew that sleep was death; but after an hour or two the air grew warmer, and partial comfort again returned.

"It must have been about five o'clock when, through the dull gray of the coming morning, there drifted slowly out into my sight upon the silent river an Indian canoe. Motionless its rider sat within it, and thus gliding across the pathway of my vision, both boat and boatman seemed to partake more of the spirit than of the material world. Nevertheless I knew that human must have been the hand that killed my partner, and with untroubled brain I drew the rifle to my face and leveled its deadly tube toward the dusky figure. I could see both fore and hind sights perfectly, my nerves were tense and firm as steel, the murderer was mine; yet at the very instant of pressing the trigger, there came a sudden startling thought, a revelation it must have been—that man in the canoe, like my man in the thicket below, was made of wood; was but a deception, calculated to draw my fire.

"As the idea flashed across my brain I dropped the rifle and looked again. Sure enough, no Indian ever sat so upright at his paddle, nor courted observation by drifting adown the very centre of the stream. True enough, the figure was a decoy.

"But the master of it all, the man of flesh and blood, the thief and murderer, must be near at hand, for without him the canoe would never ride so evenly, nor hold its course so true.

"Such were my convictions, and with gleaming, restless eyes I watched the boat, the river and the further shore, sure that my victim would soon appear.

"Nor was I mistaken. Hardly had the light craft passed the little point upon which was the thicket, when its course was changed, and slowly it drew near the opposite bank, drawn by a long, slender line attached to its bow. As it entered the shallow water and was almost hidden in the deep shadows of the overhanging trees, I saw a tall form step forward and quickly change places with the figure of wood; then, grasping the paddle, with swift, silent stroke urge the obedient boat out again into the stream and straight across the river. In truth, so rapidly did this pass, that almost before I knew it the Indian had landed upon my side of the stream, and was creeping with all the cunning of a snake, toward the point where lay my decoy dummy.

"I saw his plan, and felt the blood run chill in my veins at the thought of what might have been had I remained upon the shore below. Overcome with the chilling cold and the wet fog, or helpless with an empty gun after having fired at the drifting boat, I should have lain an easy prey to the death-dealing arrow; and my forehead also would have borne the bloody cross. Now I saw it all; now I knew poor Fleming's fate.

"But these ideas were gone from my busy brain sooner than I could have told them, and, exulting in the knowledge that the savage was this time beaten at his own horrible game, I again raised my weapon, drew long and careful sight upon the villain's very head, and fired.

"There came a sharp, half-uttered yell, a strangled cry of agony, and with a heavy crash the Indian toppled over backward into the bushes. With precipitate haste I left my perch among the rocks and ran down the face of the bluff, across the bit of open ground that lay beyond, and in a moment more was bending, knife in hand, above my prostrate enemy.

"He lay before me, a noble specimen of a man, although the treachery and cruelty of the savage sat upon every feature, showing but the more plainly in the growing stiffness of death. But I turned the body over. Just below the scalplock was a hole, my bullet-hole, from which the blood was oozing slowly.

"'Such a wound must conquer life,' thought I, 'and yet' – I placed my hand upon his breast and found, to my surprise, that it was faintly beating—'not dead, but stunned with a rifle-bullet through the brain! Then I will carry you to camp, my red-hued friend, and sterner men than I shall nurse you back to life to satisfy their justice. If it be that my lead has failed, their cord surely will not!' and with these muttered words I lifted the still inanimate body of my prisoner, carried it to his own canoe, and placed it therein; then, seizing the paddle, turned the boat's head down stream and shot away toward camp.

'Already the east was reddening with the coming sun, the night had fled away, and morning was again at hand. As the river fog drifted slowly upward or wound among the cañons and the gorges, the distant roar of the rapids and the heavy thunder of the falls came clearly to my ears even before I was within sight of camp; and the sound chilled me. Nearer and nearer to my friends; so close at last that through the mist their voices came to me, and the smoke of the breakfast-fire tainted the heavy air. Almost with them once again, when, without a moment's warning, without a sound, I was suddenly seized from behind in a pair of naked arms, pulled sharply backward, and, before I could collect my scattered senses sufficiently to draw a knife, or even yell, the Indian captive had thrown me upon my back, and, with clutching grip, was seeking to strangle me even while he snatched at his belt for a weapon to drive to my heart.

"His face was hideously besmeared with clotted blood, his eyes were gleaming fiercely, and his every motion was that of a furious and desperate man; it was a struggle for life.

"Even as I grappled with the savage, there came a cry from the bank, and with a mighty effort throwing my assailant backward, I rose to my knees and looked shoreward. The fog had lifted, and through the clear air of the morning the camp stood plainly revealed, my comrades with frightened surprise gazing toward me. It was but a passing glimpse that I caught, for already was the canoe shooting downward and away from the scene, already the water hissed beneath the bow, and the twisting, writhing currents ran with increased velocity among the stones; we were entering the rapids.

"With a cry of horror I turned toward where the paddle lay, but started back again at the sight before me. With eyes distended and gleaming in their dark sockets like those of a maniac, with half-open mouth and glistening teeth, with body leaning a little toward me and streaked and clotted over with half-curdled blood, stood the Indian, clutching in a threatening manner the needed paddle; while about us the water grew white and whiter, the crackle of the curling rapids came clear and clearer to our ears, and the heavy undertone of the direful waterfall rumbled and shook through the air! Speeding onward, the canoe rocked violently with its own rapid motion, and it was with difficulty that I could stand upright. Unless our furious descent could be checked at once, we were lost!

"'Give me the paddle, red-skin!' I cried, in an agony of apprehension, forgetting that probably the Indian could not understand a word of English; 'the paddle, or we are both lost! We shall go over the falls!' and I reached out my hand toward him.

"A gleam of intelligence shot across his swarthy features, and for an instant his face seemed lit up with the fierce fire of revenge, as, waving his brawny arm above his head in one wide-sweeping circle, he sent the paddle spinning far out across the waste of foaming, tossing waters—then turning, pointed to the warning cloud of sheeny mist that hung above the cataract not half a mile below us, and with hoarse, yet perfectly intelligible utterance, said, 'Red man and pale face die now. Find Great Spirit together;' and began to chant his wild death-song as we whirled outward toward the frightful abyss that awaited us, unmoved, unterrified, Indian-like to the last.

"For a few seconds I was stunned, stupefied with very horror; willing almost to die. But life is sweet to man, and it is hard for him to give it up. It was sweet to me, young, healthful, and in the bloom and pride of my strength. I could not, would not, die.

"To think with me was to act, and I looked eagerly about. Some rods below us there lay a broad, flat rock, across which the water boiled and roared at times, then surged backward again, leaving it entirely bare; it was my only chance. As we shot by it with a speed that equaled that of the wounded deer, I suddenly sprang far out with all my strength, fell within a few feet of the desired boulder, and in one desperate effort had cast myself upon it and was safe.

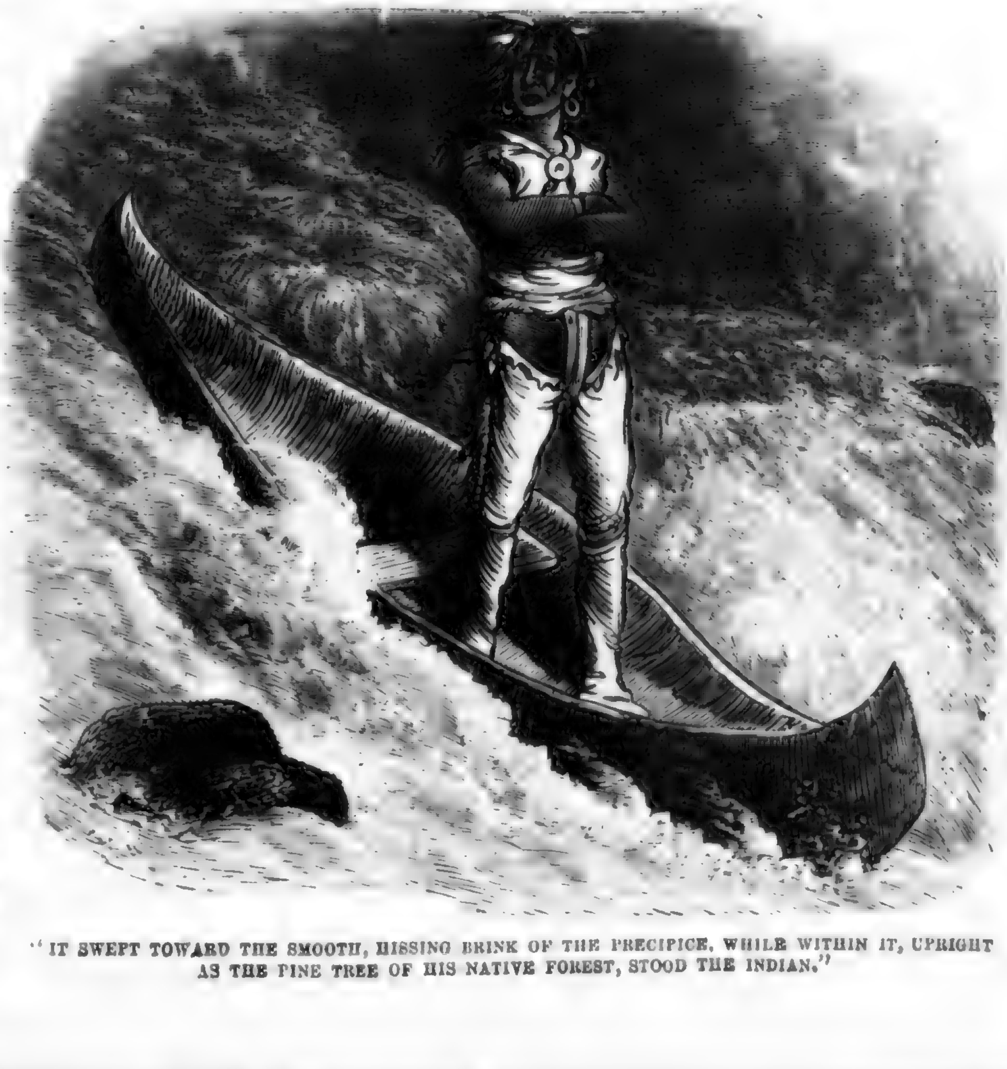
"As I lay grasping the icy stone, and drenched with the ceaseless-surging water, my eye followed the canoe and its now solitary occupant as it sped onward. At times careering forward with a plunge that threatened to engulf it, then riding evenly but swiftly as the beaver swims, it swept toward the smooth, hissing brink of the precipice, while within it, upright as the pine-tree of his native forest, stood the Indian.

"On, on, the death-chant still ringing in my ears across the troubled river, even after the shifting, gleaming water-mist had hidden boat and traveler from sight; on, on, until alone, unseen, wrapped in the cloud that ever encircles his river-god, and gazing with unterrified eye into the face of his Manitou, the yawning gates of death opened to receive him, the canoe shot downward with horrible velocity, and the red man was no more!

"My comrades dropped a boat down from above by a long line, and with but little trouble I entered it, and was drawn out of the rapids to smoother water and the shore. The thief was punished, the murder of our companion avenged; but that last half hour of existence for me had whitened every hair upon my head, and when I reached camp again, my locks glistened in the morning sunlight even as they do now.

"That was my first and only Indian."

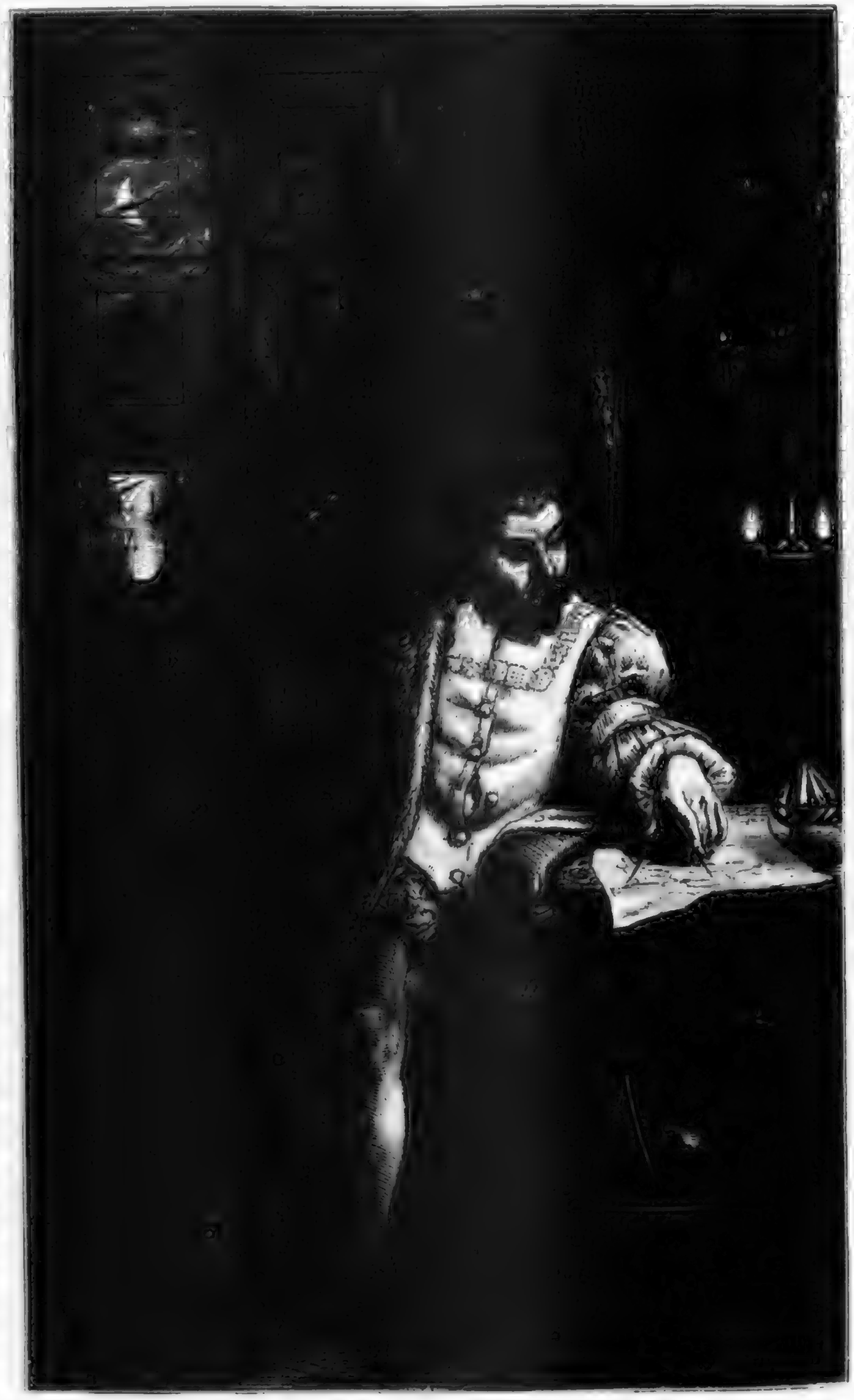
DECEIT has the effect of impoverishing, as well as enriching men; the prodigal becomes poor by pretending to be richer than he really is, while seeming poverty is the very making of a miser.



"IT SWEPT TOWARD THE SMOOTH, HISSING BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE, WHILE WITHIN IT, UPRIGHT AS THE PINE TREE OF HIS NATIVE FOREST, STOOD THE INDIAN."

JOHN CABOT, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

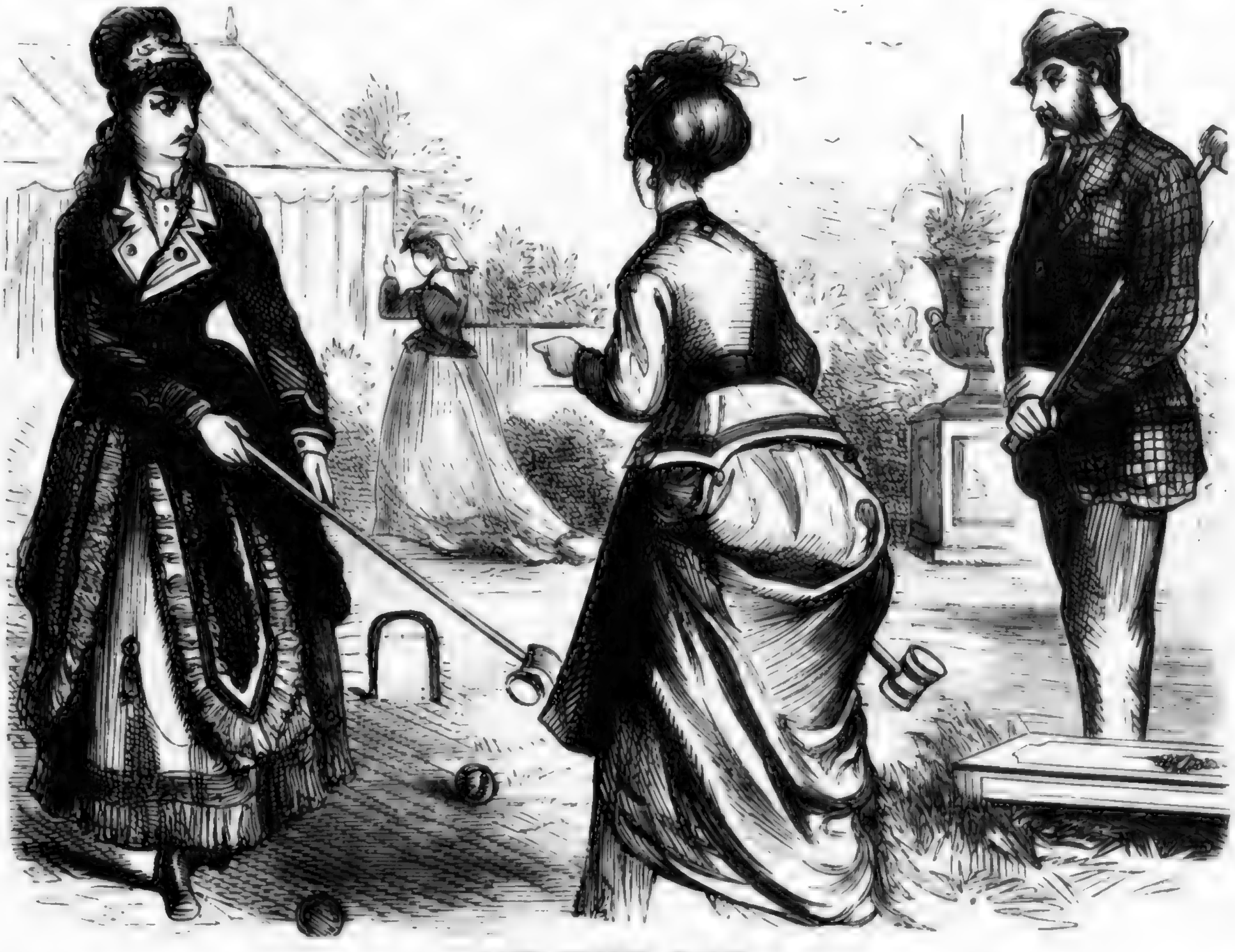
Who discovered the continent of North America? "Columbus, of course," is the almost invariable answer, yet there is no evidence that the great Genoese navigator ever visited any portion of the mainland. Occasionally, we find some one wiser than his fellows, who exploits the name of Amerigo Vespucci, or, as he is more commonly called, Americus Vespucius, with the utmost confidence of assertion, although no authority or records exist for stating that the adventurous Florentine ever reached the northern continent of America. Setting aside the claims of the Northmen, to the honor of first discoverers, since we can prove neither the truth nor the falsity of the legends which attribute to them that distinction, we find the first authenticated record of a visit to the shores of North America in the voyage of John Cabot, who sailed from England in May, 1497, and reached the coast of Labrador on June 24th of that year. John Cabot was a citizen of Venice, although not a native of that island city. He had resided for some time in Bristol, England, and, moved by the reports of the discoveries of Columbus, obtained from the king, Henry VII., in March 5th, 1496, a patent authorizing him to search for islands, provinces, or regions, in the eastern, western, or northern seas, and to occupy such territories wherever found, as a vassal of the English king, with an exclusive right to their commerce, on paying the king a fifth part of all profits. Under this charter, Cabot, in May, 1497, embarked in a small vessel, accompanied by his son Sebastian—afterward destined to become even more celebrated as a navigator than his father—and sailed west for seven hundred leagues, until, on June 24th, he discovered land. Cabot assumed this to be a part of the domains of the Grand Cham of Tartary, but it was in reality the coast of Labrador.



JOHN CABOT, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

Cabot sailed along the coast southward for nine hundred miles, and landed at several points, but saw no inhabitants. On his return, he reached Bristol, England, in August, and his discoveries attracted great attention. The king gave him special privileges and facilities for outfitting another expedition, but there is no record of his having made a second voyage, and neither the time nor the place of his death, nor his age, is known. His son, Sebastian Cabot, led an expedition in 1498, and first reached Newfoundland. Afterward, he coasted the mainland as far south as the Chesapeake Bay. He subsequently organized and commanded a number of expeditions to the New World, and on April, 1556, when in his eighty-first year, accompanied by many friends, he went on board the pinnace *Serch Thrift*, which was about to sail on a voyage of discovery, and distributed money among the crew. Then, going on shore, he gave a banquet to the ship's company, and, during the festivities, is said to have joined in a dance, notwithstanding his advanced age.

The time and place of his death are unknown, but it was probably in London, about 1560.



FACT VERSUS FANCY.

The *Daily Times* last week had a leading article on croquet. Our contemporary declared that it was one of those pastimes that brings out all the kindly feelings of human nature.

MISS GUSHINGTON (sotto voce) —"*I've got her now, the little minx. She's been cheating all through—she purposely got on Charlie Devereux's side—she's knocked me away from every hoop, and*—(aloud)—*my darling Edith, I'm afraid I shall be obliged to give you a little tap. I can't help it—can I, dear?*"

KAFIR SERVANTS.

LADY BARKER gives the following amusing account of her experience with native servants during a residence of a year and a half in South Africa: "'Charlie,' our groom, who is a very fine gentleman, and who is in the habit of speaking 'Ingiliss' after a strange fashion of his own, only condescends to work until he can purchase a wife. Unfortunately, the damsel whom he prefers is a costly article; her parents demand ten cows, a kettle, and a native hut as the price of her hand, or hands rather. So Charlie grunts and groans through about as much daily work as an English boy of twelve years old could manage easily. He is a very amusing character, being exceedingly proud, and will only obey his own master. He is always lamenting the advent of the Inkosa-casa, or chieftainess, and the piccaninnies, and their followings, especially the 'vaiter,' whom he cordially detests.

"In his way Charlie is a wag, and it is as good as a play to see his pretense of stupidity when the 'vaiter' or French butler desires him to go and eat 'sa paniche." Charlie understands perfectly that he is told to go and get his breakfast of mealy porridge. But he won't admit that it is to be called 'paniche,' preferring his own word 'scoff'; so he shakes his head violently, and says, 'Ka kabo, paniche'; then with many nods, 'Scoff ja,' and so in this strange gibberish of three languages, he and the Frenchman carry on quite a pretty quarrel. Charlie also 'mocks himself' of the other servants, I am assured, and asserts that he is the 'Induna,' or head man. He freely boxes the ears of Jack, the Zulu refugee—poor Jack, who fled from his own country, next door, the other day, and arrived here clad in only a short flap, made of three bucks' tails. That is only a month ago, and Jack is already quite a *petit maître* about his clothes. He ordinarily wears a suit of Knickerbocker trowsers and a shirt of blue check, bound with red, and a string of beads round his neck; but he cries like a baby if he tears his clothes, or still worse, if the color of the red braid washes out. At first he hated civilized garments, even when they were only two in number, and begged to be allowed to assume a sack with holes for the arms, which is the Kafir compromise, when near a town, between clothes and flaps made of the skins of wild beasts, or strips of hide. But he soon came to delight in them, and is now always begging for 'something to wear.'

"I confess I am sorry for Jack: he is the kitchen boy,

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and is learning, with much pains and difficulty, the *wrong language!* My cook is also French, and all she teaches Jack is French, not English. I imagine poor Jack's dismay when his three years' apprenticeship to us is ended, and he seeks perhaps to better himself, and finds no one except madame can understand him. Most of the dialogues are carried on by pantomime, and the incessant use, in different tones of voice, of the word 'ja.' Jack is a big, loutish young man, but very ugly and feeble, and apparently under the impression that he is perpetually 'wanted' to answer for the little indiscretion, whatever it was, on account of which he was forced to flee over the border; for he is timid and scared to the last degree, and nervously anxious to please, if it does not entail too much exertion. He is, as it were, apprenticed to us for three years; we are bound to feed, clothe and doctor him, and he is to work for us, in his own lazy fashion, for small wages. The first time Jack broke a plate his terror and despair were quite edifying to behold. Madame called him a *maladroit* on the spot. Jack learned this word, and, after his work was over, seated himself gravely on the ground with the fragments of the plate, which he tried to put together, but gave up the attempt at last, announcing in his own tongue that it was 'dead.' After a little consideration he said slowly several times, 'Maldran ja,' and hit himself a good thump at each 'ja.' Now, I grieve to say, Jack breaks plates, dishes and cups with a perfectly easy and unembarrassed conscience, and is already far too civilized to care in the least for his misfortunes in that line. Whenever a fowl is killed—and, oh, I came upon Jack slowly killing one the other day with a pair of nail scissors!—he possesses himself of a small store of feathers, which he wears tastefully placed over his left ear. A gay ribbon is what they really love, worn like a bandeau across the forehead. Jack is immensely proud of a tawdry ribbon of many colors with a golden ground, which I found for him the other day; only he never can make up his mind where to wear it, and I often come upon him sitting in the shade, with the ribbon in his hands, gravely considering the question.

"The pickle and plague of the establishment, however, is the boy Tom, a grinning young savage, fresh from his kraal, up to any amount of mischief, who in an evil hour was engaged as the baby's body servant. I cannot trust him with the child out of my sight for a moment, for he 'snuffs' enormously, and smokes coarse tobacco out of a cow's horn, and is anxious to teach the baby both these accomplishments. Tom wears his snuff-box, which is a brass cylinder a couple of inches long, in either ear impartially, there being huge slits in the cartilage for the purpose, and the baby never rests till he gets possession of it, and sneezes himself nearly into fits. Tom likes nursing the baby immensely, and crows to him in a strange buzzing way which lulls baby to sleep invariably. He is very anxious, however, to acquire some words of English, and I was much startled the other day to hear in the veranda *my own voice* saying, 'What is it, dear?' over and over again. This phrase proceeded from Tom, who kept on repeating it parrot fashion; an exact imitation, but with no idea of its meaning. I had heard the baby whimpering a little time before, and Tom had remarked that these four words produced the happiest effect in restoring good humor, so he learned them, accent and all, on the spot, and used them as a spell or charm the next opportunity. I think even the poor baby was puzzled."

IN A PINE WOOD.

"He who loves trees lives long," says the Eastern proverb, and the pine wood, with its intense stillness and calm, shutting out as with a thick wall the anxious cares of towns and cities, lets the mind return in upon itself, and realize its immortality. This, our common pine, is indeed a tree of mystery, a tree of life; whose history is full of deep things not easy to be found out. For among the imagery on the walls of the palaces and temples of Nineveh, hidden away thousands of years ago, there are figures of genii, or demigods, winged, human-like beings, standing before the Supreme Lord of Heaven, and holding in one hand a fir-cone. Such cones we may pick up here, as we linger slowly, pondering in the shade of these beautiful trees; over whose tops the sky stoops lower, and becomes more richly blue; between whose branches a bright sunbeam slants, lighting up the dim crypts yonder underneath.

Such cones take the swift mind back—in a second overstepping the centuries—to the days when those creatures of the air, now to us mere ideal abstractions, whether under the name of Bel or Apollo, hardened into human shape, and walked hand-in-hand with Earth's own fairest; when the "Sons of God" looked with love on the daughters of men. See how this strange fruit is built up ring upon ring, scale upon scale, swelling out from the base, and then gently tapering; at its root each scale absorbed into the general mass—each distinct, and yet a part of the whole. The tree itself, too, if you will glance at the ends of the branches, grows thus: these delicate "needles," or leaves, gradually sinking into the wood, adding to its length and size, little by little.

In the palms which are common under glass in conservatories, a similar mode of growth is so palpable that we seem almost to see the leaf become the tree, to be in the presence of life itself—symbolized by the fir-cone. The Assyrian genii hold in their hands, in visible shape, the mysterious force, which, neither heat, nor light, nor electricity, nor magnetism, we vaguely call life; the stirring of which all nature feels about the time of the rising of the Pleiades. In our own limbs and bodies, the "cells" of the physiologist, in like manner to the pine needles and the palm leaves, live a short life, and build up the larger organism—as a great poet says:

"And the individual withers, but the world grows more and more."

The fir-tree is, above all trees, the friend of man. Some even find that its appearance upon the earth in geological time corresponds with that of the human race. In the strata preceding man, remains of other trees are found; lastly comes the pine, and with it the rude implements of primitive life. This may not be wholly correct, yet it is certain that the part played by the pine in human history is very striking.

The vast population of England, in our times, could scarcely have existed had it not been for the discovery of the almost inexhaustible pine woods of America. The English woods and forests, quite seventy years ago, showed signs of quick extinction, so immense was the demand for ship-building. American deal, imported in timber-ships in quantities so great as to baffle calculation, alone rendered possible the marvelous development of towns and cities, by providing the materials of building. Let any one just glance over a house, and note the extent to which pine wood (deal) is used: floors, beams, rafters, staircase, banisters, doors, ceilings (laths), window-frames, cupboards, furniture—the list is too long for recapitulation.

Without the fir-tree much, if not most, of our civilization would be impossible—the very locomotives, typical of the age, roar on over a framework of pine. Concerning the period when first the demand for wood became so great, there is a sad anecdote; sad, because showing how liable the keenest human foresight is to fail; as Xenophon put it is as if we guided our steps by the chance casting of the die. A great landowner, to whom an heir was born, set to work and planted one million fir-trees on his estate; "for," said he, "when the child is twenty-one, each of those trees will be worth a pound, and he will come into a fortune of a million pounds." The trees grew, but meantime the American lumber trade sprang up, splendid balks of timber came over in enormous quantities, and the puny English firs, of such short growth, fell in value to a few shillings.

The "oaken walls of England" are a national tradition; yet pine was used long before oak for ship-building, the latter not coming into use till a comparatively late period, and still the masts and spars are chiefly pine.

When Ulysses, in Calypso's Isle, wished to build a ship, the goddess led him where—

> "On the lone island's utmost verge there stood
> Of poplars, pines and firs a lofty wood,"

and these formed his materials. In the extreme north, where vegetation is stunted, the bow of the Lapland hunter is formed from the root of the fir, and its slim poles support the tents of the nomadic races over vast regions.

The transition from the pine to the cedar is, to ordinary eyes, easy; time fails to even mention the historic sweep of the cedar-tree, now rising in majestic grandeur on Lebanon, now in the creeping variety, trailing along the ground. The Norfolk Island pine, the stone-pine, endless varieties, and reminiscences of southern climes crowd the memory, dreaming in this English wood.

Grim is the story of the ancient tyrant who threatened to cut off a whole people *as a pine tree.* They could not understand this till at last it was remembered that the pine alone, when cut down, sends forth no shoot or bud. The stump and roots decay till they totally disappear. This may be seen in any fir-plantation where the ax has been at work. He meant utter destruction.

It is the most artistic of trees, beautifully balanced, with drooping branches, and delicate "lines"—a noble sight in Winter, when the snow clings thick, and contrasts with the dark-green of the boughs. Something weird, mystic, hovers over it; thus, Retzsch, picturing Walpurgis Night, places the Demon-band up in a pine, squatting on the branches, with horn and cymbals, playing to the rout of witches dancing. Though so still now, yet at times when the wind rises, there is a sound among them as of the distant sea. Here is the squirrel's home, here the pigeons love to rest, and the noisy jays chatter and scold, and the shy grossbeak hides. Pheasants delight in the thick covert.

Under the warm sun, these trees give forth a sweet odor—an odor for which invalids seek the pine forests of Arcachon and Hyères; but which may be inhaled in any pine grove.

We have many flowers, some flowering shrubs; but alone of our trees the pine scents the air with a delicate perfume. It is not permanent; now it comes and now it goes; you must sit down and linger, you must begin to dream, and then it will seek you. The spirit of nature will not come unless to perfect peace. Gazing upward—these curious trees, like green steeples, incline the eye upward—a sense of exquisite languor enters in with the bouquet of the pines, a sense of *belief* in Nature, of certainty in the life of which the cones up there are the symbol.

It seems to be the business of life to lay by fresh cause for anxiety and discontent by increasing our estate; whereas we should rather know how to lose it all. and yet be contented.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

With these social observances, in course of time, came the "reigning toasts," and the noble ladies felt flattered at knowing they were the "toasts of the town." Clubs engraved their names on the club-glasses, and the first poets of the day added a tribute of laudatory verse. Then came fashion of a grosser sort, when each gallant, toasting the lady next to him, swore he would drink no wine but what was strained through her petticoat! We may fancy with what boisterous politeness the edge of the petticoat was seized, with what hilarious coyness it was defended, how some of the damsels looked over, under or from the sides of their fans, while others affected to close the eyes which they kept open, to look through the interstices of the convenient screen. *Then*, the hems of the garments were placed over the glasses, the wine was poured through, and the Quixotic fellows quaffed the draught in honor of the fair ones. There came a time, however, when men had more refinement, and would not give up to the tipsy salutations of "health-drinkers" the names of the true and modest mistresses of their hearts. The lover, who was a gentleman, and yet who was also a "good fellow," always kept his gentility before him, and his mistress's name to himself.

THE THORN.

On page 620 we present an exact copy of one of the most charming pictures of recent times. It is so graphic as to tell its own story. The tenderness of the elder sister is a family sermon which every one should take to heart. Who has not seen in country parts the same little boy, who accidentally having run a thorn or splinter in his foot, has to appeal to sisterly care and sympathy to extract it?

WINTER AND SUMMER.

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Miss Smith, as she smoothed the creases in her apron. "All her life in the city, and now she's a poor orphin. Likely to stay with ye some time, I reckon?"

"Yes, Charity, I think she will," replied Mrs. Tayne.

"Both on 'em died of smallpox, and she watched 'em clean through it all? Wall, she was a good darter, anyway, if she is humbly. There's just one thing 'curred to me in mind."

"What's that, Charity?" said Mrs. Tayne.

"Why, you know, there's Maria, and she's such a beauty, and there's all the rest of us, and you know it's awful catchin'. I only hope she's took good keer about her clothin'."

Mrs. Tayne laughed a little, simpering laugh, with just a breath of uneasiness in it, as she replied:

"You needn't be afraid, Charity; my niece won't bring the smallpox into the village."

"Well," drawled Miss Smith, "poor relations don't bring much that's good, and so they oughtn't to fetch anythin' dangerous—good looks and sich is sometimes as bad as anythin', only she hain't got that very bad."

And Charity Smith cackled a laugh of her own at her witty remark.

Charity herself could scarcely have been offered in evidence that beauty had at any time been epidemic in that vicinity, whatever might be said of gossip and the like; but just then the *tête-à-tête* between Mrs. Tayne and her morning guest was cut short by the entrance of two young ladies, in whose exterior and manner there was an unusually marked contrast.

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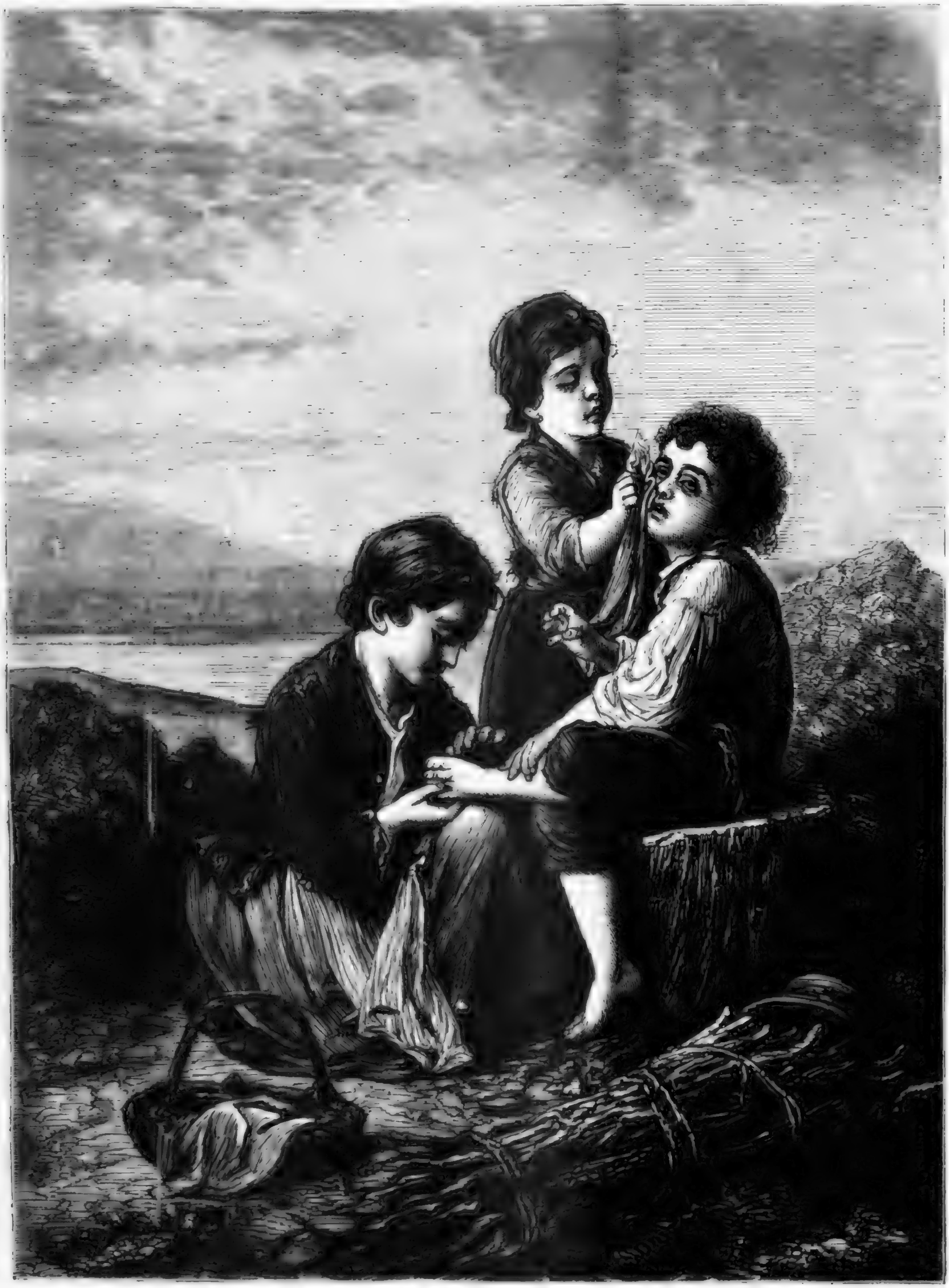
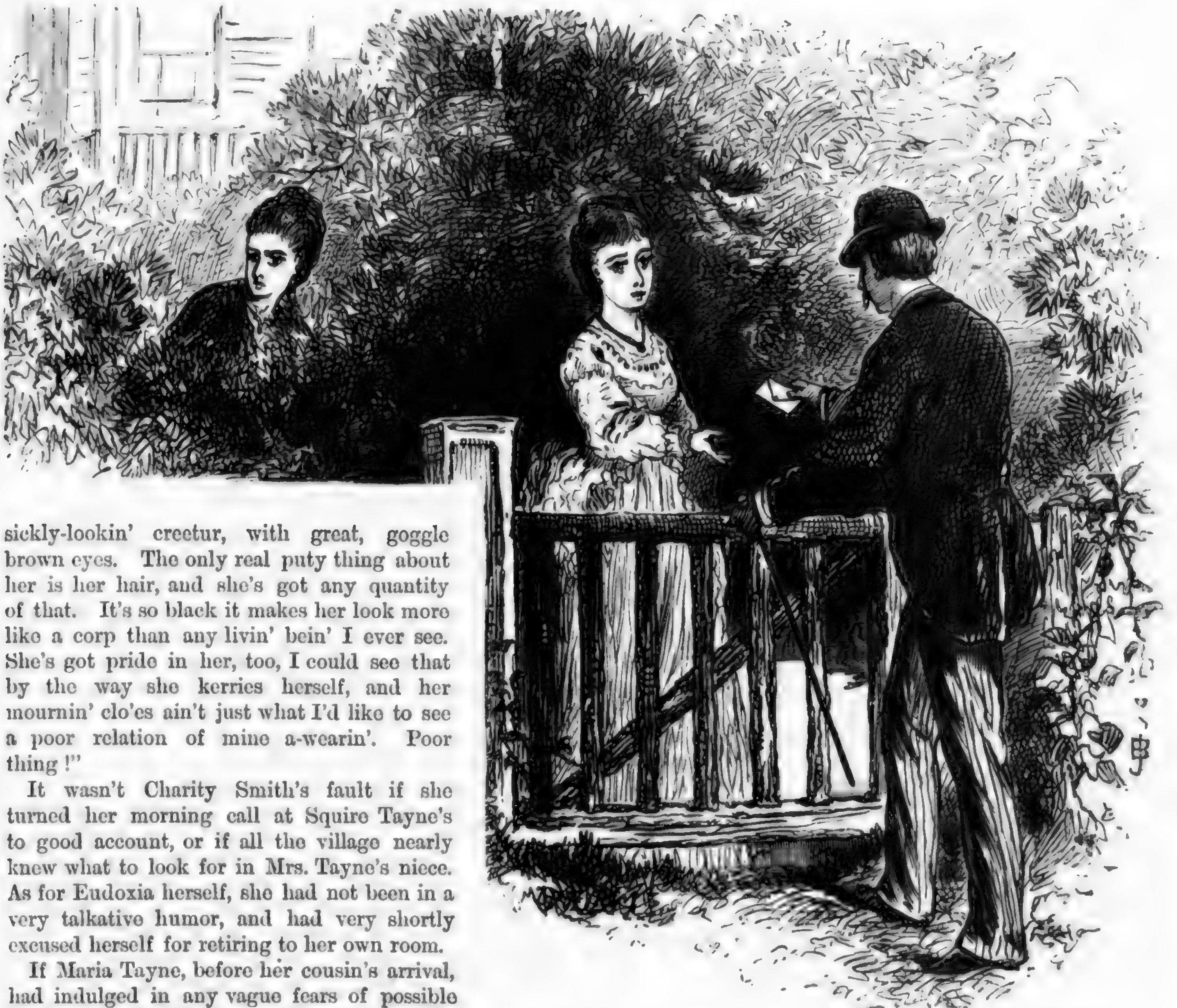


THE THORN.—SEE PAGE 620.

Maria Tayne required no introduction, and she was certainly pretty enough in her way to have warranted special dread of disfigurement. In fact, if Maria's face should be marred, it might almost be said that she had lost her all in that one calamity. If, however, the same was true of her companion, the dire misfortune had already fallen.

"Miss Smith, this is my niece, Eudoxia Midway," said Mrs. Tayne, and Charity almost forgot to ask questions with her tongue for a few moments, inasmuch as she was mak so many curious inquiries with her eyes. The sum an substance of her information, gathered for the benefit of the village as well as of herself, was that Miss Midway, or "Doxie," as Miss Smith afterward persisted in naming her behind her back, was "a tall, thin, skinny, kind o' yeller,



WINTER AND SUMMER.—"MARIA SAW GRANGE WILSON HAND HER COUSIN SOMETHING WHITE."—SEE PAGE 619.

sickly-lookin' creetur, with great, goggle brown eyes. The only real puty thing about her is her hair, and she's got any quantity of that. It's so black it makes her look more like a corp than any livin' bein' I ever see. She's got pride in her, too, I could see that by the way she kerries herself, and her mournin' clo'es ain't just what I'd like to see a poor relation of mine a-wearin'. Poor thing!"

It wasn't Charity Smith's fault if she turned her morning call at Squire Tayne's to good account, or if all the village nearly knew what to look for in Mrs. Tayne's niece. As for Eudoxia herself, she had not been in a very talkative humor, and had very shortly excused herself for retiring to her own room.

If Maria Tayne, before her cousin's arrival, had indulged in any vague fears of possible rivalry, they had always been promptly dissipated, for, not only had her sorrowing guest presented so very unattractive an exterior, but as day after day went by, it was found that Eudoxia Midway habitually and very positively refused to make her appearance in the squire's parlor when it contained the manly fascinations of any one of Maria's somewhat numerous string of admirers.

She even allowed two or three Sundays to go by before she would consent to make her appearance in the squire's pew at church. Then, however, something occurred that was almost a sensation. It was a splendid Winter day, and the sleighing was admirable, so that the house was unusually full; and many were the curious eyes that turned from time to time to the closely-vailed figure in black, that sat so motionlessly between Mrs. Tayne and Maria.

Now, if there was anything that village prided itself on, it was its church music, and the rival congregations—for there were three of them—had strained their utmost resources in their competitive psalmody.

The first hymn went off in the usual style, and the whole church was proud of it; but the second one was to be something new in that locality, and the choir had practiced it half the previous evening. When it was given out, Maria Tayne had noticed a slight rustle of her cousin's vail, and heard a sound half like a stifled sob; but as the voice of the choir arose with the first few notes, suddenly they were joined by an auxiliary soprano, soft and tremulous at starting, but swelling and gathering power as the singer forgot herself, until, without the slightest sign of evident effort, it seemed to surpass and overcome all other utterances and filled the ears of the listeners as they had never been filled before.

Only that one stanza, however.

Eudoxia Midway's momentary self-forgetfulness lasted no longer, and Charity Smith wondered and wondered, more even at the silence than at the unlooked-for burst of melody.

"A gal with a voice like that 'ort to be humbly, by rights," said Charity to herself. "And now, I suppose, they'll be having her into the choir."

They did, indeed, try it more than once afterward; but not only did Eudoxia refuse, but it was a very long time before she again lifted her voice "in meeting," in any manner. She had done enough, however, and from that day forward she was a mystery and a gossip fund to the whole race of Charity Smiths, male and female, in and about the village, and was made to feel, on more than one occasion, that even her aunt had serious doubts as to what she might not be capable of.

The Winter passed away, for that could not very well be helped, and Spring-time came again, and although she continued to wear her objectionable black, a change seemed to come, with the season, over the whole nature of Eudoxia Midway. She lost not a whit of the stately courtesy of her

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manner, and she was as hard as ever "to get acquainted with"; but, by degrees, her thin, almost shadowy outlines became more full and rounded; her regular features lost their pinched, drawn, cadaverous aspect; a tinge of healthful red crept into her hitherto sallow cheeks; her deep brown eyes appeared softer and less prominent, until, at last, she resembled in no way the vivid portrait which Charity had drawn of her in the Winter.

Still, the metamorphosis had been so very slow, that even the keen eyes of Aunt Tayne and Maria for a long time failed to recognize it.

Perhaps they would have continued blind, but for the one fatal fact of its discovery by others.

Those others! If the village contained any young man that was more welcome than the rest in Mrs. Tayne's parlor, it was Grange Wilson. Broad lands had he, and more in sure expectancy; and not only was he of a good family and college bred, but travel and experience of city life had given him mighty advantage over the mob of rustic beaus, who had from time to time cast eyes of longing on the squire's fascinating daughter.

Maria had imagined herself to have acquired some sort of vague property in the attentions of Grange Wilson, and her fond mother had gone further than that in her eager calculations of the events which were likely to come to pass. And now the visits of the village prize were somehow waxing fewer and fewer. Worse than this, no less than three of them had chanced in Maria's absence, and had so been received all to herself by Eudoxia Midway. This had been bad; but on more than one occasion Maria had known only too well who had been her cousin's companion on prolonged evening walks in the shady lane by the riverside.

The thing was becoming unendurable, and mother and daughter rebelled with one consent. No one but a very poor relation, indeed, would have "put up with" what Eudoxia was called upon to endure in those few weeks of the early Summer. And yet she seemed to thrive on it, and, as Charity Smith at last admitted, "gained flesh and color in a most surprisin' way."

There came an evening at last, when Maria stood behind the dense thicket of dwarf spruce-trees by the gate, just where she could overhear what was passing between two who had been only too long in returning.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, have you kept my secret?"

"Yes, indeed, I have! On my honor. If I can be accused of playing false, it surely will not be by you, and I think I can run the risk of any bitter reproaches on the other side."

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, are you sure about to-morrow night? Can I depend upon you?"

"As sure as anything on earth can be. There, I might as well yield all as a part. You can read for yourself. Believe me, I am half dead with impatience. It is my first genuine romance, and my whole heart is in it."

Maria saw Grange Wilson hand her cousin something white, and then Eudoxia hurried into the house, and went straight to her own room, while her cavalier strolled away to the village.

"Mother," gasped Maria, at the end of the recital she made of her discovery, "I do believe they are going to elope."

"It must be that!" said Mrs. Tayne. "The ungrateful hussy! Maria, we owe it to ourselves to prevent anything so disgraceful. We must watch!"

"Every step, every movement!" exclaimed Maria, energetically, and so they did.

The next day was a long one, and never had Eudoxia Midway seemed such an inexplicable mystery, even to the piercing watchfulness of her relations. She was out of her room a good deal, and Maria had a splendid chance to discover that her trunks were not only closed, but locked, and that everything had the strangest look.

"They won't go till it's dark, we may be sure," said Mrs. Tayne; "but we must look sharp."

The supper-table had been a silent and gloomy one, quite a puzzle to the deaf old squire, and after that, while Eudoxia went up-stairs, the watchers posted themselves in the parlor.

The sun had set, and a clear and mellow light still flooded the hills and the valley, but the fever of expectation prevented Maria and her mother from noting anything except that their time for action could not be long postponed.

Just then, however, they heard a rustle in the hall, a tall figure in white appeared on the piazza, and then, as they both strained their heads from the parlor-window, a face was momentarily turned toward them which they knew and yet did not know. It was that of Eudoxia Midway, but as if transfigured, and it did not seem to see them. Only an instant the tall white figure stood in the doorway, and then descended, and moved slowly away among the trees toward the thicket of dwarf spruce.

"Mother!" exclaimed Maria, "is she going to run away bareheaded? What shall we do?"

"Hush! Wait! Don't you see? There's Grange Wilson coming along toward the gate."

"But there's somebody with him. I declare, he's in some sort of uniform! Get back, mother; we mustn't be seen at the window."

Their propriety retreat prevented them from hearing what passed at the gate; but, as the two gentlemen came up, it was Grange Wilson who said:

"Very well, major; if you don't care to go in with me, just do me the favor to wait a moment while I do my errand. I'll not detain you two minutes."

And so the "designing young conspirator," as Maria's thought called him, strode gayly up the walk, and into the hall, after a hasty pull at the bell.

In a moment more he found himself confronted by Maria and her mother, and never had they known him so cordially, merrily old-acquaintance-like, and utterly at home and unexcited in his greeting. They were astounded, for he did not even ask for Eudoxia, but actually threw himself into an easy-chair.

Even while this was taking place indoors, however, a different scene, if they could only have known it, was enacting at the gate.

The major, as Grange had called him, stood listlessly tapping his boot with his walking-stick, when a low and almost husky voice close by him murmured, "Charles!" and he started as if a rifle-ball had struck him.

"Eudoxia! You here? Oh, Eudoxia!"

And the white and red chased each other with terrible rapidity under the young officer's bronze and beard, while it seemed for a moment as if he had lost his breath, and was in danger of falling.

"Charles! my own Charles! I have been mean and cruel. I ought to have let you know; but Mr. Wilson told me you were going to visit him, and then I thought—oh, I thought if I could see you I would know!"

Her beautiful brown eyes had tears in them now, and the major evidently understood enough without further words, for he actually kissed her over the gate then and there; and although it was broad daylight there were no witnesses.

Half an hour later, a half-hour passed by Maria and her mother in an agony of expectant curiosity, they saw Eudoxia Midway marching up toward the front door, leaning on the arm of a tall gentleman in undress army uniform, and, before they could recover from the shock, Grange Wilson had told them, in a stage whisper:

"That's my friend, Major Mandeville, of the Artillery. Of course you know all about it. Old affair, you know. He was on the plains when her father died. Just see how she has got herself up to welcome him! Simple? Yes, but she's beautiful, I declare. They're about the best-looking couple I ever saw; but she isn't as handsome as his sister is, by a good deal. No offense to Miss Eudoxia," he added, apologetically.

"Is he rich?"

"No; but as long as she is, it don't make so much odds. All her property is in her own right, you know."

That was a fact that Mrs. Tayne had kept even from Maria; but it wouldn't be worth while to deny it now, she thought, and so she said nothing.

Next Sunday, as Charity Smith sat in the gallery, and looked at Squire Taylor's pew, she all but said it aloud:

"It's more like a miracle than anythin' else I ever seen, the way that gal has changed, just from Winter to Summer."

THE DISCOVERER OF THE MOONS OF MARS.

Professor Asaph Hall, the discoverer of the moons of Mars, began life, it is said, as a carpenter and with a meagre education. He married a schoolmistress, and it was this wise lady who induced him to study higher mathematics, and who herself became his instructor. He rapidly surpassed his gentle teacher, and at twenty-five became an assistant in Harvard Observatory. Shortly after the astronomical activity of the Naval Observatory at Washington was revived, in 1861, a number of professors of the Navy were appointed, and Hall was given a position as assistant. In 1863 he was promoted to be a professor. There he has remained ever since, heartily appreciated by his associates.

It was on the night of August 11th that he first saw Mars's attendants. Between the 11th and the 16th, when the weather was very unfavorable for successful observations, he both hoped and feared, but his wife, to whom alone he communicated his discovery, was enthusiastic and confident. While impatiently waiting to confirm his discovery, his generous disposition alone induced him to communicate his chances of success to his associates, so that all could share the honor; but the thought of his many years of labor, without any "luck," convinced him that it would be foolish to throw away his first really good chance. One scarcely knows what to admire most, Hall's persistent and successful struggle with his untrained mind, or his wife's brave and womanly health and inspiration.

JUNGLE ADVENTURE—DEATH OF THE WILD BOAR.

On reaching the high bank which bounded the cypress covert, we observed a monster boar crossing the broad, shallow stream, and making for a patch of cypress of some extent on the other side. In a position commanding a full view of this covert, we had placed a native in the tree as a marker. As we could see him plainly, and he made no indication of the boar having gone on, we concluded that he had lain up in the covert.

The beaters being sent round, we took up our positions, and stood anxiously awaiting the appearance of the monster. Tom-toms and drums were loudly beaten, horns were blown, and guns fired, but still no signs of the game; and it was only when the last man left the covert that I began to suspect the true state of affairs. Leaving the beaters, our shikarees proceeded to examine the ground round the cypress, and on coming to within a few yards of the tree on which our lookout-man had been posted, they came on the tracks of the boar, leading up the bank. The villain had either slept on his post or had been amusing himself by watching our runs in the morning, and had allowed the boar to pass up the bank unobserved. The footprints were not to be mistaken, for the boar was of the largest size.

Leaving the river, he had made a detour of about two miles, in the open country, which, though cultivated, was at this season quite bare of crops. Our men were equal to the occasion, and taking up the track, they moved quickly along, scoring the ground at every few yards with a short stick across the prints of the boar's hoofs. We now found that he was crossing a wide bend in the river, and that the tracks would again fall into the bed of the stream.

The trackers moved fast and sure, and we followed close in their wake with the crowd of beaters. At length we came to where a smaller stream joined the river, and on the ground between the two was a crop of irrigated maize, about ten feet in height, and looking very cool and green. The smaller stream was about fifteen yards in width, slow and sluggish, having about a foot of water, and an equal amount of black mud below it.

We had crossed and sent the beaters to the end next the junction of the streams, when we heard much yelling and shouting, and next moment the boar came out at speed, and dashed down the slope into the stream we had just crossed. Bulkley was only a few yards from him, and driving in his spurs, he rushed down the bank, regardless or forgetful of the muddy bottom. His horse seemed to turn heels over head, and as I checked mine, and floundered slowly across, he was picking himself out of the black mud, and shaking his steed to his legs again. He had lost his hunting-cap, and his spear was buried in the grimy slush.

I reached the bank in safety, and gathering up my galloway, I went on after the boar. From his great size and weight, I was sure he would make a good fight, and I saw I had work cut out for me, so I determined not to irritate him with a minor poke, but, if possible, to disable or check him till such time as my friend should emerge from the mud and come to my assistance. As the boar went along at an easy canter, I saw I should have no difficulty in overhauling him. We were going up the side of a field, having a high mud-bank on our right, and watching my opportunity, I lowered my spear, and pressed my horse with the spur. In an instant I was alongside of the boar, and had my spear within a few inches of his shoulder, when with a savage grunt, he made a sidelong charge at my horse. The spear took him in the neck, and checked him, but with a sudden wrench he broke the bamboo shaft, leaving the head imbedded in his muscles. Turning my horse sharp to the left, I got clear away, but having only the headless spear-shaft in my hand, my offensive powers were at an end, and I saw that my only hope of getting the boar lay in being able to keep him in view till my friend should rejoin me.

In this way we held on over many fields. At times I pursued, and tried to turn the boar, at others he pursued me, and then I was forced to "advance backward." Still no signs of my friend, and I began to fear that either he or his horse had been seriously damaged. The boar had nearly reached the spot from whence we had first started him in the morning, and as he went down the steep bank into the cypress cover, I pulled up in despair.

At that moment I saw Bulkley coming along at a hand-gallop, and, with a frantic yell, I again set off after the boar. Aided by Bulkley, I succeeded in turning him toward the water, into which he hurled himself, and lay still, apparently dead beat. Springing from his horse, Bulkley lowered his spear, and ran at him, but the boar rose and

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charged. He was stopped by a thrust in the neck, but his great weight broke the bamboo, and though Bulkley managed to get away unscathed, we had no spears, and were now powerless for all purposes of attack.

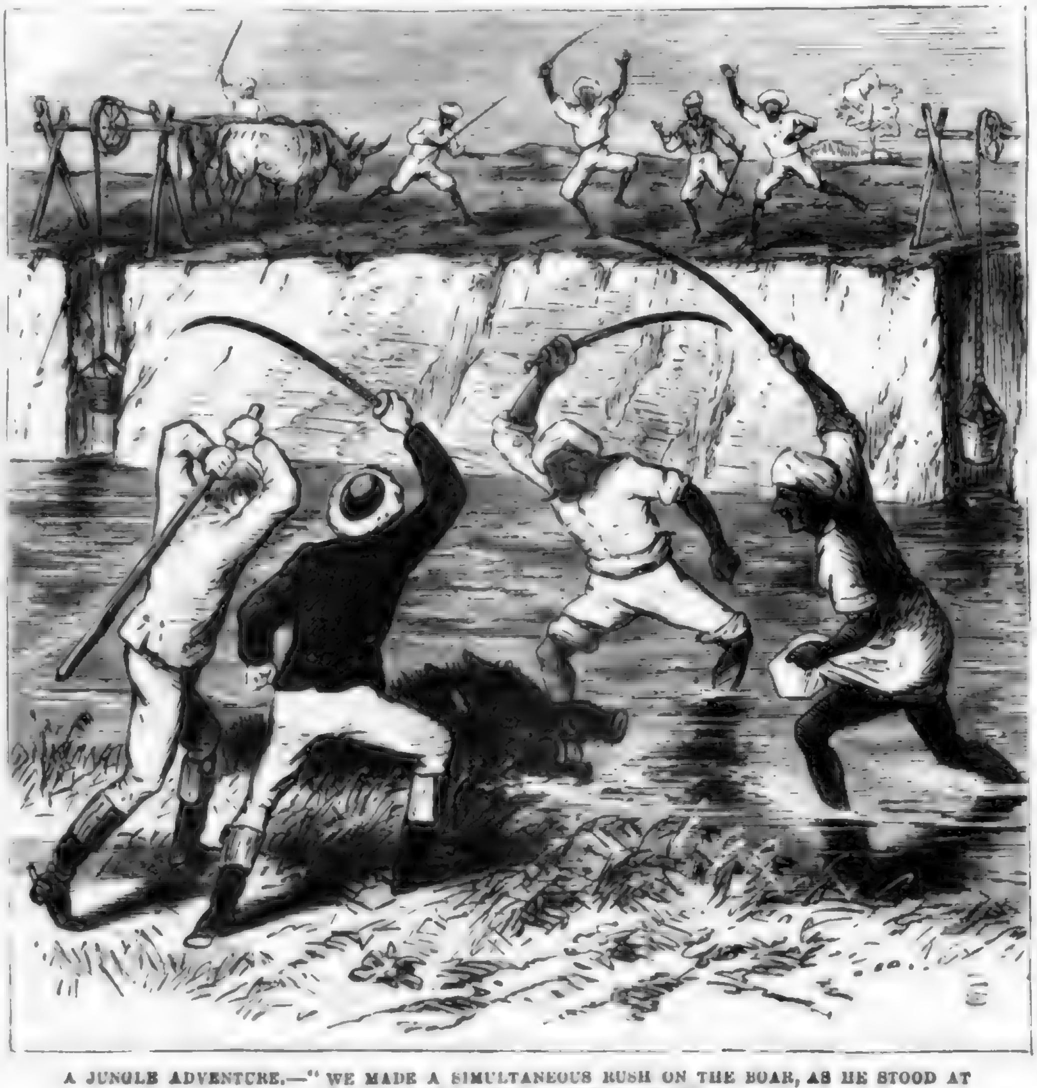
Unwilling to leave the wounded beast, and hoping that some of our men with spare spears would soon come up, we followed him slowly down the river, and seeing some cultivators irrigating their fields near the banks, Bulkley rode off to them in the hope of obtaining some offensive weapon.

Presently he came after me armed with a short, crooked sword, but by this time the boar was going down a part of the river where he had an abrupt bank six feet in height on his immediate left. Bulkley vainly tried to force him out, as he found it impossible to reach him with the short sword. At length he made a cut, but the boar, charging at the same moment, ripped his horse in the foreleg, and finding that he could not again get him to go near the pig, he handed me the sword, and I took up the running.

We here came to a tributary stream, joining the river at right angles. Into this we plunged, and as the boar swam almost on a level with my saddle, I rose in the stirrups, and made a cut at him with all the force I could muster. Had the weapon served me truly, I should have laid the boar in two halves, but the blade of the sword, being merely fastened into the hilt with lac, fell out, and the pig turned on me. I had just time to fend off with my hand, receiving as I did so a slight cut over the thumb from his tusk.

Wheeling my horse round, I got away from him, when he crossed the stream, and, turning up the other bank, left the main river. By this time he was nearly exhausted, and our shikaree appeared on the scene, having followed the run on foot. Another sword was procured from some cultivators. The shikaree carried his own, and one of the men had an iron-bound club. Leaving our panting steeds, we made a simultaneous rush on the boar, as he stood at bay in the water. He made a last charge, but the swords cut fairly this time, and the huge beast succumbed.

I have been in at the death of many boars, but I never saw a run so full of excitement as that which I have now endeavored to describe.



A JUNGLE ADVENTURE.—"WE MADE A SIMULTANEOUS RUSH ON THE BOAR, AS HE STOOD AT BAY IN THE WATER."—SEE PAGE 623.

THE WITCH'S CAT.

A FAIRY STORY.

In some weird cave, far distant from the abodes of mankind, dwelt an old witch. She was the personification of all evil and wickedness. Her only companion in her dismal home was a black, fierce-looking cat, with green eyes that shone with a bright light at night. This cat had been found twenty-five years ago in the witch's cave one morning, and had ever since lived with her.

At the time of its first discovery it had been of its present size. It had never grown. But every day seemed to add one shade of deeper black to the color of its fur, and one shade of deeper green to the color of its eyes.

The witch feasted on children, who were wafted to her every month in an evil breeze at her command. All other breezes of the air had rebelled against the evil one; but the witch's power had as yet held its own.

For years the good breezes of the air fought and struggled with this foul agent of the witch, and at last they began to hope that their power was gaining.

One day—it was about the witch's dinner hour—the winds whistled and the trees shook, the thunder rolled and the lightning hissed with a fierce swing; two children, a little boy and his sister, were lodged in the witch's cave. The winds did not cease when the poor children had come, but howled and whistled wildly on.

The witch's fire, on which the poor children were to be roasted, flickered half extinguished, while the witch raved and cursed at the breezes that were fighting with the flames. Louder and stronger grew the moanings and howlings in the air, when suddenly, with one mighty effort, the children were lifted in the air and borne away.

The witch cursed, swore and raved. The black cat jumped on the burning fire, uttering sounds blood-freezing in their woful clamor.

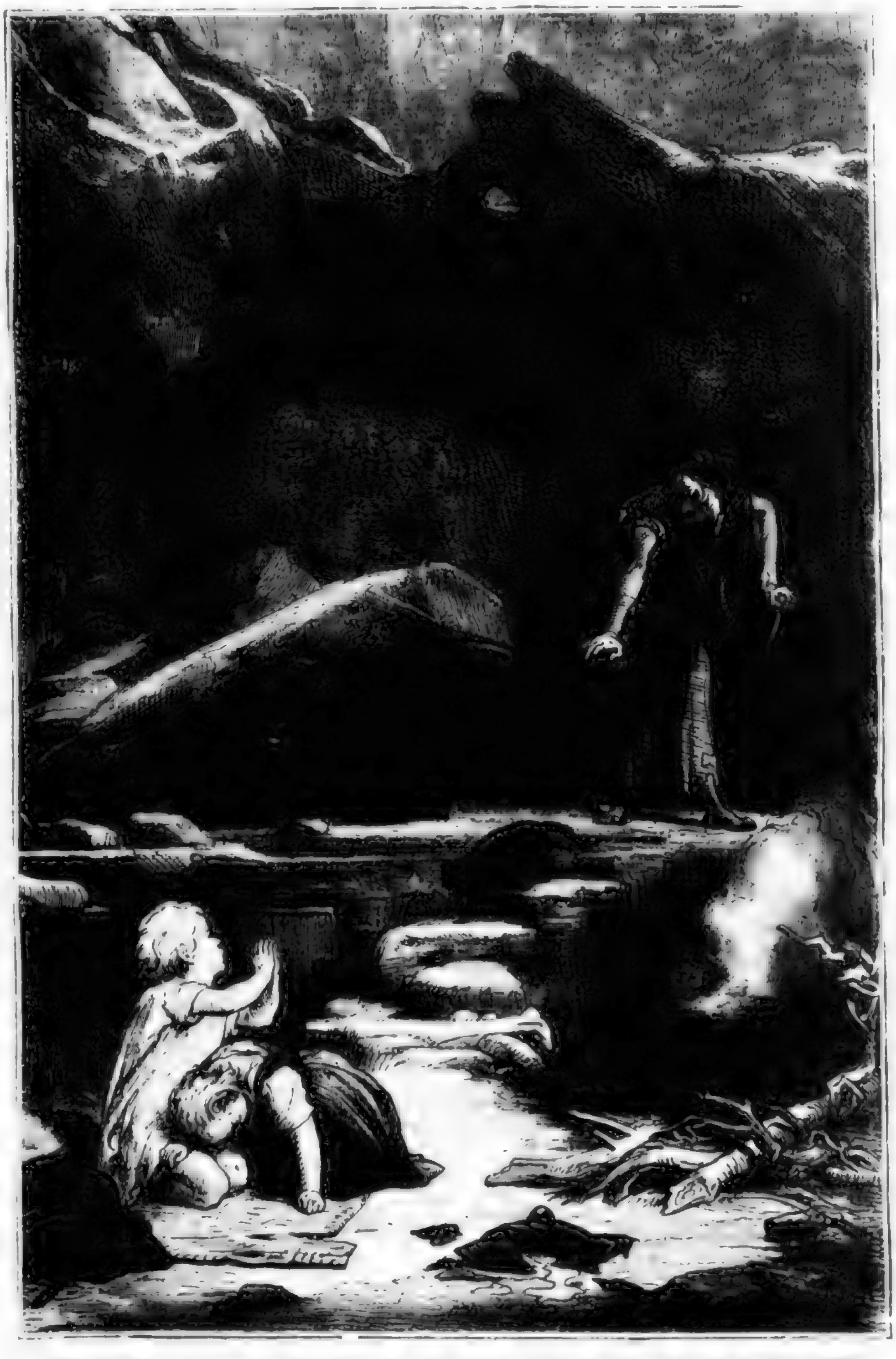
The witch seized her magic staff, drew a mystic circle in the centre of the cave, and implored all the demons and goblins of subterranean kingdoms to aid her in tracking the missing children.

The winds whistled on, and the witch, who felt her power lessening, was boiling over in paroxysms of rage.

She seized her cat, placed it before her on a rock of the cave, and spoke in a voice that seemed to issue from the centre of the earth.

"Slave of my power, with all-seeing eyes, I command thee lead me to where the stolen young ones are hidden!"

The cat leaped wildly in the air when the witch had finished her command, and came to the ground with a deafening cry.



THE WITCH'S CAT.—"AS THE BOY SAW THE GREEN EYES OF THE CAT COMING DOWN THE STEPS, HE CLASPED HIS LITTLE HANDS CONVULSIVELY AND PRAYED FOR MERCY."

Again it leaped into the air, and again it came to the ground with the same dreadful shriek.

Soon after, the witch set out with her green-eyed guide. Then the cat disappeared. The witch came to a babbling brook; the lightning hissed, and the thunder rolled anew. When the turmoil in the sky was over, the babbling brook ran along, and said, in dismal tones:

"Follow me! follow me! follow me!"

On, on, over the rocks and shells, wooden branches and stumps of rotten trees—on over rugged roads the witch pursued her course along the babbling brook, while the birds of the air were darting around her in wild confusion. The cat was far in advance; wherever its feet touched the ground, the earth seemed to glow and kindle. The witch hurried on. At last she saw her cat ahead. She rushed forth at a faster pace.

Soon they came to a dark, dark spot. Nothing save the green light sparkling from the cat's eyes was visible. The witch followed on. They approached a rough stone staircase. A cauldron near the green-eyed cat immediately began to fume. The light coming from the fire in the heated cauldron illumined the scene. In a corner of this horrible place were the two children. The little girl had fallen asleep upon her brother's knees. As the boy saw the green eyes of the cat coming down the steps, and the witch's frame, illumined by the cauldron, following them, he clasped his little hands convulsively and prayed for mercy.

But there was no mercy. The good breeze that had borne the children from the witch's home had been conquered at the moment the witch reached the babbling brook, for the goblins to whom the witch had appealed exerted their power, and the lightning flash dispelled the breeze and dropped the children into a cave, which was the witch's deserted home.

She now seized the boy and his apparently lifeless sister, and took them home. The winds whistled on, and the air grew oppressive. Still, however, the witch proceeded, and finally reached her cave. She took the boy and laid him upon the fire, and danced in glee as she heard his bones crackle.

She next turned to the girl. But she was a corpse.

The witch and her cat seized the roasted body and began tearing it to pieces.

They had nearly finished it all, when suddenly the green-eyed cat gave a woeful moan, and fell dead.

The witch dropped the uneaten bones, and looked at her cat. In another moment she, too, uttered a scream, and sank lifeless upon the floor of the cave.

The children had eaten the poisonous, slimy plants that grew in the cave where they had been left. The girl had died from the effects; and the poisoned flesh of the roasted boy proved fatal to the witch and her green-eyed cat.

The lifeless forms of the two evil ones sank deeper and deeper into the ground of the cave, and finally were lost to sight. In their place sprang up a number of deadly plants to mark the scene of their wicked ways.

The little girl was wafted away by the good breeze, triumphant now, and hidden in a distant spot in some pleasant grove, where, to this day, delightful breezes play in calm and holy peacefulness.

FRIAR BACON'S HOUSE AT OXFORD.

THEY still show at Oxford the house where the famous friar, Roger Bacon, studied and experimented. One of the earliest pioneers of modern science, he rendered incalculable aid by his analytic mind and his close observation. He was not, indeed, free from some of the fallacies which then beset learning—alchemy, for instance, and astrology—and, like other learned men, he traveled out of his true path, and endeavored to reform positive religion by comparative science—what must be certain by what must be speculative. As a natural result, he got into trouble, and, accused of witchcraft and sorcery, was cast into prison and nearly starved to death. This great Franciscan friar was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire, in 1214, and studied at Oxford and Paris. Among the inventions ascribed to him are many optical contrivances, such as the telescope, the use of the concave and convex lenses, the magic lantern, and, above all, he is named as the discoverer of gunpowder, a material that has wrought more wonderful changes in the great family of man than the most potent elixir that could have been devised to prolong life. He died in 1292 or 1294.

SCENT-BALLS AND POMANDERS.

AMONG the minor objects of personal use which appear, from an inventory, to have belonged to Margaret de Bohun, daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, slain at the battle of Boroughbridge, March 16th, 1321, is a "pomme de aumbre," or scent-ball, in the composition of which ambergris probably formed a principal ingredient. We here learn, also, that a nutmeg was occasionally used for a like purpose; it was set in silver, decorated with stones and pearls, and was evidently highly prized.

Among the valuable effects of Henry V., according to the inventory taken A. D. 1423, are enumerated a musk-ball of gold, weighing eleven ounces, and another of silver gilt. At a later period, the pomander was very commonly worn as the pendant of a lady's girdle.

The orange appears to have been used as a pomander soon after its introduction into England. Cavendish describes Cardinal Wolsey entering a crowded chamber "holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out, and filled up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs."

Sir Thomas Gresham, in his celebrated portrait by Sir Antonio More, holds in his left hand a small object resembling an orange, but which is a *pomander*. This sometimes consisted of a dried Seville orange, stuffed with cloves and other spices; and, being esteemed a fashionable preservative against infection, it frequently occurs in old portraits, either suspended to the girdle or held in the hand.

In the eighteenth century, the signification of this object had become so far forgotten that, instead of pomanders, *bona fide* oranges were introduced into portraits; a practice which Goldsmith has happily satirized in his "Vicar of Wakefield," where seven of the Flamboroughs are drawn with seven oranges, etc. When the pomander was made of silver, it was perforated with holes, to let out the scent. Hence the origin of the *vinaigrette* of our day.

NATALIA.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

ABOUT the middle of the reign of Peter the Great, there lived in a secluded street of Moscow a foreign merchant named Martin Zauber. One dark Spring night, when the fantastic old city lay silent and deserted, except for some solitary droshky, with its Ukraine horse and jingling bell waiting at the street corners, a carriage drove up to this merchant's door, and a man alighted and knocked for admittance. The carriage was plain, the man had no attendants. A servant, in a blue caftan, opened the door to him, and through a long, low passage conducted him to a room where Zauber, the merchant, was just making ready to sit down to supper.

"Announce me, serf," said the visitor. He bent his tall head, and whispered in the servant's ear three words. The latter started, trembled, prostrated himself to the very floor, then threw open the door of the supper-room, and pronounced the three words aloud: "Peter the Czar!"

Martin Zauber was standing near the table awaiting the entrance of his daughter. With a deep obeisance, and in great trepidation, he hurried forward to receive this royal visitor.

"Sire!—is it possible? What am I, that you do me this great honor?"

"Tut!" interrupted the czar, shortly, "have you not yet learned that I come and go as the whim seizes me? You have, I hear, just returned from a visit to Vienna?"

"Ay, sire, I went thither to bring home my young daughter from the Convent of Saint Sophia."

"Merchant, you are a shrewd man. I do not always trust to my couriers for news. Without doubt you have learned many things in the Austrian capital that I shall be glad to hear. Meanwhile, your table is waiting. You have not supped; no more have I. With your consent I will sit down with you."

The astounded merchant looked at his plain board spread for two.

"Your majesty is jesting at my expense," he stammered; "you could not stoop thus to honor my poor house."

Peter, the Czar of Muscovy, that handsome barbarian on whom the eyes of Europe were then fixed, laid his jeweled hand on Zauber's shoulder as the latter darted for the bell-rope. He was a man of superb height and build (this great Peter) with piercing black eyes, a great abundance of brown curling hair, a superb mouth, and a Tartar nose. Under his short cloak one could see a suit of plain velvet, embroidered on the breast with gold thread, a hanger pendent from his belt, and a shape as supple and perfect as a Greek god's.

"Hold!" he said to Martin Zauber, "you shall alter nothing. I will sit down to your table on condition that no change be made thereon but the laying of an extra plate. Observe my wishes, or I must depart at once."

As the czar spoke the door opened, and a young girl entered the supper-room. She was clothed in a loose dress of white cashmere, fastened simply with a silken girdle at her waist. Her arms were bare, her full white shoulders were bare, except for the torrents of chestnut hair that rippled and curled over them. Her face was lily white, and of a beautiful oval shape. Her long and languid eyes were of the color of wood-violets that grow in swampy places.

Peter the Czar fixed his black eyes upon this vision, as it appeared in Martin Zauber's doorway.

"You see my daughter," said the merchant, "my little Natalia," and he took her soft white hand and led her forward. "Kneel, my child; it is the czar."

But Peter caught up the soft, supple figure as it bent before him. He stared at her fixedly.

"Nay," he said, "such beauty as this was born not to kneel, but to be knelt to. Merchant Zauber, I congratulate you. You have a most charming daughter. I did not think that such a rose bloomed in Moscow."

"Sire, she has been at the Convent of Saint Sophia for three years," answered Zauber, placing a chair for his imperial guest; "she is now barely sixteen. Is it your majesty's good pleasure that she should sup with us, or shall I bid her retire?"

"Retire!" echoed the czar—"no! no! It is not often that I sup or dine in the presence of such beauty. Mademoiselle Natalie, I desire you to remain."

With his own hand he seated her beside himself at the board. The meal began.

Peter and the merchant talked of Vienna, and of many things pertaining thereto, to which the former chanced to be interested. In this conversation Zauber managed to acquit himself with credit. He was, as his visitor had said, a shrewd man. The czar, meanwhile, not only talked, but ate sparingly of a venison pastry, and drank frightful draughts of *vodki* and a raw French brandy seasoned with pepper; he also watched Natalia.

So long, so earnestly, so tirelessly he watched her, that the young creature was filled with confusion. Nevertheless, she kept her violet eyes averted, and did not seem to heed him. If her beauty was great, so also was her self-possession. Unable to bear it longer, she rose at last from the table.

"Sire," she murmured, with a deep obeisance, "with your gracious permission I will withdraw."

He opened the door for her with his own hand, watched her white robe disappear down the dark passage, then returned to the table.

"Alas! sire," said Zauber, anxiously, "you have eaten nothing; you do not approve of my humble supper."

"Merchant," answered Peter, his face working with the nervous contortions peculiar to him when greatly agitated, "your supper is admirable, but I have no need of it. When one's heart is full, one's stomach is apt to be left empty."

He turned and transfixed the merchant with his fierce black eyes.

"Martin Zauber," he said, flatly, "your daughter should appear at court."

"Sire," stammered Zauber, "how can that be? My Natalia has no court friends."

"Merchant," answered Peter, in a voice of suppressed passion, "I have never in Russia, nor out of Russia, seen so fair a face. She shall not lack for friends. Already I know of one who will give her wealth, luxury untold, and the title of a countess. In return he will ask for nothing but her heart."

"Sire," replied Martin Zauber, calmly, "I do not understand your majesty. I must be dreaming. Who will do this for the daughter of an humble merchant?"

"I—Peter the Czar!"

Zauber staggered back and stared at him aghast.

"Sire!"

"She has inspired me with a great passion. Already I love her devotedly. This love will grow with every hour till I know no peace. Martin Zauber, give me your daughter!"

Zauber grew crimson with rage, then white with direst anguish. He started up from the table.

"Great God! what do you say? Sire, my daughter, my little Natalia, my lily-flower! Oh, my gracious sovereign, I cannot have heard aright! Take back your words, in heaven's name! Natalia cannot come to court. She is as pure as she is beautiful. She would die sooner than become your mistress."

Peter's dark, haughty face grew thunderous.

"Merchant!" he cried in a terrible voice, "you forget who it is that sues for your daughter."

"Alas! sire, shame is shame, whether it come from prince or peasant."

"Now, by Saint Nicholas!" roared the czar, "this passes all belief! Martin Zauber, there is but one will in Russia, and that is Peter's. Woe to him who thwarts it! You and your fair Natalia are in my hands to do with as I like. There is no gift I cannot give her, except my imperial crown; there is no punishment I cannot visit upon you, even to death itself."

Appalled by these ominous words, Zauber fell on his knees before the czar.

"In the name of God, sire, suffer me to leave Russia this night, this very hour! You ask of me more than life, you ask the honor and happiness of one I hold dearer than my heart's blood. Sire, let me take my child and go where you will never see her face again."

"No! by my right hand, no!" thundered Peter. "You shall not set foot outside the gates of Moscow till this fair Natalia is mine. Acquaint her to-night with what I have said to you. In the morning I will come to press my suit in person. Not another word more; if you love your life, merchant, be silent!"

"Oh! my God!" groaned the wretched father, falling into a chair. Peter retired toward the door.

"Kings," he said, haughtily, "are not accustomed to sue to their subjects, much less do they sue in vain. Remember alike my threats and my promises. To-morrow you will see me again."

He departed. For awhile Martin Zauber sat plunged in profound despair. His brows were damp with a cold sweat, his lips were livid, great groans escaped him. Starting up at last, he sent a servant to summon his daughter.

She appeared directly, her loose curls streaming over her white gown, her violet eyes heavy, her scarlet mouth sleepy and sweet.

"Ah," she said, looking around, "he is gone, then. I am glad. I do not like him, my father; his eyes are wicked."

"Would to God!" groaned Zauber, "that you were safe again in Vienna."

"Father, what has happened? You tremble, you grow pale, you do not look at me!"

He struck his clinched hands against his forehead.

"Natalia," he cried, "we are both lost! I shall be beggared, ruined, given over to the knout and the wheel, and you—God only knows what will be done with you."

Then he told her all that Peter the Czar had said.

"To escape him," said Zauber, "is impossible. He says truly there is no will in Russia but his. To-morrow he will come. How can I save you? What can I do?"

She stood like a statue, her face colorless, her eyes dilated; she seemed turning into stone.

"Natalia! speak!" he cried, in terror.

"Should you seek to save me," she said, slowly, "should you oppose his wicked will, you will be scourged to death with the knout, or broken on the wheel."

"My child, could one die in a better cause?"

"Ask, rather, if I could thus be the means of your destruction and live. No!"

Zauber was thunderstruck. She leaned against the door as if unable to stand. A stricken look had fallen upon her; her eyes seemed fixed on something far away.

"Natalia!" he shrieked, "what do you mean? Will

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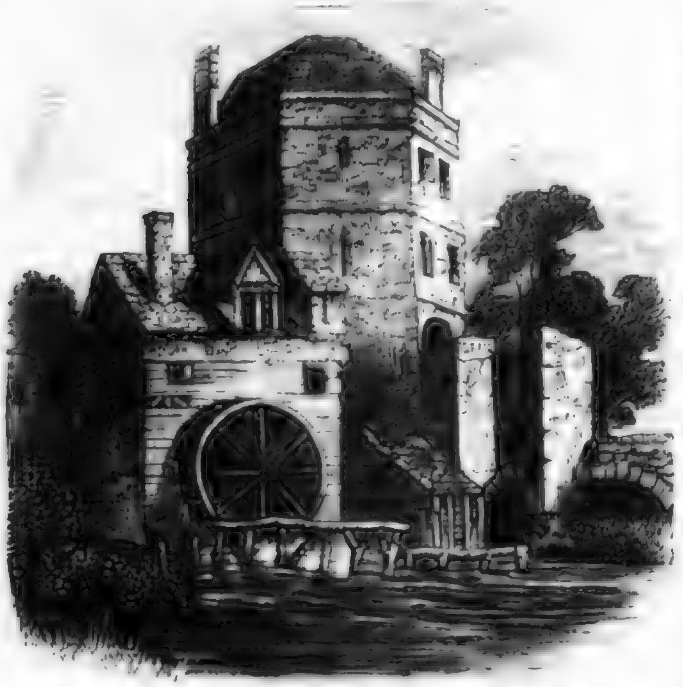


FRIAR BACON'S HOUSE AT OXFORD.—SEE PAGE 626.

you yield?—but no! I am mad: I do not hear you aright!"

She came forward and pressed her cold lips to his cheek. Something in her face baffled him.

"Fear nothing," she faltered, "whatever becomes of me, the czar shall never harm a hair of your head. Rest in peace to-night, my father, and fear nothing. To-morrow he will come, and you shall know all."

She looked wistfully into his anguished face, then glided away. Only in the dark shadow of the doorway she paused again to speak.

"Farewell, my father," she said, with pale lips; "farewell."

The next moment she was flitting off through the low passage, up a tortuous stair, to the little chamber where she slept.

Once there, Natalia locked the door behind her. A crucifix, with a candle burning near it, stood in a corner. She fell on her knees before it, and prayed silently. Then she arose and looked around the chamber; her violet eyes flashed; she seemed to grow tall as she stood.

"Yield!" she murmured; "my poor father, how little you know your Natalia! There is one way, and only one, by which I can save thee and me."

She put off her white gown with rapid hands; in its place she drew on a long, gray garment resembling a caftan; a coarse hood attached thereto she drew up about her face, and thrust her long hair out of sight beneath it. This done, Natalia Zauber extinguished the taper, stole noiselessly down the stair, and, all alone, passed out into the dark, still streets of Moscow.

It was a starless night; the tortuous Moskra ran, black and sluggish, under the roofs and towers of the old northern city; the clustering domes of the Kremlin rose from the triangular Kremlin Hill, black and monstrous shapes against the cloudy sky.

With her heart beating wildly, this young girl threaded the streets of the city, made her way to the barrier, and passed it in safety.

For one moment only she paused to look back at the Sparrow Hills, and the Tartar towers, and painted domes of the old city. It was a sad, dreary, farewell look. Then, with a prayer on her lips, the fair young fugitive began her flight.

Beyond the city the road soon became dreary and monotonous. Forests of pine and silvery birches appeared belting the horizon; fields, freshly sown with grain and rapeseed, and scattering, one-story villages, with roofs of thatch, stretched around her. For many a weary verst Natalia pressed on.

Presently a postillion's horn sounded somewhere before her in the lonely road. She had just passed a post-station, with its little brick house surrounded by a courtyard and a high wall.

At sound of the horn, Natalia, for the first time, stopped short in her flight. The light of the approaching carriage was advancing rapidly upon her. She looked around for a hiding-place. Alas! the road was open, the whole face of the country as flat as a sea. She was about to cast herself face downward on the earth till the wheels should rumble on, when a sudden crash fell on her ears. The postillion's horn ceased; the carriage-light went suddenly out; a lumbering wheel, splashed with mud, rolled toward her, and fell in the road at her feet. She saw that the horses were down also, and struggling and kicking in their heavy harness.

"Help!" shrieked the postillion; "help! help!"

Natalia's first impulse was to fly with all speed, but her tender, young heart rose stronger than her terrors. She ran toward the carriage. The driver lay in the rut insensible; the postillion was just extricating himself from the *débris*.

"In the name of God and Saint Nicholas!" he prayed, "look to my master!"

"Where is your master?" asked Natalia, thankful for the darkness that hid her securely.

He rushed to the carriage-door, which had been torn from its hinges, and across which a tall figure, in a gold-embroidered uniform, was lying senseless.

"Saint Nicholas preserve us!" screamed the postillion. "Take his head upon your lap, woman, till I can strike a light. The wheel has tumbled off the coach, the nigh horse has dropped dead with fatigue, and my master has dispatches that must reach the czar in an hour."

He put the senseless head upon Natalia's knee. It was a handsome head, of the purest blonde type, rising from a chest and shoulders covered with Orders and gold embroidery. The night was not so dark but that Natalia could see that the fair, flowing hair and beard were all red and wet with blood.

"Ah, look!" she cried; "he is hurt sorely."

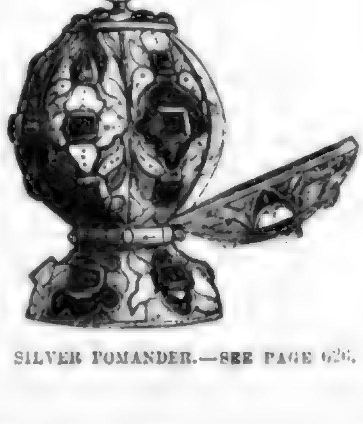
"It is an old wound," said the postillion, "that he got from the Swedes. The fatigue and the fall have opened it again. Oh Heaven! this journey from Cronstadt will be his death!"

"No, he stirs," said Natalia. "Tell me, who is he?"

"Who? Does not every one know my master, Prince Romanoff? Mother of Mercy! how shall I bind his wound?"

"There is a post-station just ahead, where you will find help," said Natalia, remembering her own danger, and striving to rise. "I cannot stay here longer. Bring a cushion from the carriage and lay him down upon it. Indeed, indeed, I must go!"

"No, no!" cried the frightened serf, "for the love of God, no! He is bleeding to death I hav not a rag of linen, my very shirt is sheepskin. Tear a piece from thy gown,



SILVER POMANDER.—SEE PAGE 626.

girl, and stop the blood. Would you leave a prince of the realm to die here in the road like a dog?"

Touched by his anguish, perhaps, Natalia took from her beautiful throat a kerchief of fine linen, and bound it about the wounded head on her knee. The kerchief, fashioned long before in the old convent, bore her name embroidered upon it in quaint characters, but in her haste Natalia quite forgot this little circumstance.

No sooner was the wound dressed than the postillion lighted his lantern and came forward to the carriage-door.

"Master!" he cried, "master!"

The eyes of the prince unclosed. They looked up, not at his servant, but at the pale face of Natalia Zauber, as she leaned like an angel over him.

"Who is this?" he murmured, dreamily.

All the peril of her situation rushed back upon Natalia. She dropped his head and started up. He tried to restrain her.

"Stay!" he implored, faintly, clinging to her gray gown. "Saint, angel, do not leave me!"

But the unhappy girl, wild with terror, broke from him and darted off into the night.

She came at last to a little village of low, white huts, huddling on the bank of a river. Dark forests hemmed it in on three sides. Dogs were barking here and there under the thatch. In the stream hard by many flat-bottomed boats were lying. Footsore and weary, Natalia stopped at the nearest door and asked for the woodcutter, Ivan, whose wife's name was Catherine.

"I will go with you to their hut, pretty one," said the woman who opened to her. "You have come many a verst, I know. The roads are rough for such tender feet."

Natalia followed her to a little hut close on the brink of the river. She gave her guide a few copeks, opened the humble door, and went in under the thatch.

An old man and woman, dressed in sheepskin, were breaking a rye-cake between them on the coarse stone of the hearth. Late as the hour was, old Ivan had but just returned from his day's work in the forest. At sight of Natalia the two started up with a scream of joy. The beautiful fugitive ran to the woman and flung a pair of trembling arms about her leathery neck.

"Nurse Catherine," she sobbed, "Nurse Catherine, save me!"

"God and Saint Nicholas!" screamed the woman, "it is my young mistress, it is the rose of my heart, here in my hut at this time o' night! The saints preserve us! what has happened?"

"Will you swear to help me—you and Ivan—here?" cried Natalia, standing before them, wild and white.

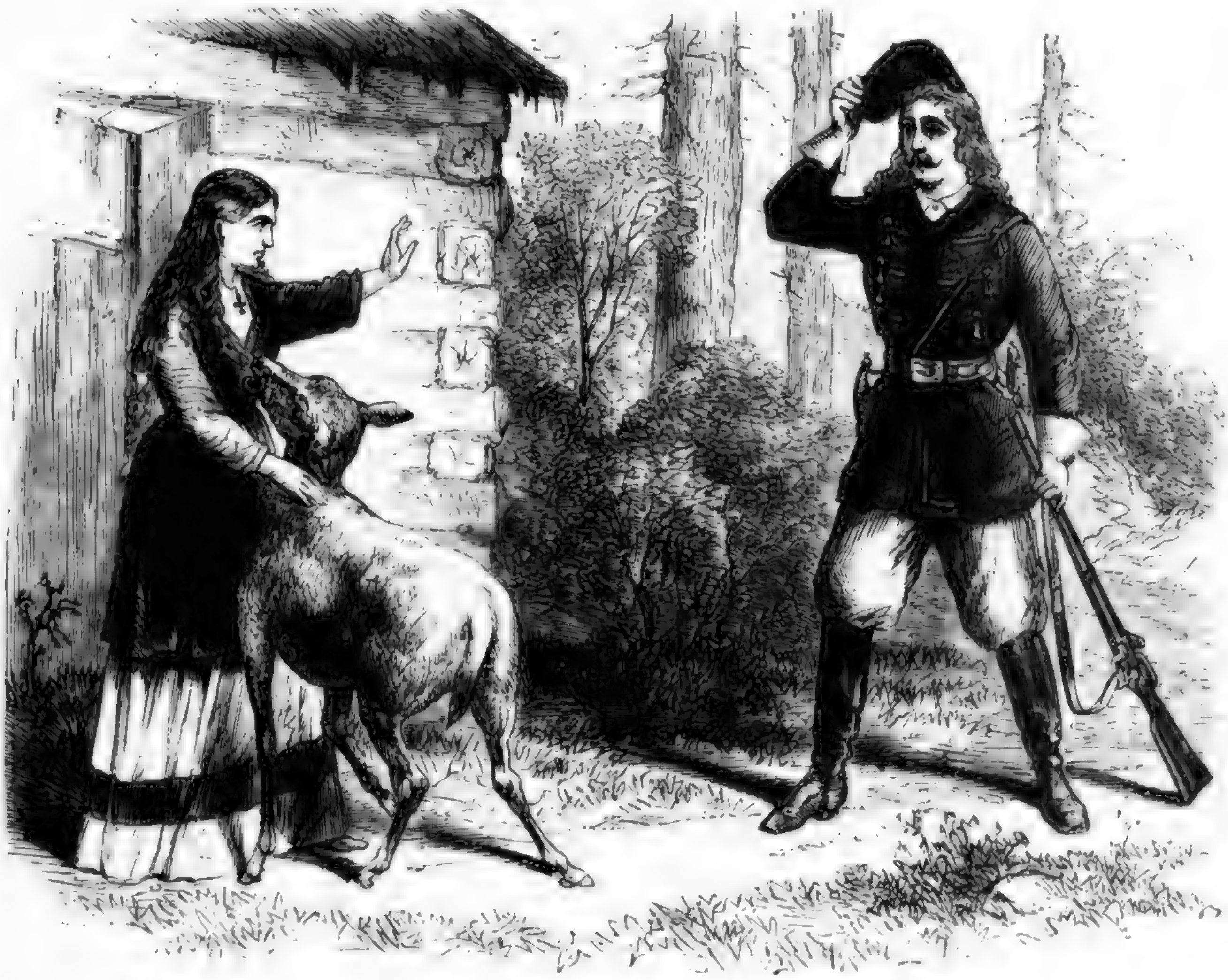
"I swear—and Ivan. We will lay down our lives for you. Speak, my mistress."

Forthwith Natalia told her story.

"You must hide me," she cried, "at once. I shall be pursued. This Prince Romanoff whom I met on the road to-night may betray me within the hour. If you love me, Nurse Catherine, lead me where I may hide from all the world. None, not even my dear father, must know that I am alive."

The old woodcutter and his wife sat for a while meditating. Then Ivan spoke.

"I have it, little one; I have a spot out yonder in the river where the czar can never find you. Hasten, Catherine! make ready and come with us. She will be tracked



NATALIA.—"SHE STOOD, PROTECTING THE TREMBLING DOE WITH HER OWN BODY, AND STARED AT THE INTRUDER IN ANGRY AMAZE." SEE PAGE 626.

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hither by this great Prince Romanoff, and then all will be lost."

The old woman put into a wicker basket a store of coarse provisions, and a vial of strong corn brandy. Then the three went out together, fastened down the latch of the hut, and started for the river. In one of the flat-bottomed boats lying there, Ivan placed Natalia and old Catherine, and pushed off with them into the stream.

Ivan made for the spot with all speed. Skirting its northern shore till he reached a fringe of low thickets, the old woodcutter threw down his oars, and, rising up, took Natalia in his arms.

"It is a morass," he said, "you could not find a resting-place here for the sole of your foot. None but Catherine and I know the way."

"How, then, am I to remain here?" asked Natalia.

"You will see, little one. There is a dry island in the centre of the swamp, where a hut still stands. Twenty years ago I built it with these hands, while felling trees in the morass here. In that hut, mistress, you will be as safe as if the wicked czar had never looked on you. Catherine shall bring you food, and come to attend you by night."

They took up their silent line of march for the island. It was a difficult and dangerous way, but the old woodcutter went over it deftly, and Catharine followed like a hound at his heels. They found the little hut built upon a dry green knoll in a bower of birch trees.

Natalia, with a face that was heavenly, sank forward to her knees upon this island of refuge, and pressed her lips to its green turf.

"Hist!" whispered Catherine to the woodcutter, "she is praying."

Night passed, and another day broke upon Moscow and the Kremlin. Peter the Czar had received the wounded young Prince Romanoff, embraced him tenderly, and read his dispatches from Cronstadt. But these, nor aught else, could banish from his heart the matchless face of Natalia Zauber. Often merciless, always violent, the opposition he had met from Martin Zauber on the preceding night, had only added fuel to the flame of his sudden and outrageous passion. It was still early, therefore, when he hastened to the house of the merchant. He found it thrown into great confusion. Zauber was tearing his hair in frantic grief.

"What have you done with her?" he cried, at sight of the czar, "what have you done with my daughter? She is lost, she is gone. My daughter, my Natalia!"

A furious convulsion swept over Peter's face. He comprehended the matter, and flew into a tremendous rage.

"So," he thundered, "you dare to hide her from me, you dare to oppose your will to mine, hound? If your daughter is not produced within an hour, you shall receive five hundred lashes, and start for Siberia before sunset."

"I know nothing of my daughter," repeated Martin Zauber; "she has disappeared—she is dead—she has killed herself to escape your love. I am childless. If you would find my Natalia, go seek her in the grave to which you have driven her."

With a cry of anguish the wretched father fell senseless at the feet of the czar. Peter, convinced in spite of himself that the unhappy man knew nothing of his child, consigned him to the care of his servants, and retreated straightway from the desolated house. By noon, in the streets of Moscow there was posted a reward of five thousand rubles for any tidings of the missing girl. In all directions men were dispatched to scour the country in search of her. If the wretched father had abandoned hope, not so the imperial lover. He went to Prince Romanoff with his perplexities.

"I did not know, my dear prince," he said, with a shrug, "that such a woman existed in the wide world. Incredible as it may seem, she has fled from my wealth, my titles, my love—the love of the great czar, my Romanoff—that I may truthfully say was never disdained before."

The prince, pale from wounds and travel, was standing at a window of the Kremlin, looking out upon the Moskra.

"Your majesty," he said, "does not, then, believe that she has killed herself?"

"No, no!" he cried, passionately, striding up and down the room. "I cannot have her blood on my hands! Great God! no. She is living somewhere. She cannot be dead. No, no!"

"Sire," said Romanoff, "may I ask what this astounding creature is like?"

"She has a face of mingled frost and fire," answered Peter; "she is indescribably lovely; there is not another like her in all Russia."

The prince kept his stern, steady eyes fixed on the sluggish river.

"A pale face, sire, with long hair curling round it, the eyes large and pure, and dark as violets?"

"How know you that?" cried Peter, quickly.

"Sire, all Moscow is ringing with her name, and the passion with which she has inspired your majesty. Descriptions of her face are on every tongue."

"Dead or alive, I will have her again!" stormed the czar, passionately. "She has made me supremely wretched; I must be repaid for it. She shall yet be mine!"

The prince answered nothing. On leaving the imperial presence, however, his first act was to draw from the breast of his uniform a kerchief of fine linen, stiffened and stained with blood. He looked long and earnestly at the name embroidered thereon, then sent a special messenger for the postillion who had come with him to Moscow.

"Alexis," said the prince, as his serf appeared before him, "in our trouble last night on the road hither, a vision appeared to us, it bound up my wound. Answer me, was it an angel or a woman?"

"God and Saint Nicholas alone know," replied Alexis.

"Good! For that very reason you are never to speak of the vision to mortal ears. Should you dare hint that we saw aught on our way resembling even the form of a woman, mark me, I will whip from your bones the last inch of flesh. Do you hear?"

"Ay, my prince. You command—I obey," said the serf.

After this, the days came and went, but they brought no tidings of Natalia. Martin Zauber's house was closed and draped with mourning. The merchant himself put on mourning garments, and wept for his child, and would not be comforted. Days passed, then weeks, then months, but no news came from the missing girl.

Meanwhile, in the woodcutter's hut, on the lonely forest island, the beautiful fugitive was living alone. Her days were passed in solitude, her nights with old Catherine. She had brought away with her in flight a sum in silver rubles sufficient to procure her a peasant's dress and supply the wants of her humble table, but the place was unspeakably lonely. The long, dreary days, passed in the low, dark hut, or in wandering about the little island, seemed interminable. After the first excitement was over, she began to long wearily for her father, left in such utter ignorance of his fate. The still, deep, creeping twilights of the forest, unrelieved by a single human sound, filled her with nameless terrors. After the lonesome days were done, she would crouch down in the hut and listen, white and breathless, for old Catherine's step—listen, and watch, and wait, till the darkness, and the silence, and the whispering of the many-leaved forest, pressed upon her like a horrible nightmare.

"Oh, my father!" she would sigh, always thinking of him, "he believes me dead, he mourns for me. He is wretched. Could I assure him of my safety, I would be content."

One morning, as Natalia sat in the door of her hut, she saw something moving in the silent forest. With a thrill of delight, Natalia recognized a brown doe that old Ivan had driven from the hut on the night of her arrival.

It approached her gradually. It looked at her with its big, soft eyes, but seemed in nowise alarmed. All that day it lingered about the door of the hut; when night came, it went to a covert in the dewy brake near by. On the following morning Natalia found it feeding before her door again. Before the week was over she had lured it to eat from her hand, to enter her hut, to lie down at her side in the green shade. Natalia's days now were no longer lonely.

"Ah, it will do very well," sighed old Catherine, "for you and the doe, mistress, while the leaves are on the trees, but Winter is close upon us. What then?"

It was too true. The short northern Summer had begun to wane. There was a threat of snow already in the air. To remain on the island much longer was impossible. Natalia's terrors and perplexities gathered new strength. Dared she return to Moscow? Dared she apprise her father of her situation? She was turning these vexed questions in her mind one day, as she sat like some beautiful dryad amidst the trees that surrounded the hut, when the sharp, angry bang of a gun, close at hand in the morass, brought her panting and pale to her feet.

"Holy Mother! who is here?" she murmured.

The next moment her pet, her plaything, the companion of her monotonous solitude, the brown doe, broke through the brake and dashed toward her, its sleek side grazed by a cruel shot, the blood trickling therefrom as it fled. It dashed through the brake and ran to Natalia and crouched down at her feet. Following after, a tall figure in an elegant hunting costume appeared among the trees, his gun still smoking in his hand, his fair hair streaming—in short, Prince Romanoff.

Natalia stood, protecting the trembling doe with her own body, and stared at the intruder in angry amaze. At sight of her he stopped short in the brake, the weapon slipped from his hand, a cry escaped his lips.

"By all the saints, it is she!" he muttered; "I have found her at last!"

Natalia grew pale.

"What do you mean, sir?" she faltered.

"I mean, maiden, that your disguise sits ill upon you. No one, least of all the czar and his servants, could be deceived by it. I mean that you are Natalia Zauber, who five months ago fled from Moscow and Peter."

Natalia stood like a statue of despair; then, with a cry, she cast herself down at his feet.

"For the love of Heaven," she implored, wringing her hands, "do not betray me, do not disclose to him where I am hiding! He is near even now! Ah, what shall I do? Where shall I go? I am lost!"

"Not for my right arm would I betray you!" he cried. "Your father mourns you as dead—all Moscow believes you dead. The czar himself has no longer any hope of finding you. See! I am at your feet. What can I do for you? How can I serve you? Command me!"

"My father," she murmured, "the czar, then, has not harmed him?"

"No; he has even in his remorse forced some favors upon him. But I hear that Martin Zauber is inconsolable. Mademoiselle, you must remain here no longer. I will go to the Czarina Catherine. She has a noble heart; she will induce the czar to abandon this wicked persecution—to restore you to your father and your home."

"Home!—father!—oh, do not mock me!" cried Natalia, bursting into tears. "Can I ever hope to return to them? have I indeed found a friend?"

"Ay, and more than a friend," he answered, passionately.

"Restore me to my father," said Natalia, "and you will place me under a debt of gratitude that I can never, never repay."

"Nay," he murmured, "you can—there is a way, but I will not name it now. I leave you to return in haste to Moscow. If I succeed with the czarina, I will come to you here to-morrow, and bring Martin Zauber with me. Pray God that I may succeed! Till then, mademoiselle, adieu."

Prince Romanoff returned to Moscow, and hastened to the Kremlin. Crossing the paved court of the palace, he presented himself at the door of the czarina's apartments, and begged to be admitted. The favor was granted at once.

Catherine, whose beauty and tact had raised her from the lowest round in the social circle to the throne of the great Peter, was reclining in an easy-chair. She held out her hand to Romanoff with a gracious smile.

"You return early, prince," she said. "You are greatly agitated, also. What can have happened?"

"Suffer me to open my heart to your majesty," the prince answered, falling on one knee before her. "It was my great good fortune at Pultara to shield my czar from the lance of a Turk. I beg your majesty to remember that for that deed you promised me henceforth your Imperial favor. To-night I come to claim it, not for myself, but for one I already hold dearer than self."

"Saint Nicholas!" cried Catherine, "the man is in love!"

"I am—I am!"

"And who," she said, playfully, "who has won the heart of our gallant prince at last?—who, that he should come to beg his sovereign on his knees to extend the royal favor to her?"

"Gracious czarina, the lady of my heart is a maiden, beautiful and good—her name is Natalia Zauber."

"What mean you, prince? She is lost—dead—heaven only knows what has become of her!"

"Czarina, she is found! For months she has been hiding in a barren morass in the lonely river, dressing like a peasant, living in a woodcutter's hut, alone, unprotected, terrified, wretched. On my knees I beg you to induce the czar to allow her to return to her father, and to permit one who loves her to offer her his heart and hand in marriage."

He then told her of his former meeting with the fair fugitive, the silence he had preserved regarding it, and the manner in which he had chanced to discover her this day.

"Prince," sighed Catherine, "I will relate your story to the czar this very night. Be sure that it will touch his heart. Believing her lost to him, his passion by this time is a thing of the past. Come to-morrow to the palace, and you shall hear how he has borne the news."

At an early hour on the following morning the prince was again admitted to the apartments of Catherine. There he found Peter himself awaiting him.

"Prince," he said, "go, bring her back to Moscow. I have settled upon her a pension of five thousand rubles per year. I will also give her to you in marriage, and the czarina will furnish her dowry. In all my kingdom there is no man more worthy of her than you."

So Natalia returned from her exile. From the depths of despair Martin Zauber's heart was raised to the pinnacle of happiness; and one month from the day of her return, his beautiful daughter was married to Prince Romanoff, and Peter the Great gave the bride away, with these historical words: "I present you with not only the fairest of women, but with the most virtuous."

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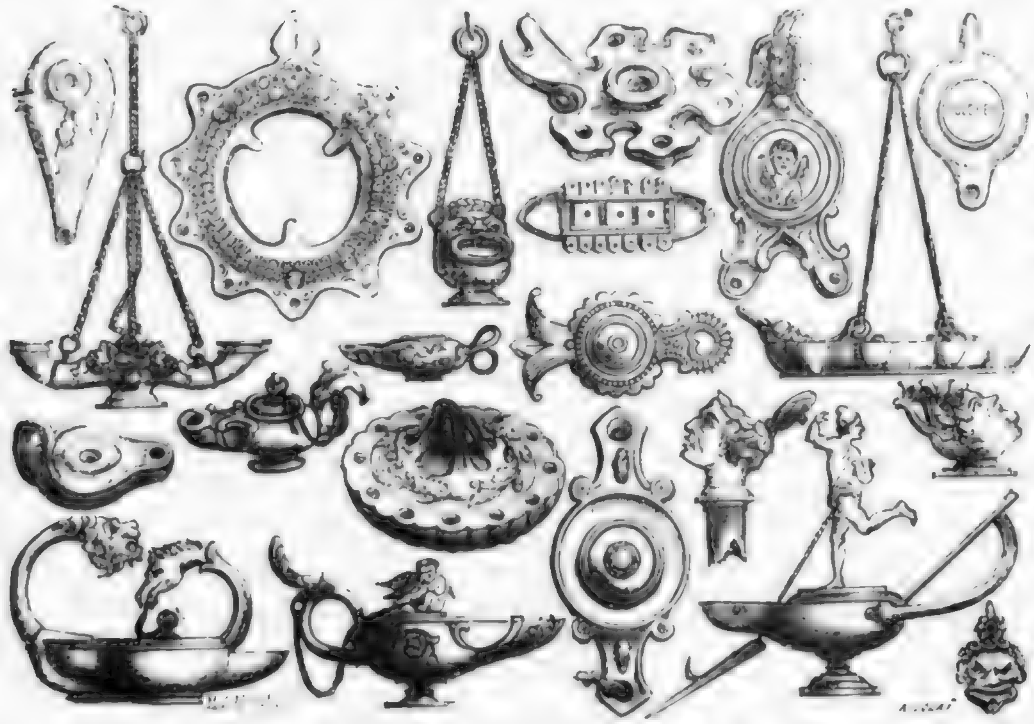

FIG. 1.—EARTHENWARE AND BRONZE LAMPS FROM POMPEII.

THE ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF LIGHT.

By Professor Charles A. Joy, Ph. D.

The earliest dwellers in caves, as soon as the sun disappeared below the horizon, must have had recourse to burning wood as an artificial source of light whenever they had occasion to wander forth into the darkness, and the pine torch, which is not spared even in modern times, no doubt afforded a good substitute for the more elaborate inventions of their successors. Fire was so important that it seemed to be a fit object of worship, and the sun has always been a deity for adoration. The difficulty of obtaining fire and light was so great that an exaggerated importance was ascribed to them, and fire was raised to the dignity of an element, even where it was not considered worthy of worship.

At a time when it was necessary to rub sticks together to ignite them by friction, after the glowing coals were obtained with difficulty, they were treasured with jealous care; and we can conceive of such an officer as a firekeeper, whose duty it would be to keep the embers glowing and to furnish kindlings to all who might apply.

At the present time, we can strike a light so easily with a match that no thought is given to the immense value of the invention by means of which we are so richly supplied. I propose to give some account of the various processes and methods which, from time to time, have been employed to furnish mankind with artificial light.

One of the earliest contrivances of which we have any record, is the well-known Roman lamp, specimens of which have been preserved in museums and historical collections, and are constantly brought out from the excavations of Pompeii. This lamp is generally made of fireclay, and consists of a reservoir for holding the oil and an aperture for the wick. It requires constant attention, and affords only a very dim light; but, notwithstanding this imperfection, it is still more or less used by poor mechanics and tradespeople in various parts of Italy. Very elaborate models of this lamp, made in bronze and constructed from exquisite designs, have been discovered in ancient Rome, and also at Pompeii (fig. 1). They have served as patterns for some of the most beautiful gas fixtures of modern times; and, although of themselves not well adapted to the giving of light, they are highly prized as works of art.

It is remarkable how slight the modifications are which have been introduced in the form of the Roman lamp. The earliest specimens known are identical with those now used by the peasantry; and so true is this, that a thriving trade is carried on in the sale of modern wares as being genuine antiques; and it is difficult to distinguish the imitation from

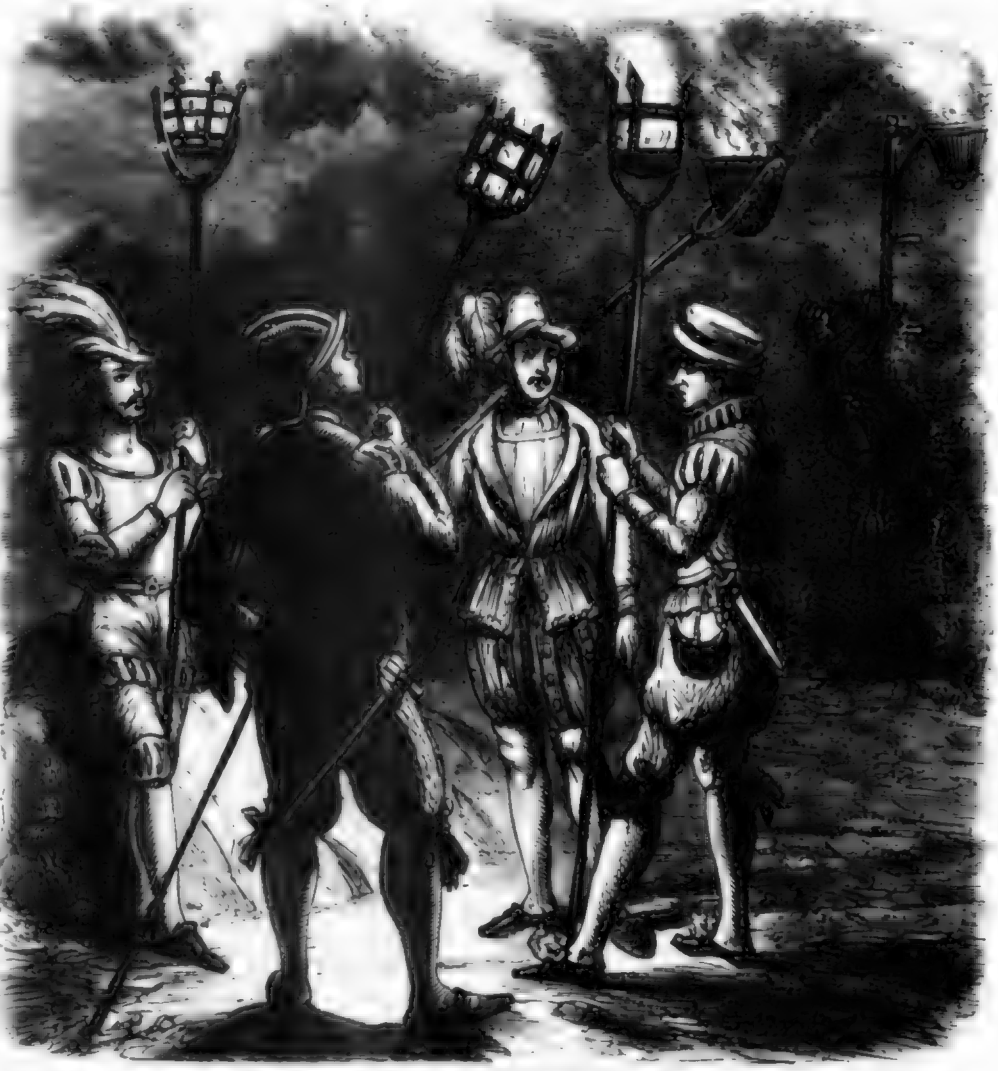

FIG. 2.—THE WATCH WITH CRESSETS AND BEACON.

the genuine. It is impossible to say at what period of man's history solid oils and fats, in the form of candles, were first introduced. In this matter, as in pretty much everything else, it is customary to say that the Chinese knew all about candles ages before any other races. However this may be, to Europeans the first use of tallow for illuminating purposes appears to have been made by the Gauls. The Latin historian, Pliny, gives the Northern races credit for inventing both soap and candles. An incorporated company, for the manufacture of candles, was established in France in the year 1016.

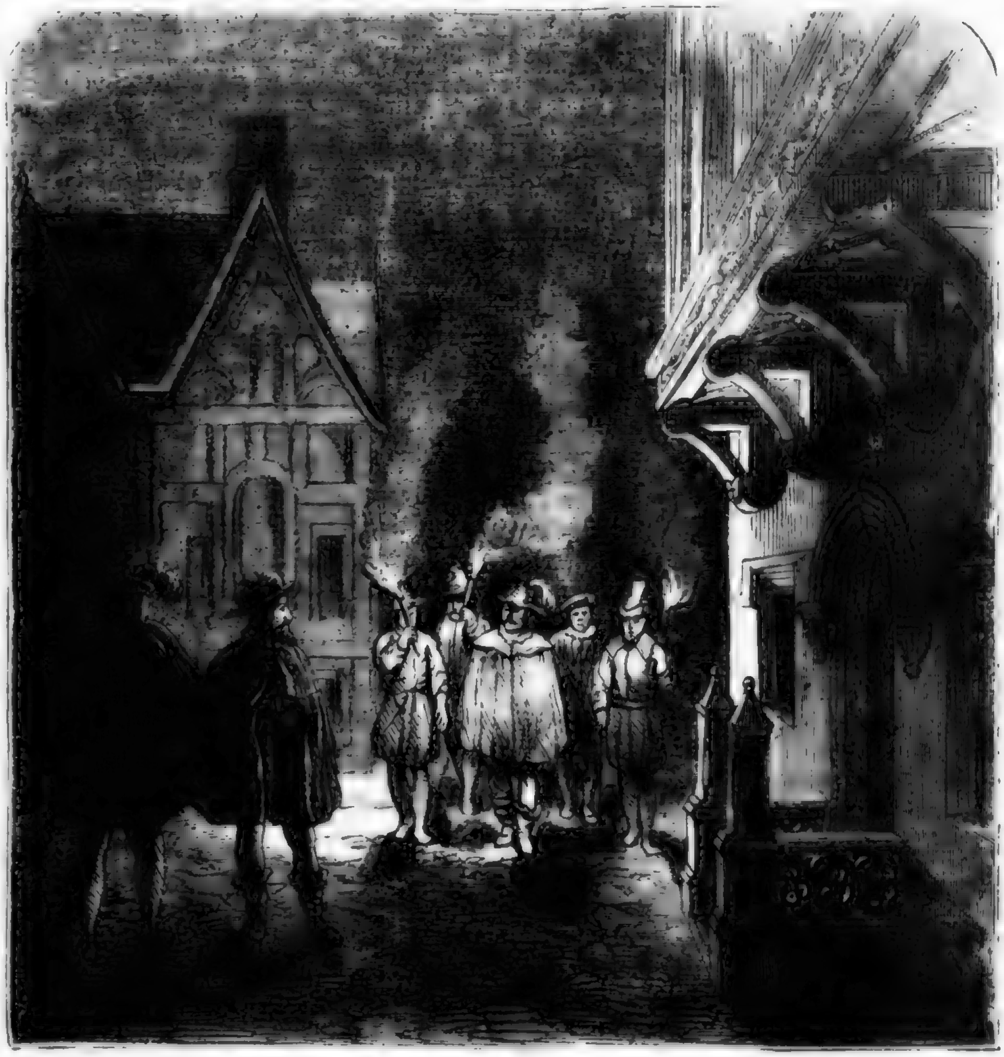

FIG. 3 — LONDON BY NIGHT IN 1605.

Lanterns were invented some time in the Middle Ages. They consisted of a metal base to hold oil, or a candle surmounted by a transparent envelope, usually made of horn. These contrivances were placed in front of houses, or surrounded on a column near an image of the Virgin; and they were made of a size convenient for carrying in the hand. No attempts were made to put them on the corners of the streets, as the large towns were infested by robbers, who would not have permitted such interference with their midnight perambulations. It was necessary to get rid of the robbers before the street lamps could be introduced. In 1525, a band of robbers called "mauvais garçons," carried on their depredations in Paris with such a high hand that the government had to resort to extreme measures to exterminate them. It was ordained that the inhabitants should put torches or candles in their windows, and also that torches should be kept burning on the corners of streets.

As these precautions were unavailing to keep away marauders, a night-watch was established in London, whose duty it was to patrol the streets with cressets and beacons (fig. 2), and at other times with torches (fig. 3), until the way could be made clear for honest citizens. This custom once established has been handed down to modern times, with the modification, however, of omitting the torches, which are no longer required in the gas-lighted streets.

After the robbers were so far exterminated as to render the lighting of streets feasible, lanterns suspended on posts or hanging from cables stretched across the way, were introduced. Their first appearance was greeted with great satisfaction by the citizens of Paris, as they appeared to guarantee greater security in the night, and rendered it possible to traverse the streets after dark. The illumination was of a very mild order at first, but it served a good purpose as the pioneer of the more perfect system practised in modern times. Many persons who had to go out had their own link-boys, or carried a lantern (figs. 4, 5).

Even the celebrated philosopher, Lavoisier, became interested in the subject, and presented a plan for lighting the streets of Paris, which received the prize of 2,000 francs offered by the Academy of Sciences.

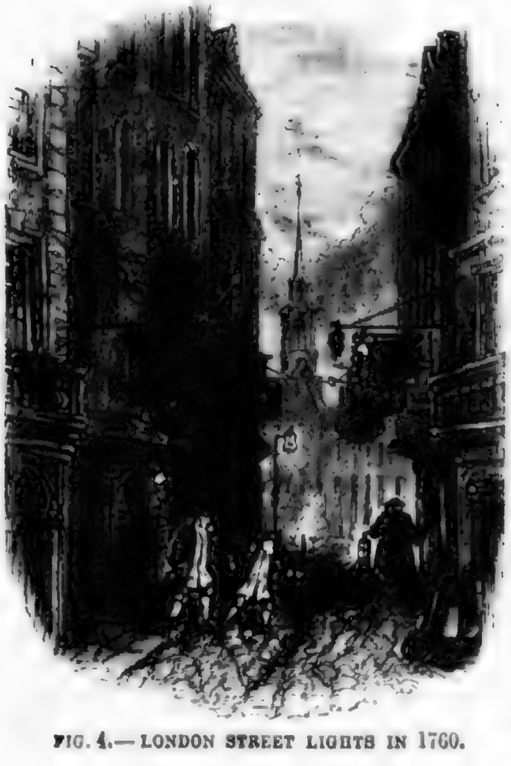

FIG. 4.— LONDON STREET LIGHTS IN 1760.

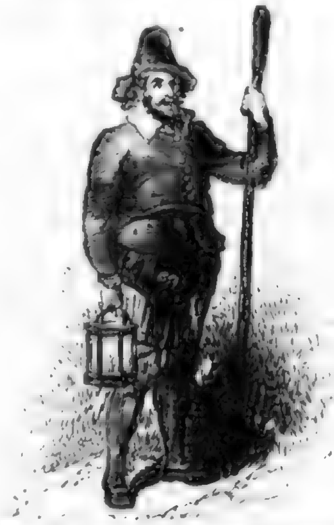

FIG. 5.— ENGLISH STREET LANTERN IN THE TIME OF JAMES I.

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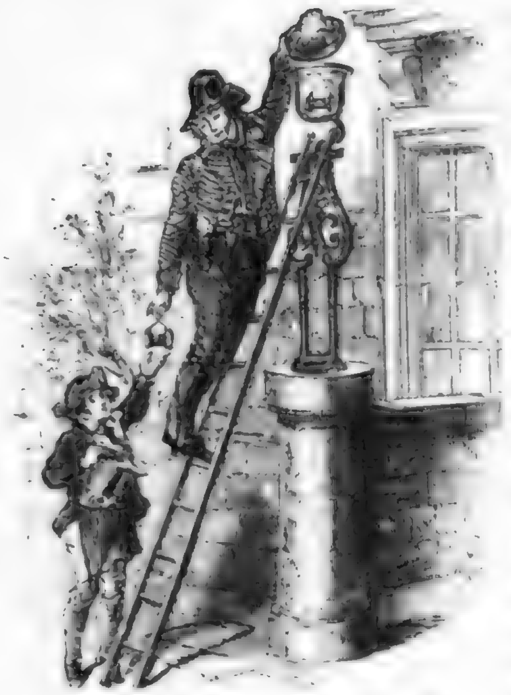

FIG. 6.—LONDON LAMPLIGHTER IN 1809.

The practical suggestions made by this eminent man were seized upon by some of the inventors of his day, and in 1769 a system of reflecting lanterns was adopted, which proved to be a great improvement on anything previously known. The lanterns were made of iron, hexagonal in shape, and provided with reflectors in the dome and on the side, made of copper plated with silver, and kept highly polished—and the light emitted by them was considered for that period as being highly satisfactory. The chief merit of the new lantern was in the reverberatory or reflecting mirrors which had been introduced, but they were very defective in the form of the lamps (fig. 6). The old-fashioned wick and reservoir arrangement was poorly adapted to the production of light, and some substitut for it was urgently demanded.

In 1783, M. Lenoir, the chief of police of the city of Paris, received a visit from two distinguished *savants*, Le Sage and Cadet de Vaux, who came to introduce to his attention an entirely new system in the construction of lamps, which had been invented by a stranger. The new lamps greatly astonished Lenoir and his assistants by the intensity of the light and the total absence of smoke resulting from the complete combustion of the oil. The burners there exhibited for the first time were the invention of a Swiss mechanic named Argand. Their introduction marked an era in artificial illumination, and no one invention before or since has been of greater importance.

Ami Argand (fig. 7) was born in Geneva, Switzerland, July 5, 1750. His father was a watchmaker, sufficiently well off to give his son a good education, and he was destined for the priesthood. While pursuing his studies, he made the acquaintance of the celebrated geologist, de Saussure, the effect of whose teaching was to inspire in the young pupil such a love for the natural sciences that all thoughts of theological study had to be abandoned.

Argand repaired to Paris in 1775 to complete his studies, and early distinguished himself by the originality of his researches and the practical turn of his mind. One of the earliest subjects to which he devoted his attention was the recovery of alcohol during the process of the distillation of wine, in which he introduced great improvements, and was highly successful.

The superb researches of Lavoisier in the domain of combustion had disclosed the true principles surrounding the burning of any body, and had paved the way for numerous practical inventions, in which these principles were applied.

M. Argand, while at work in the distilleries of Montpellier, in 1780, constructed the first model of a lamp to be used for the illumination of the factories. Having succeeded in adapting a glass chimney which could withstand the heat of the burning wick, he completed the invention by introducing a double current of air below the chimney and in the interior of the flame, and thus securing the complete combustion of the oil. This was the most important discovery thus far made in the department of illumination, and completely revolutionized that branch of industry. But the invention, great as its value has proved to be for mankind, was the source to the unhappy inventor of it of nothing but trouble and sorrow. He became involved in disputes and lawsuits with other men, especially with Lange and Quinquet, and was never able to secure his rights at home. In England he was more successful. His invention was adopted in that country and was recognized as his, and the contrivance is called the Argand burner there and in America to this day; but in France, the name of Quinquet carried the day in the popular mind, and the lamp is improperly named a Quinquet by many people.

M. Argand, worn out in mind and body by his long-continued disappointments and troubles, returned to the home of his childhood in Switzerland, poor, disheartened, and miserable. For a time he tried to revive his spirits by attention to scientific research, but his mind constantly dwelt on the memories of the past, and he became a visionary, and abandoned himself to searches for the philosopher's stone until death removed him in 1803, at the early age of 53, from all further ingratitude and disappointments.

The Argand burner is too well known to need description. It is everywhere employed for gas, for oil and petroleum and for alcohol.

The student lamp (fig. 8) affords one of the best-known applications of the principle now in general use. This lamp, which was monopolized by a privileged few for many years, is fast becoming common property, and by its brilliant light has saved the eyesight of many a toiling student and weary hand-worker. It is the best adaptation of the Argand principle, and ought to keep the memory of the unhappy inventor constantly fresh before us.

A watchmaker of Paris, M. Carcel, added to the efficacy of the Argand lamp by introducing an ingenious mechanical pump in the reservoir below the burner, by means of which the supply of oil was kept full and constant. Without the pump the oil could only be drawn up by the capillary action of the wick, and unless the liquid was very pure there was apt to be an insufficiency and inequality in the supply. These mechanical lamps, therefore, were great favorites as long as sperm oil and rape seed were the chief illuminators. Since the introduction of kerosene they are gradually falling into disuse.

Figure 9 affords a very good idea of the interior construction of the mechanical lamp as improved and modified to suit the requirements of the present day. They are often made in such a way as to become beautiful objects of art, so that they are retained for ornamental purposes even after their disuse as sources of light.

Having referred to the ancient Roman lamp, to the improvements introduced by Argand and Carcel, we may safely leave this branch of the subject and pass to the consideration of solid substances employed in illumination. The ordinary tallow dip, the stearine candle, the paraffine and sperm candles, and the wax taper, are the principal solid materials now employed for affording light. Their introduction has become more general in proportion to the progress of chemical science, until the industry has attained vast proportions.

The ordinary candle is made up of the fat of herbivorous animals, beef or mutton. The fat is bought at the slaughter-houses by the manufacturers, and must be separated from the cellular tissue at the works. It is cut into small fragments, so as to be more easily acted upon by heat, and is then thrown into iron or copper boilers, where it is exposed to the action of a free fire, under constant stirring. The effect of the heat is to open the adipose cells, and the boiler finally becomes filled with the liquid grease, while the tissue contracts and unites on the surface of the fused bath. As soon as the tallow is entirely melted it is filtered hot through a kind of willow basket-work and a sieve of copper, and is allowed to cool and solidify in wooden forms of suitable size. The tissue collected on the filter retains a notable quantity of tallow, which is recovered by a second melting and subjection to powerful pressure. Some manufacturers, after the first melting, purify it by fusing it under water and adding some table salt to the bath, but care must afterward be taken to remove all of the water to prevent the sputtering of the candles.

In 1820 d'Arcet invented a process for the purification of tallow by means of acid. He discovered that when fat was digested with sulphuric acid and water the animal tissues were decomposed and the fat, perfectly pure and unimpaired, would float on the surface. The objection raised to this method was that the residues could not be employed in fattening cattle, as was possible to do with the remains from the simple process of fusion and filtering.

In the manufacture of candles, one of the first steps is the selection of a suitable cotton wick. The cotton yarn must be absolutely free from all impurities; it should have no knots and no broken threads, for the presence of any of these imperfections has a tendency to make the candle sputter and run. The wick is usually composed of nine threads, attached together by a knot. They are cut to lengths by machinery (fig. 10). The molds are ordinarily made of an alloy of one part of tin with two parts of lead, and are cylindrical in shape and very smooth and polished inside. The wicks are introduced into the molds by means of wooden needles, and the molds are inserted into a frame (fig. 11), and the melted tallow poured in.

Another simple process is to repeatedly dip the candle into the bath and to pour the melted tallow over the wicks suspended from a revolving disc (fig. 12), and allowing it to accumulate to a sufficient size. A skillful workman can produce very uniform and round candles in this way, and thus avoid the expense of casting molds and the necessity or removing the products after they are made. Every immersion, followed by removal and cooling of the tallow, increases the size, and when the calibre reaches that of a pattern kept for the purpose the work is finished. If it is desired to remedy the easy fusibility of the tallow a little wax is mixed with it, which increases the consistence and raises the melting point. Sometimes the wax is introduced in the mold as a thin envelope, thus giving to the candles the appearance of genuine wax tapers, and facilitating a fraudulent sale of the imitation as being a genuine article.

The manufacture of stearine candles is based upon profound scientific investigations into the compound nature of fatty bodies, conducted by Braconnot and Chevreul. Braconnot exposed tallow to a powerful pressure, and separated it into two portions, one which remained liquid at ordinary temperatures, and the other always solid; but it remained for Chevreul to demonstrate more fully the nature of the bodies thus early discovered by Braconnot.

M. Chevreul showed that fats were, in fact, salts, composed of an acid and a base. The base common to them all was glycerine. The acids were called oleic, stearic and margaric. The solid stearine Chevreul regarded as a stearate of glycerine. It was easy to prove the correctness of his theory by decomposing the stearine by caustic soda, a process which had been carried on for ages in the manufacture of soap, without a knowledge of the true character of the waste products.

The discoveries of Chevreul gave a new impetus to the manufacture of candles. The oleic acid was saved, and the stearine was found to possess the advantage of not melting at so low a point as the tallow. Candles made from stearine do not require to be snuffed, as the wick is consumed at the same time with the combustion of the fat. They are also harder and better looking, and have pretty much driven the tallow dip from the market.

Taking advantage of the researches of Chevreul, M. de Milly, of Paris, was the first to make the manufacture of stearine candles an industrial success. It was he who substituted lime for soda in the saponification of the tallow, and thus rendered the operation feasible and profitable. Treated with lime, the tallow yielded a calcareous soap which, in turn, was decomposed by sulphuric acid, thus liberating the two fatty acids to be subsequently separated by pressure. As small quantities of lime remained in the fat, it was found necessary to add some boracic acid, which had the property of fusing into a globule when the candle was burned, and thus preventing the accumulation of incombustible lime in the wick.

The saponification of the fat is accomplished as follows: The tallow and fat are introduced into a large wooden vat, lined with lead and heated by a steam-coil. As soon as the mass is thoroughly fused, a quantity of quicklime, triturated with water, is gradually added; the proportions are usually 15 parts of lime to 100 of fat. This mixture is maintained at the boiling point for eight hours, at the end of which time the whole of the tallow will be found to be converted into a lime soap.

Fig. 12 affords a view of the interior of an establishment for decomposing fat by means of lime. Steam is introduced through coils inclosed in the vat, and constant agitation is kept up by wooden paddles or by mechanical means. On cooling, the calcareous soap assumes a dry and solid condition, and as the vats are lined with lead, it can be decomposed in the original receptacles by means of sulphuric acid. The lime soap is gradually attacked by the sulphuric acid, the sulphate of lime produced falls to the bottom, while the fatty acids are set free and mount to the surface. The fats are collected, washed, refined, and submitted to heavy

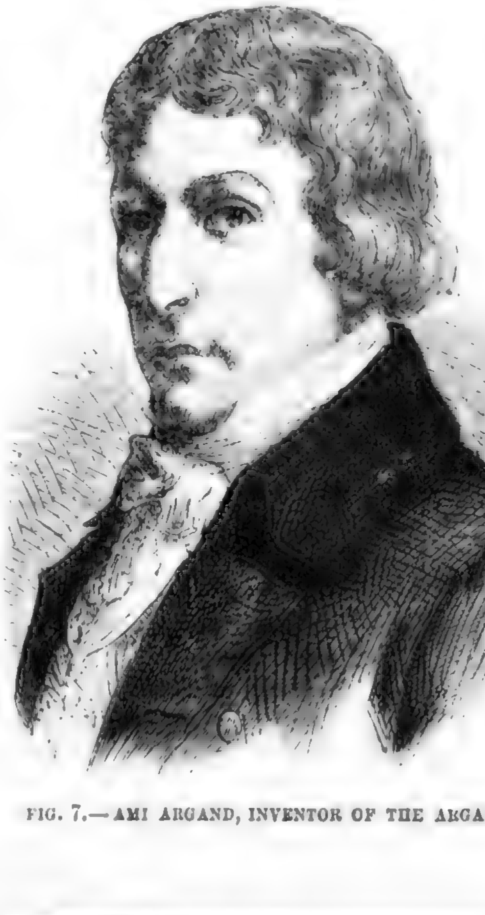

FIG. 7.—AMI ARGAND, INVENTOR OF THE ARGAND LAMP.

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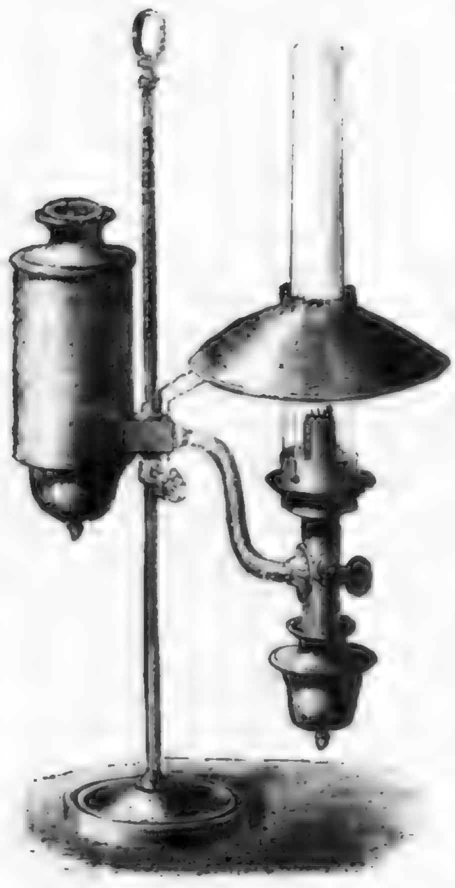


FIG. 5.—STUDENT LAMP.

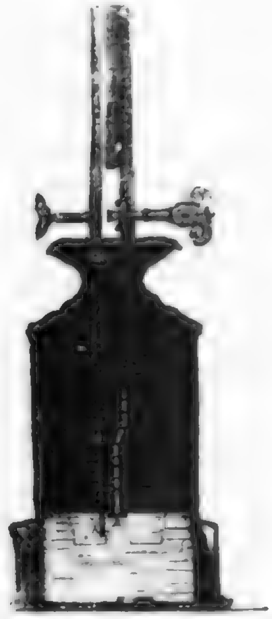


FIG. 9.—THE CARCEL LAMP.

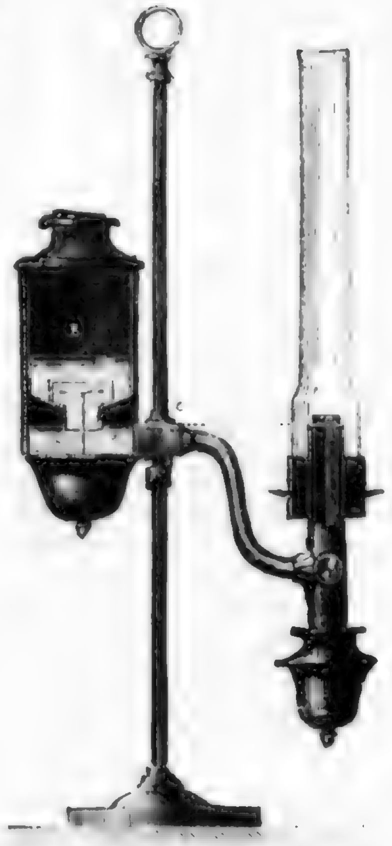


FIG. 8.—STUDENT LAMP—SECTIONAL VIEW.

pressure for the removal of all liquid portions. The stearine is then ready for transformation into candles.

The treatment of fats by means of lime is by no means the only method available in this industry. Saponification by means of sulphuric acid, and also by superheated steam, have been found equally advantageous (fig. 14). The following is an outline of the method in which sulphuric acid is applied for this purpose at the works of Price's Patent Candle Company, in London: The fat is first melted and freed from impurities, then mixed with one-twentieth to one-seventeenth of its weight of oil of vitriol, in large, copper boilers, when it is raised gradually by means of a current of highly heated steam, to a temperature of about 350 deg. Fah. This temperature is maintained for about two hours the mass being frequently stirred briskly. The liberated fatty acids are of a dark color, and requir thorough washing with water to free them from adhering sulphuric acid. The impure fatty acids thus obtained are then subjected to distillation, which is effected by placing them in a copper vessel, into the lower part of which a current of steam at the ordinary pressure is injected; previous to its admission into the still, this steam is heated to about 600 deg. Fah., by transmitting it through pipes heated nearly to redness (fig. 15.) The distillation does not take place below 400 deg. Fah., but toward the latter part of the process the temperature frequently rises to 500 deg. Fah

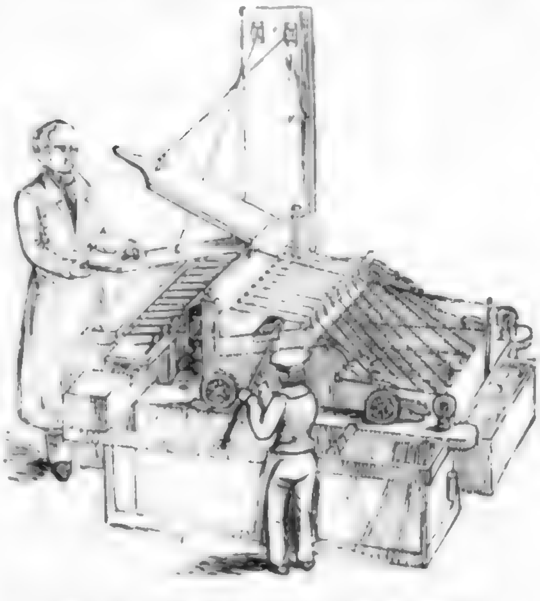


FIG. 10.—CANDLE-MAKING—CUTTING WICKS.

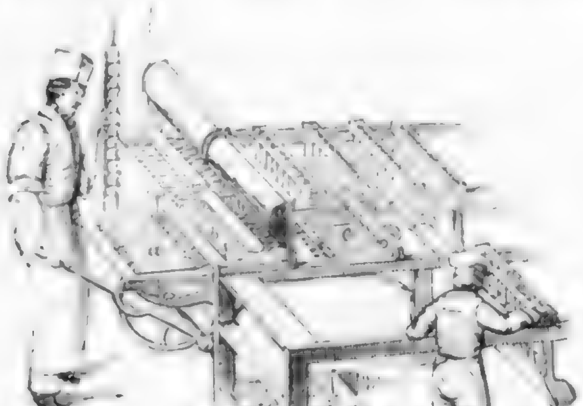


FIG. 11.—CANDLE-MAKING—PLACING THE WICKS INTO MOULDS.

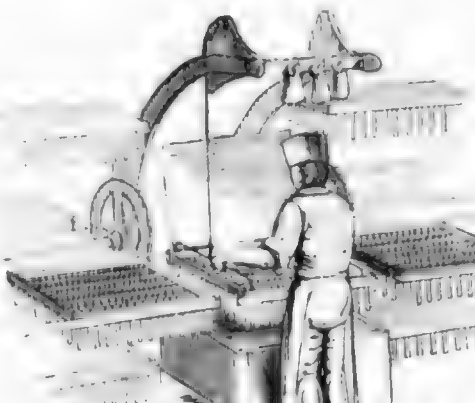


FIG. 12.—CANDLE-MAKING—DIPPING.

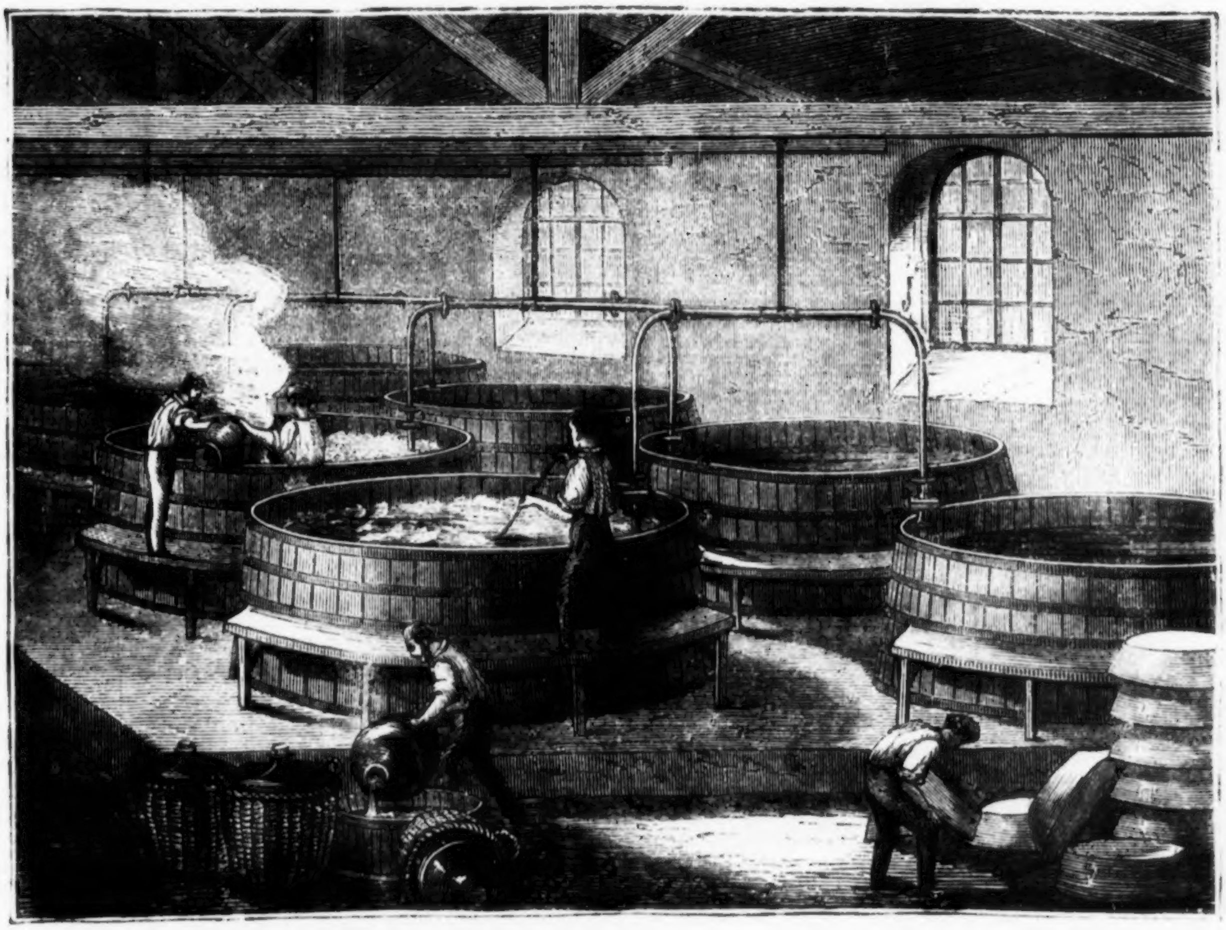


FIG. 13.—SAPONIFICATION OF FAT BY LIME.

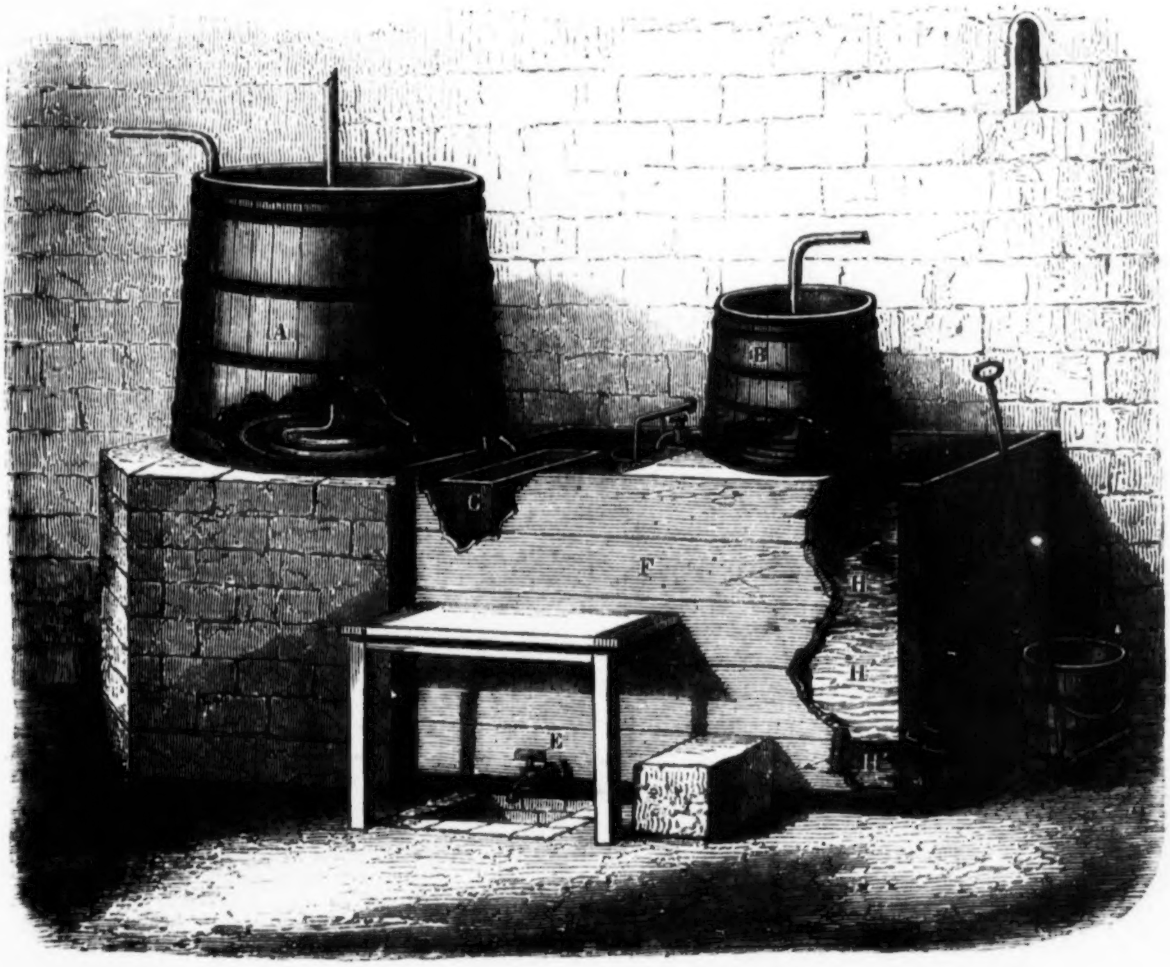


FIG. 14.—SAPONIFICATION OF FAT BY SULPHURIC ACID.

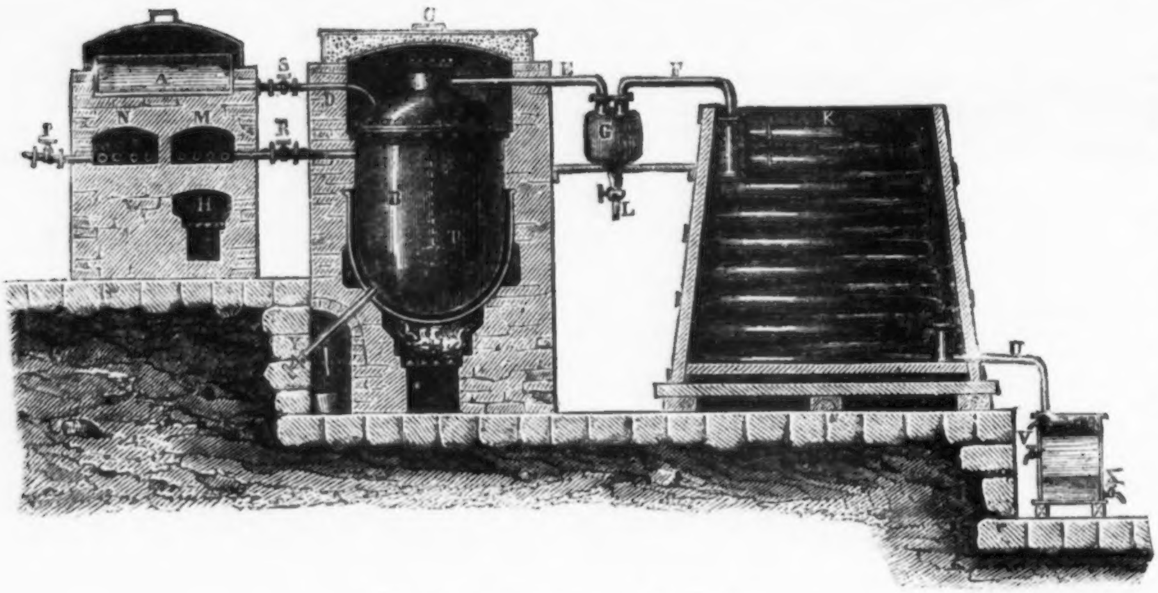


FIG. 15.—DISTILLATION OF FATTY ACIDS.

After the acidified fats have been distilled as far as is advantageous, the dark residue in the retort may yet be made to yield a considerable amount of fat by submitting it to pressure; the black, solid mass which still remains is used as fuel. The distilled fat is broken up into fragments and distributed in layers of about three-fourths of an inch in thickness, upon squares of cocoanut matting, which are piled one above another, and submitted to the action of a hydraulic press. The fat thus obtained is sufficiently firm to be made at once into candles suited to European climates, but for the Indian market it is necessary again to subject the fat to pressure, which this time is effected at a temperature of 122 deg. Fah.

Mr. Tilghman, of Philadelphia, a few years ago, made the important observation, that when a mixture of fat and water is forced, under a strong pressure, through tubes heated nearly to redness, so as to raise the temperature of the mass to 400 or 500 deg. Fah., the fat is entirely decomposed into glycerine and fatty acids; the elements of water enter into combination with those of the fat, so that by this means a result is obtained exactly the reverse of that effected at lower temperatures when the acid and glycerine are digested together.

Mr. Wilson, by injecting superheated steam at a temperature of between 500 and 600 deg. Fah. into heated fat, was able to produce a similar separation of hydrated glycerine and of the acids with which it was previously in combination, and at the same time he succeeded in effecting the distillation not only of the fat, but also of the glycerine; the latter is thus obtained in a high degree of concentration, as a beautiful, colorless, syrupy liquid, which can be prepared in almost unlimited quantity.

The fatty acids are also procured by the same operation in a very pure form, so that this process, from its simplicity and from the purity of the products which it yields, bids fair to supersede those previously employed in the preparation of fatty acids for illuminating purposes. Once in possession of pure stearine the further manufacture of candles is conducted in a manner very similar to that pursued with ordinary tallow. As they are harder than tallow, they can be polished by being passed under rollers (fig. 15) on an endless woolen warp. When thus prepared, they present a very fine appearance, and are a great improvement on the tallow dip of our ancestors.

The great cost of wax as an illuminating material must prevent its general application to the manufacture of candles. Its use is practically limited to ecclesiastical and festive occasions.

Spermaceti is also becoming too rare and expensive for common use. A new material has made its appearance in recent times, which appears destined to come strongly into competition with stearine. This is paraffine, a substance discovered by Reichenbach among the products of the distillation of beech tar. It comes over during the last stages of the distillation, when the crude tar is rectified. It is found in the tar of both animal and vegetable substances, as well as in that of pit-coal.

A similar substance is an abundant constituent of some varieties of petroleum, and it is likewise obtained in considerable quantity from the products of the distillation of peat, as well as of certain forms of lignite and of some varieties of bituminous shale. There are also native deposits of earth wax or impure paraffine in some of the lower provinces of Austria.

The low melting point of paraffine has been an objection to its use in candles, but this difficulty is in a measure remedied by the admixture of stearine or wax. It is a very clean and beautiful substance, and affords pure and fine light during combustion. While illumination by oil lamps and stearine candles was gradually approaching perfection, a new source of light was growing up which was destined to throw into the shade all artificial illumination hitherto invented. The introduction of a combustible gas was a natural sequence to the chemical discoveries of the last century.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Torpedo Boats.—Torpedoes are as great a terror to iron-clads as the insignificant fever insect is to the soldier on shore. It is not always the big things that we have cause to fear, but rather the enemies which lurk in invisible ambush and attack us unawares. The torpedo can sink the most powerful iron-clad, although it is so small that the most vigilant sentinel cannot detect it. A torpedo-boat was launched as early as 1776, in New York, and an attempt was made by an American, David Bushnell, at that time, to blow up a man-of-war in the harbor. Thirty years later, Robert Fulton took up the matter with enthusiasm. At that early day it was necessary to have recourse to clockwork to fire the cap. In 1843, when the telegraph had made familiar the idea of conducting electricity over wires on long distances, Colonel Samuel Colt proposed to apply electricity to the explosion of submarine batteries. During the civil war, torpedoes of American invention were used in Southern waters, and nine iron-clads, eleven wooden ships-of-war, and nine transports and steamboats were destroyed. The torpedoes which have recently performed such fatal execution on the Danube were of the same pattern as the one that Lieutenant Cushman put under the bottom of the ram *Albemarle*, in Roanoke Inlet. The Lay torpedo-boat carries in its hold its own engine and boiler, besides its freight of 100 pounds of dynamite. It is under the control of the operator on shore, and when it strikes a solid obstacle, a signal at once makes known the fact on shore, and the operator can fire the dynamite if the opportune moment has arrived.

Sugar Made from Corn.—The manufacture of grape sugar from corn bids fair to become an industry of great importance in the West, where the cost of the raw material is exceedingly low. The demand for grape sugar (glucose) is constantly increasing. Confectioners use large quantities of it, and it is required in the manufacture of beer. Glucose has properties which adapt it to many uses in the arts, from which it has hitherto been excluded on account of the high cost. Its chief manufacture from corn will be a source of profit to the West, and a decided advantage to the country at large.

Catastrophism in Geology.—Mr. Clarence King devotes special attention to the influence of sudden catastrophes upon the determination of the present condition of the earth's crust, and upon the races of plants and animals now existing. He thinks that such men as Darwin and Huxley have scarcely made sufficient allowance for sudden convulsions, in making up their geological record of the descent of man. In place of the survival of the fittest, he substitutes survival by "plasticity." For example, when a catastrophe overtook the horses of Professor Marsh, a "plastic" variety survived—but the question arises, did the plastic variety which survived already possess the peculiarity which distinguished the new species. If so, then the catastrophe did not produce the change, and it is a clear case of the survival of the fittest. The substitution of plasticity for natural selection, does not, therefore, improve the situation or render it any more easy to explain the evident development of races as traced in the records of the rocks. All who have opposed Darwin's Natural Selection doctrine will be glad to witness attacks upon it on the part of a distinguished geologist—and these attacks will be welcomed by all true lovers of scientific progress as long as they are carried on in a proper spirit. The more discussion we have the better.

The Unknown Ancestor of Man.—Notwithstanding the great progress made, of late years, in our knowledge of Natural History we are still in want of the missing link between the ape and man. There are four apes, which bear a close resemblance to man—in fact, man is only a higher order of ape, but between these four and the *genus homo*, a species is evidently wanting of which no traces, either living or dead, have as yet been discovered. As nearly every quarter of the globe has now been explored, the chances of finding a living representative appear to be slight, but a search among the rocks may some day reveal him as a fossil, unless, by geological catastrophes, all traces have been destroyed. The four apes which bear the closest resemblance to man are the Gibbon, of Southern Asia; the Orang, of Borneo; the Chimpanzee, of Southern or Western Africa; and the Gorilla of the Gaboon country. The descent of man from the *moner* has been worked out by Haeckel, and, according to this learned zoologist, there are twenty-two generations between the beginning and the ending in man. There is a great demand for the "missing link," to prove the correctness of Haeckel's theory.

Ground Air in Dwellings.—Professor Petterkofer has been studying the influence of ground air on the hygiene of dwellings. He shows that the earth is full of gases, and that when the hot air of houses produces currents, some of the ground air is drawn into the dwelling, circulated through it, and thus introduces dangerous fever germs into the inhabited rooms. Sometimes the ground air is vitiated with carbonic acid to such an extent as to be fatal to life; at other times there is an escape of gas which resembles the odor of illuminating gas, although no pipes have been laid down. As all houses necessarily draw much gas from the earth, the condition of the cellars is of the greatest importance. Many persons maintain that cellars are reservoirs of foul air, and ought never to be built under dwellings. Such a view is certainly contrary to the received practice; but in cities, where building sites are often made by filling in the foundations with refuse, there are strong reasons why the condition of the loose earth should be closely examined, and every precaution be made to exclude the ground air. It is always safer to make provision for the escape of the ground air through pipes leading to the roof, rather than allow it to be drawn through the dwelling.

New Uses of Glycerine.—The uses of glycerine are constantly extending, and the more intimate our knowledge of this remarkable substance becomes the more frequently do we find it employed in the arts. A late application is to mix it in small quantity with lime juice. When left to itself, lime juice is apt to spoil on account of the formation of fungoid growths, even in very cold climates; this is prevented by the glycerine, while the juice is also retained in a fluid condition. This application also suggests a probable use of glycerine in keeping preserved fruits and vegetable juices in general from being spoiled by mould. A small quantity is sufficient, and as it is wholesome, no injurious consequences can arise from its use.

Paris Green in Agriculture.—Instead of mixing Paris green with flour before putting it upon potatoes to destroy the Colorado beetle; it is advised to mix one part of it with thirty parts of plaster of Paris; the plaster is more economical than flour, and has the additional advantage of being a good fertilizer. Death by poisoning from Paris green has recently been reported, where a child ate some apples which had fallen on potato vines planted in an orchard, and which had been sprinkled with the arsenic pigment. The apples had come in contact with the poison, and the child thus lost its life. It does not appear that the plant itself absorbs enough of the poison to produce deleterious effects.

Spongy Iron for Filtering Water.—It is confidently stated by chemists that the best filter for impure water is spongy iron. Bacteria and germs are not killed by being passed through charcoal, but are destroyed by filtering through spongy iron. The organic matter is destroyed by the oxygen, liberated by the iron from the water, and the ferrous hydrate, resulting from the solution by organic matter, is re-oxidized by the oxygen dissolved in the water, so that the process of purification is a continuous one, and the spongy iron is not destroyed in the operation.

Coal and Iron in Africa.—At one point on the margin of Lake Tanganika (Central Africa), Captain Cameron saw large masses of coal. In the district adjoining Manyneme, iron is plentiful; the people manufacture large quantities of iron, and many of the articles they make are beautifully finished.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The most important thing to woman in this life—To woo man

There is a young lady in Omaha named Kittie Magina. That's a striking name, certainly.

In Bath Abbey is to be seen the following epitaph: "Here lies Ann Mann; she lived an old maid and died an old Mann."

Little lady of 7 to young gentleman of 10—"You're not yet a man; no, indeed!" "What a notion! Come near and see how I smell of tobacco."

A youngster at the table the other night, asked his mother if sausages were ripe yet, and was told that sausages did not grow. "Yes, they do," said he, stoutly, "for I saw a whole branch of green ones in a fruit-store to-day." It was necessary to enlighten him with regard to the difference between bananas and sausages.

Questions of importance by a four-year-old: "How do they get our souls out of our bodies when we die—cut 'em out?" "Why can't we see the yellow embelopes the telegraph comes in, goin' 'long on the wires?" "If the Bible calls bad old folks goats, bad children are kids, ain't they?" "Is it too late for me to have a twin brother?" "Any rate, me and Billy Green is twin cousins, ain't we?" "If you was me when you was a man, would you drive a hearse or join a circus?'

Did you ever see a young lady undertake to drop a letter in the post-office box without drawing it back several times to scan the directions and the stamp and the gummed side before finally letting it drop? As curious as it may seem, we have.

A Cool Youth.—A rheumatic old gentleman, whose son was careless about shutting the front door after him, called out to him one cold day, when he had left the door swinging wide, "See here, young man, you leave that door open too much!" "Do I?" was the response. "Then how much open shall I leave it?" "I mean you leave it open too often?" thundered the old gentleman. "Oh, well, how often shall I leave it open?" politely inquired the son. The father didn't dare trust himself to reply.

"**What** kind of a house will we play?" asked one little girl of another. "Oh, play calling," replied the other. "Mary, here, she can be Mrs. Brown and sit on the step, and me and Julia will call upon her and ask her how she is, and how her husband is, and if the baby's got over the measles yet, and tell her now nice she looks in her new wrapper, and hope it won't hurt her when she gets that tooth filled. And then we'll say, 'Good-by, Mrs. Brown, come and see us some time or other, and bring the children and your sewing; and you're such a stranger; we don't see half enough of you.' And then me and Julia we'll courtesy, and walk off a piece, and I'll say to Julia, 'Did you ever see such a horrid old fright as she is in that wrapper?' And then Julia, she'll say, The *idear* of anybody having false teeth filled!' And then I'll say 'Yes, and what a homely lot of dirty little brats them young ones of her'n is!' Let's play it."

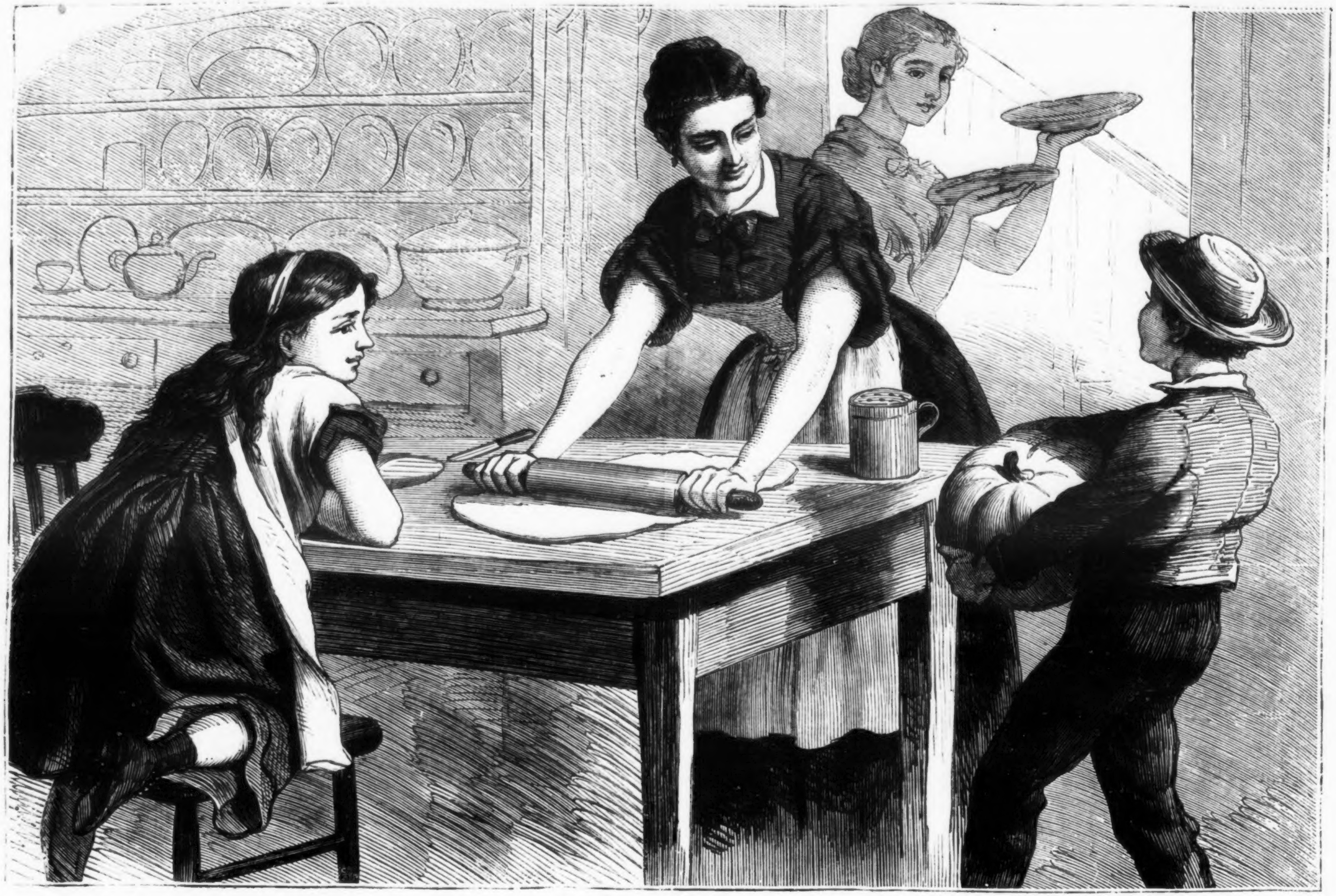
THE SONG OF THE OYSTER.

Oh! a jolly old bird is the oyster fish,
As he sits in his pearly shell,
A-thinking how many a delicate dish
He can make when cook-ed well—
Broiled or roast,
Served on toast,
Or raw on a dainty platter;
Escallop or stew.
Either will do.
Or fried in crumbs or batter.'

And a knowing old fish is the oyster bird,
As he slyly seems to doze;
For he drops not a hint, he speaks not a word
Of all the secrets he knows—
Blissful hours,
Shady bowers,
Whisperings low and sweet.
Boozy delights,
Merry old nights,
When jolly old cronies meet.

A Chinese who had been disappointed in marriage, and had grievously suffered through women in many other ways, retired with his infant son to the peaks of a mountain range in Kweichoo—to a spot quite inaccessible to little-footed Chinese women. He trained his boy to worship the gods and stand in awe and abhorrence of the devils; but he never mentioned women to him, always descending the mountains alone to buy food. At length, however, the infirmities of age compelled him to take the young man with him to carry the heavy bag of rice. As they were leaving the market town together, the son suddenly stopped short, and, pointing to three approaching objects, cried, "Father, what are those beings? Look—look! What are they?' The father instantly answered, with peremptory words, "Turn away your head—they are devils!" The son in some alarm turned away, seeing that the evil things were gazing at him with surprise from behind their fans. He walked to the mountain in silence, ate no supper, and from that day lost his appetite, and was afflicted with melancholy. For some time his puzzled and anxious parent could get no satisfactory answers to his inquiries; but at length the young man burst out, crying with inexplicable pain, "Oh, father, that tallest devil—that tallest devil, father!"

XUM



PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING DAY.